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CAYUGA IN THE FIELD.

A RECORD

OF THE

19th N. Y. Volunteers,

ALL THE BATTERIES OF THE

3D NEW YORK ARTILLERY,

AND

75TH NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS,

COMPRISING AN

ACCOUNT OF THEIR ORGANIZATION, CAMP LIFE, MARCHES, BATTLES, LOSSES, TOILS AND TRIUMPHS IN THE WAR FOR THE UNION, WITH COMPLETE ROLLS OF THEIR MEMBERS,

BY

HENRY HALL AND JAMES HALL.

AUBURN, N. Y.
1873.

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Hall, Henry, 1845-

Cayuga in the field. A record of the 19th N.Y. volunteers, all the batteries of the 3d New York artillery, and 75th New York volunteers, comprising an account of their organization, camp life, marches, battles, losses, toils and triumphs in the war for the union, with complete rolls of their members, by Henry Hall and James Hall. Auburn, N.Y., 1873. 2v. in 1.

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PREFACE.

Bright and honorable as is the record of Cayuga county in the war for the Union, it has never yet been presented, even to the soldiers themselves, in anything but a fragmentary and disjointed form. The much felt and oft expressed necessity for its embodiment as a whole has led to the undertaking of Cayuga in the Field. The 19th Volunteers, the 3d New York Artillery, which was organized from it, and the 75th New York Volunteers, having been raised during the first year of the war, have historical precedence, and are naturally taken up first. It is proper to state at the outset the fact that these regiments were not composed exclusively of men from Cayuga county With the fame of Cayuga's sons is indissolubly linked that of many comrades from other localities. In this story of the origin and services of these organizations, we have sought to make no discrimination, but to do justice to all.

To prepare a mere chronicle has not been our only object. In a war of any magnitude, ultimate victory is attained by the scientific, systematic combination of the forces at command. Owing to the secresy with which commanders veil their plans the soldier rarely understands the part he is bearing in the whole scheme. He knows not what he is accomplishing, but rather how he is accomplishing something. We have striven

therefore, to present the services of our men in their relation of a part to a whole.

It has also been our aim to depict to those who remained at home the scenes in which our volunteers participated, and to correct any misapprehension that may have existed at home in regard to them.

In digesting and embodying the mass of material collected for this work, it has been necessary to generalize to a large extent, and, without neglecting minor details of camp life, the march and the siege which are of special interest only to those participating, to dwell with greater emphasis on the more important actions and events in the story of the regiments. It is quite likely that the perusal of these pages will suggest to the soldier many pleasant memories which have not found a place. Yet, as the trellis lifts to the gaze and cherishing sunlight the fragile vine which might otherwise be crushed by the foot or choked by sturdier vegetation, so, it is hoped, this more substantial frame work of history may rescue and even clothe itself with fragmentary, clinging recollections.

The information afforded by this record has been derived from innumerable sources. The authors have had access to regimental records of the 75th; the private and official papers of Col. Babcock, and his unfinished manuscript history of the Louisiana campaigns; the regimental records of the 19th and 3d, in possession of Col. Stewart; the records and papers of many batteries; a large number of private diaries, letters and copious personal recollections of officers and men of all three commands; the war records of the State and National governments; besides receiving valuable correspondence from commanders of the departments, corps and brigades in which these regiments served. With an earnest purpose to justly value

personal services and all events and circumstances in the experience of these organizations, and to attain the utmost possible accuracy of statement, this chaotic mass of material has been reduced to order, the chaff carefully sifted out, and apparent differences reconciled; and the result of twenty months of industrious and conscientious labor is now submitted to the public.

Of the varied assistance and personal encouragement which has been so generally and generously extended to this work, the authors herewith make their grateful acknowledgments.

Soldiers and officers who discover inaccuracies in this work will confer a personal favor by furnishing to the authors the data to correct them.

AUBURN, N. Y., June, 1873.

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One of the most remarkable features of our late Civil War was the indolent apathy, with which the Northern States of the Union awaited the culmination of the secession of the South in an open rebellion against the laws and authority of the General Government. States seldom look with so much complacence on the formation of such extensive and dangerous combinations against them on their own territory. In all the North this apathy was no where so great as in New York. The people believed there would be no war even after the secession. The militia establishment of the State, long neglected, run down, half disbanded, only kept dully alive by the activity and the purses of a few martial spirits in the principal cities, therefore, received no general attention. The ranks of skeleton regiments were not replenished. No new regiments were organized. The few full regiments were not called upon to prepare for a possible demand upon them for active service.

In the populous inland County of Cayuga, the possibility of war had, however, been considered. Her people comprised many distinguished men, who mingled in public affairs, and were accustomed narrowly to analyze questions affecting the welfare

of the nation. The city of Auburn, her capital, was the home of the great statesman, Wm. H. Seward, who had proclaimed the doctrine of the "irrepressible conflict" between Freedom and Slavery, and with whom the leading minds of Cayuga County were in constant intercourse. As early as December, 1860, Benj. F. Hall, Esq., of Auburn, editor of a Republican daily newspaper, the *Union*, an intimate friend of Gov. Seward, of his own accord went before the Supervisors of the County, then in session, and invited them to anticipate the expected conflict by taking some action that would secure military preparations. This act was historical. It was the first of the kind in the State. In January following, Solomon Giles, Esq., a lawyer of the village of Weedsport, and Capt. Terence J. Kennedy, of Auburn, a paint merchant by occupation, and an artillery officer in the militia of long standing, tendered their services to the Governor of the States for raising troops. No affirmative action was taken in these cases. The necessity of it was doubted. The suggestion of Mr. Hall was ridiculed by the people and press of the whole State.

A memorable Saturday in April, 1861, awoke the people of the North from their long dream of Peace. Fort Sumter had been attacked by the rebels and captured.

On Monday, April 15th, President Lincoln proclaimed the rebellion, and called the country to arms.

The North was required instantly to detach from its militia forces 75,000 men to serve as infantry, or riflemen, for three months, and dispatch them with all haste to the National Capital, to capture which next, it was supposed, the rebels would make a rush. The State of New York was to furnish towards this army the large proportion of 13,260 men, or 17 regiments, each 780 strong. An immense reaction took place in the North at the call. A wave of enthusiasm swept every State, obliterating for a moment all party distinctions, and it was the cry of men of all classes, politics and creeds, "The Union of States must and shall be preserved, whatever the hazards." In three days, battalions and regiments were rushing on express trains from all quarters to the defense of Washington.

There then existed in Auburn the headquarters of a regiment of militia, designated as the 49th, commanded by Col. John A. Dodge. It had once been a large, strong, well-trained organization of wide celebrity, but now boasted the possession only of four active companies. In addition to the regular companies of the regiment, there had been attached to it, in previous years, a battery of light artillery, under Capt. Kennedy, a splendid

officer, and a cadet company under command of Capt. John H. Ammon, but both at this time were practically disbanded. Before the sun had set on April 15th in Auburn, friends of Gov. Seward had given expression to a wish that, in honor of that great statesman, Cayuga County might send out to the war, under the call for 75,000 men, a complete regiment. The patriotic idea was caught up with the greatest enthusiasm and flew like wildfire through city and county. The first proposition was to recruit the 49th Militia to 1,000 men immediately and tender it to the Government as Cayuga's loyal offering. A meeting of the officers of the 49th, April 16th, formally resolved on this course. But our Legislature, that same day, passed a law requiring the organization in this State of a force of 30,000 volunteers, independent of the Militia, to be enrolled for two years, from which force should be detached the regiments called for by the Government, and as many more as should be needed. Militia regiments already sent forward were to be withdrawn as fast as the volunteers were organized. Mobilization of the 49th was abandoned the day after it was begun. Its officers and the people of Cayuga resolved spontaneously on the formation of a regiment of volunteers. On April 17th, enlistment offices were opened in the State Armory, at Auburn, followed in a week's time by others in the villages of Moravia, Weedsport and Union Springs. In twenty-three days the regiment was raised.

Before recounting further details, let historical justice be done to the 49th Militia. That organization never took the field against rebels. Yet it must be remembered, that the Cayuga volunteers received from it, at the very outset, six captains, several lieutenants and staff officers, and a numerous contribution of men, highly trained and of invaluable military experience. The 49th Militia was the military parent of Cayuga's first regiment of volunteers.

Capt. T. J. Kennedy, of Auburn, tendered his services to Gov. Morgan for the enlistment of troops, Jan. 11th, 1861. Thanking him for the patriotic offer, the Governor declined the tendered service on the grounds that troops were not then needed. Our newspaper press of the North, in January 1861, scouted the thought of war, and it required more heroism than the Governor possessed to authorize what Capt. Kennedy proposed. The Captain, however, was a close student of public affairs, and was convinced that he was right. He resolved to act, though unauthorized. March 12, he began the formation of an artillery company in Auburn, to be held in readiness for service in case of an outbreak in the South. An enlistment paper was pre-

pared in these words: "We, the Undersigned, hereby pledge our Words of Honor to associate ourselves together, for the purpose of forming a light artillery company, to serve as long as the war shall last." It was signed by Kennedy first, then by John Polson. In the course of twenty days, five men signed it. Then enlistments began to come in briskly. After the capture of Sumter, an office was opened in the Armory. By April 17th, Kennedy had 130 men. Next day he heard by letter from Gov. Morgan, that the State could accept infantry only. Disbanding his company, he began again. Forty of the artillerymen re-enlisted. By the 22d of April, such was Capt. Kennedy's reputation and the esteem in which he was held, he had the honor of reporting again to Albany the enrollment of Cayuga's first full company of volunteers. He lost the full benefit of the achievement, however, by delay in making out correct, formal papers, which resulted in his muster into the State service second, instead of first, of the Cayuga companies. Brig.-Gen. Jesse Segoine, of the Militia, had been designated as the Mustering Officer of Central New York. By him, April 24, Kennedy was legally accepted and sworn in, with Lieutenants John Polson and Henry C. Day, and a company of 74 men of magnificient physique and appearance. Seventy-four men was the maximum then allowed by law. The surplus went into other companies.

John T. Baker, Captain of the Auburn Guard in the 49th New York M., began enrolling volunteers, April 17th. He was a dashing, handsome officer, portly, dark featured, very popular, and had seen service in the U. S. Navy, on the frigate "*Potomac*," and in the Patriot war. His company filled rapidly. Little effort was required to obtain men, and less expense. No bounties were offered. Very little personal solicitation was resorted to. The men enlisted from a sense of duty, prompted somewhat by a love of novelty and adventure. They comprised some of the best blood of Auburn and Cayuga County, and, as a class, were intelligent and industrious men. This was true of all the companies of the Cayuga regiment. Capt. Baker, with Lieuts. Chas. White and Martin Laughlin, and a full company was mustered in April 24th, by Gen. Segoine.

James E. Ashcroft, dentist, of Seneca Falls, had for some time commanded a celebrated independent Zouave organization in that village, of such remarkable proficiency in the light infantry tactics, that it was accustomed to give public exhibitions of its skill. In November, 1860, Capt. Ashcroft tendered his company to the Governor, to go into the field in case of war. It was not accepted. In April, 1861, these Zouaves had been to Geneva

and Canandaigua giving exhibitions, when, on reaching home, they heard of the capture of Fort Sumter. Their popular and brave commander immediately began to raise a company of volunteers. Some of his Zouaves went with him in the patriotic undertaking, and on April 26th he was mustered into the State service with a full company of men. His lieutenants were faithful soldiers—S. Clark Day and Charles B. Randolph.

In Auburn, an Irish company was enrolled by sturdy Owen Gavigan, one of the fighting captains of old Cayuga. It was obtained in one day, on that memorable Sunday, April 21st. That day Auburn was filled with almost tumultuous excitement and patriotic ardor. War meetings were held in the streets, some old six-pound cannon in the Armory were dragged out by Kennedy's men and fired, and flags floated from stores, houses and spires all over the city. The clergy preached strong sermons on the duty of preserving the Union. At the Church of the Holy Family, that true patriot and talented preacher, Father Michael Creedon, made a powerful address, and exhorted Irishmen to enroll themselves among the defenders of the Union and upholders of Liberty. This was in the old church on Chapel street. After mass, sixty-five men went to the new church and enlisted, and afterwards marching to the Armory in a body they elected officers and organized. Wm. H. Boyle and Luke Brannick were made lieutenants.

The next company was enrolled in Auburn by a rising young member of the bar by the name of Theodore H. Schenck, a gentleman of fine talents and education, who made one of the most gallant and efficient soldiers in the regiment, and was a decided acquisition to its corps of officers. The company organized in five days. It was mustered in April 25th, with Lieuts. David A. Taylor and E. C. Burtis. At Elmira Lieut. Burtis resigned, and was succeeded by Lieut. J. Fred Dennis.

The loyal rural towns of south Cayuga now contributed a company to the regiment, raised through the exertions of two able and influential men, Nelson T. Stephens, Esq., a lawyer of reputation, and Watson C. Squire, a scholarly gentleman, principal of the Moravia Academy. Moravia had held many war meetings with great enthusiasm, but there were no enlistments. One night, Mr. Squire was chairman of a war meeting, Mr. Stephens acting as secretary. Sitting at a table together in the hall, these gentlemen remarked the hanging back of the young men. They saw an example was needed. They agreed to enlist, and announced the fact to the meeting. The effect was magical. Forty of the best young men of the town signed the enlistment

paper forthwith, and in a very few days Moravia had a full company. On May 6th the company took the oath of service with Mr. Stephens as Captain, and Lieuts. W. C. Squire and Edward D. Parker. For a time the choice of the Captaincy wavered between Mr. Stephens and Mr. Squire, but the latter withdrew from a contest with a man of the culture, ability and experience of his colleague, and the choice was made as stated.

And now the volunteers were reinforced by a War Democrat of Auburn—that sturdy soldier and patriot, Capt. Charles H. Stewart, commanding the Willard Guard, Company D of the 49th Militia. The Willard sustained at this time, as they have ever since, the reputation of being the crack company of the regiment, and Capt. Stewart wanted to lead the corps to the war intact, as, had the regiment gone *en masse*, he would have done. Since it was not to be, he called the company under arms April 24th, paraded it in the streets of the city, and made a speech to it from the old Exchange Hotel steps. He told the men he proposed to volunteer. Any or all his old comrades that wanted to go he should like to have join him.

Then marching to the Armory, he began recruiting. Some of the Willards joined him. Before night he had organized a splendid company of men. He was mustered in with it, May 6th, with Lieuts. John Wall and Antoine E. Robinson.

Capt. Solomon Giles, a lawyer of the village of Weedsport, gave to the regiment its eighth company. He was the second Cayuga county man who tendered his services to the Governor in expectation of war. His tender was about January 20th, 1861. The Weedsport company was mustered in May 7th, with Capt. Giles and Lieuts. Augustus Field and Marquis D. Nichols.

Capt. John H. Ammon's company raised in Auburn, with Geo. W. Thomas and R. B. Kimberly as Lieutenants, was mustered in May 7th.

Last but not least, a splendid company organized under Capt. James R. Angel in Union Springs, with A. H. Carr and Lester W. Forsting as Lieutenants. It mustered in May 10th, completing the Cayuga regiment.

In the organization of these companies loyal citizens actively aided by all the devices ardent patriotism could suggest. War meetings were held in all parts of the county. War sermons were preached. Swords and uniforms were presented to officers, revolvers to the men. Volunteers were subsisted by citizens without expense while they were awaiting orders to march. In Auburn nearly $6,000 was subscribed for the benefit of families of volunteers; $3,000 in Port Byron, and large sums in other

places. Among the most zealous in this patriotic work were Geo. Humphreys, Mayor of Auburn; Gen. Segoine, Benj. F. Hall, Charles P. Wood, Theo. M. Pomeroy, Wm. C. Beardsley, Dr. Theo. Dimon, Wm. Allen, E. A. Thomas, Rev. Dr. Charles Hawley, Rev. Henry Fowler, Rev. B. I. Ives, Dr. S. Willard, Father Creedon, Benj. B. Snow, Geo. P. Letchworth, Richard Steel, C. Morgan, Rev. Day K. Lee, Geo. O. Rathbun, Theo. P. Case, Geo. Rathbun, Wm. P. Robinson, E. G. Storke, A. H. Goss, C. H. Merriman, J. R. Cox, E. H. Avery, of Auburn; Henry Morgan, Edwin B. Morgan, of Aurora; H. V. Howland, W. A. Halsey, F. M. King, of Port Byron; John L. Parker, of Moravia; Rev. S. S. Goss, and others.

When volunteering began, many of our citizens desired to encamp the Cayuga regiment in Auburn until organized, clothed and equipped. A gloomy chapter in its history would have been avoided had this been done; but the volunteers were opposed to it. The law designated Elmira as the rendezvous and our soldiers were ambitious to be there among the foremost. Companies hurried thither in consequence as fast as formed.

Capt. O'Brien with an Oswego company was the first at the Elmira rendezvous. Close at his heels was Capt. Ashcroft, arriving April 27th, at eleven P. M. For a day or two these two small, gallant bands of men enjoyed the distinction of being the only volunteers in a city, which, ere long, would resound with the tramp of whole patriotic brigades.

Cayuga's first three hundred reached Elmira, by cars from Auburn, late at night, Monday, April 29th. Baker commanded, as senior Captain, his company, with those of Kennedy, Gavigan and Schenck constituting the detachment. Tumbling from the train as it came to a halt in the Erie depot, the men formed in column under the escort of the Auburn Brass Band. There was little of an impressive character in its appearance as this detachment, tired, sleepy and straggling, stumbled through gloomy and deserted streets in the direction of the quarters assigned it by Gen. VanValkenburg, commanding the post. Clad in citizen's dress, no two alike, with hats slouched over their heavy eyes, pants tucked in their boots, and equipped with nothing more warlike than bundles tied up in bandanna handkerchiefs, carpet bags and clay pipes, they bore no promise then of that splendid reputation for discipline and efficiency, that made their regiment famous from Virginia to Florida later in the war. The officers only wore uniforms and arms.

Under the guidance of a staff officer, the detachment marched to the junction of Fifth Street and Railroad Avenue, two blocks

west of the depot. Here loomed dimly up to view in the enfolding darkness, that renowned and ancient pile entitled the Old Barrel Factory of Elmira, known in military circles as Barracks No. One. Two stories and a half high, large, long and roomy, it stood in a large enclosure, on the east side of, and facing the street, and at right angles to the Erie railroad track, which ran along by the north side of the yard. Here the new comers found the Oswego and Seneca Falls men, who had sat up to welcome them, and now turned out in great excitement and joy to give them a hospitable reception.

A soldier's ration of cold meat, mush, bread and coffee was speedily issued and eagerly eaten, for the men were famished. Double blankets were then given out. Straw shaken down on the floors made bedding, and Capt. Baker was directed to make his men comfortable for the night. It was rough accommodation for those who had left luxurious feather beds and snowy sheets the day before, but the straw was dry and abundant and the volunteers were tired, and they betook themselves to it with great satisfaction. Gen. Van Valkenburg and Chas. B. Walker, his Adjutant General, saw all arrangements made in person. They did not leave till 2 A. M., when the last Cayugan had pulled his dark brown blanket around him and nestled down to dreams in the straw, with the proud reflection of having beaten the whole of Western New York at the rendezvous, excepting only his comrades from Oswego and Seneca Falls. During the night, train after train thundered by on the railroad, with clang of bell and roar of wheels, shaking the building till it rattled, but that was a music all soon became accustomed to, and it ceased to disturb them.

Capt. Baker, placed in command of Barracks No. One, next day drew on the Quartermaster of the post for lumber, and provided the barracks with all needed appointments. Bunks were built, partitions were put up to separate company and officer's rooms; rough sheds were erected in the yard for mess houses, and a guard house and other buildings were introduced, as they came to be needed. Everything was roughly built, but answered the purposes they were intended for. Troops were pouring into Elmira so fast, that the General commanding could but barely provide accommodations for them, even in the most general manner. By May 1st, he had eight regiments on his hands and volunteers were arriving by hundreds every day.

May 9th, Capts. Stewart, Giles and Ammon arrived to the great joy of the Cayugans, who impatiently awaited the time when the regiment would be organized. The new companies

were quartered in Beecher's church several days before rooms could be provided for them at the Barrel Factory. Capt. Stephens arrived on the 10th, was quartered a short time in a public hall, and was then transferred to the barracks of the Cayugas. Capt. Angel arrived on the 11th.

Companies from other counties were crowded into the Barrel Factory also for a short time. Among them was one from Waterloo. It lodged in the loft of the Barracks, next the roof. The lower story men called it "The Swallows." At one time, Capt. Baker, as commandant of these Barracks, had 900 men under his supervision.

Capt. Ashcroft did not at first design entering the Cayuga regiment. He was solicited to join a command being organized under Adj.-Gen. Townsend, and was promised a field officer's commission. He was finally persuaded to join our regiment. At one time, a Lima company proposed to go in, in Ashcroft's stead. But the Lima Captain heard an Auburn officer swear. His men would not serve among those from whom there was danger of hearing profanity. So they went into the regiment of Col. Joe Chambers. It was hard luck for them. Chambers afterwards, in his stuttering manner, alluded to them affectionately as "those darned pious cusses." This Chambers, by the way, tried to get some of the Cayuga companies into his regiment, Stephens' particularly. He promised Stephens a Major's commission.

May 14th, the State Military Board, in session at Albany, resolved on motion of the Attorney-General :—

"That the companies commanded by Captains John T. Baker, Owen Gavigan, Thomas H. Schenck, Charles H. Stewart, Jno. H. Ammon, Solomon Giles, Nelson T. Stephens, J. E. Ashcroft, T. J. Kennedy and J. R. Angel, be severally accepted and formed into a regiment to be numbered No. 19, and that orders be forthwith issued for the election of regimental officers thereof."

This put an end to Col. Chambers's figuring for any of the Cayuga men.

The election took place at the headquarters of Gen. Van Valkenburg, in the Brainard Block, preliminary to which a caucus was first held in a private room. Captains O'Brien, Chambers and others were present. Several citizens of Auburn, also, Theo. M. Pomeroy, Wm. C. Beardsley, Benj. F. Hall, Dr. Dimon, Wm. H. Carpenter, Geo. W. Peck and others. A general discussion took place. Many names were proposed, especially for the Colonelcy. Col. John A. Dodge, of Auburn, had the honor of being promi-

nently spoken of. Horace V. Howland was also named. Some of the officers thought of that staunch old war horse, Gen. Segoine, who, they believed, was capable of taking the regiment like a whirlwind through rebeldom to the Gulf. Captains O'Brien and Chambers had aspirations to the command, but they were hopelessly wrecked in the discussion. Captains Stephens and Giles presented the name of John S. Clark, which received the earnest endorsement of the committee from Auburn.

Major Clark was a native of Cayuga county, resident at Auburn, a civil engineer of experience. He was tall, stalwart, rugged. Energy, positiveness of character and iron will were written on every feature of his bold countenance. He wore no beard and was stern, imperious and peculiar in manner, though possessing a kindly heart. In April, happening to be in Washington, he shouldered a musket in Cassius M. Clay's famous battalion for the defense of the Capital in that hour of anxiety and peril. He served therein till, upon the arrival of troops, it was disbanded. Magruder's regular battery of artillery was for a time the only other defense of Washington. One day, Major Clark learned from Hon. Fred. W. Seward, Assistant Secretary of State, the painful anxiety of the Government at being cut off from the North. No tidings had been received for several days. Baltimore rebels had cut off the telegraph wires in all directions, and stopped the trains. Of eleven messengers sent out by the Government, ten had been turned back and one captured. Major Clark promptly offered to attempt any service for the Government and said he thought he could get through. Mr. Seward was very much pleased. After consultation, he brought Major Clark verbal orders from the President to Gen. Butler, to come through, by any route, as quick as he could. Leaving his valuables with D. C. Littlejohn, then in Washington, Major Clark drove at sunset out to Bladensburg. Then he struck across the country on foot. Reaching the Patuxent, he found rebels at each bridge with bonfires. Crossing the river on a log, the water being ice cold, nearly freezing him, he pushed on, and reached Chesapeake bay at daylight, having walked forty miles. A negro took him to the frigate *Constitution*. Commodore Rodgers at once sent him in a barge to Annapolis, where he found Butler, and delivered his orders. He returned to Washington on foot with the 7th New York, carrying a musket all the way. The arrival of Butler was hailed with rapture in the Capital, and Major Clark's courageous service was the theme of every tongue.

The proposition to place him at the head of the Cayuga regiment was acquiesced in by the officers in session at Elmira. The

other field officers were then quickly agreed upon. When the caucus closed, the officers repaired to Gen. Van Valkenburg's office and deposited their formal ballot. Clark was elected Colonel, three voices dissenting. The choice was then made unanimous by acclamation.

For Lieutenant-Colonel the choice fell unanimously on Clarence A. Seward, Esq., of New York, a scholarly and affable gentleman, a lawyer and a nephew of Secretary Seward. No man in the regiment ever enjoyed a more thorough popularity during his stay in it than he.

For Major, the choice was unanimous for James H. Ledlie, of Auburn. Major Ledlie boasted an Irish descent. He was a young man of medium stature, well proportioned, graceful, with a dark, flashing eye, possessing an active mind and brilliant talent as a civil engineer and a politician. His most striking characteristics were his remarkable affability and dignity. The Cayuga regiment always loved and warmly admired him.

Special Order, No. 195, A. G. S. N. Y., May 17th, confirmed the field officers designated above. Col. Clark arrived on the 18th. The staff of the regiment was then appointed as follows:—

Surgeon—Theo. Dimon, M. D., of Auburn; a thoroughly competent Surgeon, and a gentleman of unusual ability and force of character. He had had the previous experience of service on Gov. Burnett's staff in California, and in the Physicianship of Auburn Prison. The men always found him a kind and true friend.

Assistant-Surgeon—Benjamin Howard, M. D.; a Surgeon of extensive practice in New York city, London and Paris.

Quarter-master—John Chedell, of Auburn; a dashing, energetic, popular fellow, of good qualities socially and otherwise.

Quarter-master-Sergeant—Dennis Sheil, of Auburn; a young and able Irishman, a faithful and good soldier.

Sergeant-Major—Charles Tomlinson, of Auburn; a popular, hard-working and competent officer.

Chaplain—Rev. Henry Fowler, of Auburn; a man that all loved for his ability and excellence of character.

State Paymaster—Paul C. Woodruff, of Auburn; one of the most popular fellows in the regiment at all times, but especially on pay day.

Drum-Major—John Bingham.

Fife-Major—Hiram Adle.

With field and staff thus constituted, the regiment felt a great and general satisfaction. Nearly all were novices in war; but

the men felt safe and strong in the leadership of officers of such known ability and intellect, especially since it was generally believed that Secretary Seward approved the choice made and would do all he could to help the regiment commanded by them. The 19th at once dubbed itself "The Seward Regiment," and resumed its work of training.

Camp life in Elmira had many singular experiences—some dismal enough, yet interspersed with little gilt-edged occurrences that enlivened the gloom and revive in memory to this day only to give pleasure.

It must be confessed that the drilling was gloomy work, anxious as all were to learn. On taking command of Barracks No. One, Capt. Baker ordered two drills, at 8 1-2 A. M. and 2 P. M., respectively. But the Barracks had no proper parade ground. The companies, therefore, took to the fields, those adjoining the Female College being a favorite resort. This would have been agreeable in the extreme had not the weather, in early May especially, been cold, raw, rainy and muddy, which made drilling dreadfully dreary, unattended as it was with the cheering beat of the drum, the flash of arms, the self-respect inspired by soldierly uniforms and the proper paraphernalia of war, none of which were connected with the first month's experience at Elmira. A general lack of sufficient clothing made the bad weather doubly irksome. The men had mostly left overcoats and changes of linen at home, supposing the Government would issue clothing on arriving at the rendezvous. Not getting any, they grew uncomfortable in a fornight. In this emergency, thoughtful and patriotic hearted ladies of Auburn and of Elmira made donations to the men of towels, linen and clothing, which proved a great relief and elicited heartfelt blessings on the generous spirits who supplied them. It is surprising how little it takes to make a soldier—whose lot is generally a hard one—happy, and to enliven his spirits; and the kindnesses of the ladies to the old 19th while at Elmira will never be forgotten by its members.

While the Cayuga men bore mud, bad weather and thin clothing without a murmur, one item in their experience they revolted at. Fresh from comfortable homes and tables spread with the snowiest of linen, bountifully supplied with appetizingly cooked meats and vegetables and fragrant decoctions of Java and Young Hyson, with cream and a more or less wide array of delicacies, the volunteers found the transition to corned beef, salt pork, boiled potatoes, soft bread, mush, clear coffee and machine made hash, which formed their soldier's ration, rather severe. It was a forty-five cent ration, too,—a princely one for soldiers. Many

a time afterwards were the men thankful to stay raging hunger with even a five cent handful of inhabited hard-tack. But in Elmira they were slow in getting used to it, even with appetites sharpened by long drills.

Hash was one of the staple articles of food. It was prepared in the shanty in the corner of the Barrack yard, used as a cook house by the contractor. What old 19th boy does not remember the hash machine? That devourer of scraps was going, with noisy clatter, day and night; trains would thunder by on the railroad with a roar; brass bands would fill the air with martial strains; the cheers of the soldiery would shake the ancient buildings; but nothing would ever drown the steady music of the hash machine.

For some days the meat, and occasionally the hash, had been of a character to excite the alarm of olfactories. The hash was sometimes burnt. One day a volunteer discovered in his ration something which he swore was the end of a dog's tail, the fur still on. Waving the obnoxious chunk aloft on his fork, he went down the mess room showing it to his comrades. The yard, soon after, was full of excited soldiers. Several circumstances occurred to fan the rising flame of discontent against the contractor. A moment more and there was a terrific shout. The cook house was tumultuously invaded. An avalanche of men sprang in through the delivery windows, amongst the cheers of a crowd outside, driving out the occupants pell mell. The hash machine was banged and smashed to flinders, and then there followed a general raid on the whole establishment. Stumbling, as he came in through the window, one volunteer plunged feet first into a barrel of eggs. Covered with yolk to his ears, he emerged a fearful looking apparition, but, undaunted, made for three other barrels of the same commodity. These also he overturned and smashed. A huge darkey stuck his head in the door. A volley of eggs and chunks of meat saluted him; he retreated precipitately. Two barrels of soft soap were tipped over, and beans, mush, hash, potatoes and meat flew in every direction. The establishment was completely turned topsy-turvy and the volunteers returned to their quarters. Some of the men were sent to the guard house for this affair; but the regiment had better rations after it.

The deprivations of camp life in the ration department were sometimes relieved from home. Barrels of goodies came sometimes from Auburn. Once there came a plum pudding, aromatic with spices, which created a sensation. Huge cakes came now and then. One royal specimen was inscribed "If any man

attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." Sums of money, the gifts of patriotic friends, aided to replenish a poor larder and provide comforts. Dr. Willard gave the soldiers $50; Theo. P. Case and Clarence Seward each $100; E. B. Morgan sent $500. The thankfulness of the men found expression, as gifts were announced, in hearty hurrahs, and resolutions of thanks.

Muster into the United States service took place May 22d. The companies formed into line, one at a time, in the barracks yard, and were carefully inspected by the United States Mustering Officer at the Post, Capt. W. L. Elliott of the U. S. Mounted Rifles. The roll of each company was called over, the men were counted, and then the company took the oath of allegiance and swore to serve its officers and the government faithfully till discharged the service.

The period for which they were so sworn in was three months. This was a miseraole error. The call for troops of April 15th was indeed for men to serve three months, the North at that time being unboundedly confident that war was to be only a ninety day affair. But in a fortnight's time, that delusion had faded entirely from the mind of the Government.

On the first of May, the Attorney General of New York wrote to the Secretary of War:—

"Such is the patriotic zeal of the people of the State, that it will be a great disappointment to them if they are not permitted to raise thirty-eight regiments for the public service instead of seventeen. * * The Military Board therefore respectfully requests, that the United States Government will receive from the State of New York, at such depots within the State as the United States Government may choose to indicate, thirty-eight regiments of volunteers *for two years' service*, unless sooner discharged, of such arm of the service as it may require, and assume at the depots the instruction, pay and subsistance of such troops."

May 3d, the Secretary of War replied:—

"I have the honor, in behalf of the Government of the United States, to inform you, that this offer will be accepted on conditions named."

On the same day, the President issued a new call for troops, asking for 60,000 men for three years' service. May 6th, the Secretary of War telegraphed Gov. Morgan, asking that all New York regiments be mustered in for three years. Under the law of April 15th, this was impossible. Gov. Morgan so informed

the Secretary of War. But the circumstance is valuable here, as showing that the idea of subduing the rebellion in 90 days, on which the first call for troops was based, had now been exploded, and the Government desired and intended to have its army sworn in for a term of years. It is definitely known, also, that this was also the intention of the Governor of New York, for, when ten regimental organizations had been perfected in Elmira, he definitely ordered their muster in for two years. Capt. Elliott, entirely unauthorized, mustered five of them, the 12th, 13th, 19th, 21st and 26th for three months. He was stopped right there and sent out of the State.

The men of the 19th expected to serve for two years. On the day of muster, they learnt for the first time that they were to be received for three months only, and several of them doubted as to whether the proceeding was right, and wished to be sure. They begged leave, and were permitted to ask Capt. Elliott, before swearing in, distinctly how long they were to be held. He said distinctly, "Three months, my men! The Government is not so hard up for troops as to want you for two years. It won't take you for two years." The men were satisfied. They were willing to go for any length of time, long or short, and cheerfully took an oath, which was kept, to serve their country faithfully for three months.

The companies were enrolled in the order following: Company A, Capt. Baker; Company B, Capt. Kennedy; Company C, Capt. Ashcroft; Company D, Capt. Gavigan; Company E, Capt. Schenck; Company F, Capt. Stephens; Company G, Capt Stewart; Company H, Capt. Giles; Company I, Capt. Ammon; Company K, Capt. Angel.

Uniforms were issued, Friday May 24th. It was a day of excitement A neat uniform is the pride of a good soldier. The men were eager to don the army blue. They were furthermore suffering for warm and comfortable clothing. When the boxes, containing the suits, were delivered at the barracks, the joy of the regiment knew no bounds. That feeling suffered an early demise. There was tossed out to each volunteer a cap, jacket, pair of pants and overcoat. They were *not* of army blue. The great Empire State had seen fit to clothe the 19th regiment in a shabby gray. The brave fellows, however, anxious to get suits of any description, donned them good naturedly. Then came out the whole truth. The uniforms had been made of a coarse, fluffy, flimsy material, called shoddy, full of fine flocking, which on shaking sifted out, filling the eyes, irritating the skin, and covering the floor with refuse. A heartless fraud had been perpetrated.

On the 23d of April, the Military Board at Albany advertised for proposals for 12,000 uniforms. In response, Mr. F. L. Griswold, an honorable and esteemed merchant of Auburn, proposed to furnish those required by the Cayuga regiment, in furtherance of the plan for equipping and training that command at Auburn. He sent a sample suit of his make, the cloth being purposely better even than the State required. State Treasurer Dorsheimer raised the quibble that the color of the jacket varied a shade from regulation blue, and also objected that the suits could not be made in time in Auburn. A contract was refused Mr. Griswold. The whole 12,000 suits were awarded to be contracted for by Brooks Bro's of New York city. The senior Brooks assured the State, positively, that he could furnish the whole number of regular army blue cloth within the specified time. A few days after the contract was signed, he cooly notified the Military Board that his firm could not comply therewith unless permitted to use cloth other than agreed upon. Interviews and consultations followed. At last, so urgent were the necessities of the hour, the contractors carried their point and were authorized to substitute "gray cadet mixed satinet" for army blue for 7,500 uniforms. These were promptly furnished, most of them being sent to Elmira.

How thoroughly "mixed" the goods were, the Cayuga volunteers can testify. Stripes of dark gray ran through them, with streaks of butternut intermingled. Patches of green, spots of brown, and splashes of other colors, dotted their surface, and no less than eighteen different hues were counted in them by an inquiring volunteer. Shabby in color, uncomfortable from the gritty dust in them, flabby in texture, they were also ungainly in cut. Few were able to get a suit that fitted them. Nearly all of them were too large. Two men could button around them one overcoat. Many men could button up their folded overcoats in their pants.

These outrageous uniforms were issued to the 12th, 13th and 26th regiments also. They had a most depressing effect on all. Men, wanting furloughs to go home to bid farewell to dear ones, before marching to the seat of war, were ashamed to show themselves and went to the front without seeing the friends they so longingly desired to.

The affair created great excitement in Auburn. A public meeting was held to secure redress. Wm. C. Beardsley, Theo. M. Pomeroy and C. L. Underwood were sent by it to Albany to demand proper uniforms for our brave men. On the 3d of June, they telegraphed Col. Clark:—

"The Military Board promises the regiment new uniforms. Hold on."

The regiment could not "hold on," however. As Col. Clark remarked: "The Cayuga boys were bound to go if they went in their shirts." They could not wait, and great mischief was done before the promised uniforms ever reached them.

The regiment received flags, whereon to inscribe its victories in the field, on Tuesday, the 4th of June, by presentation from the ladies of Auburn. The National color was made in Auburn; the State color, a blue silk, decorated with the State coat of arms and the name of the regiment, was made to order in New York,—both being paid for by subscriptions obtained by Mrs. C. H. Merriman and Mrs. Fanny Barker. It is interesting to note, so little did we as a people know about war then, that the material first provided for a National banner was cut by Capt. Kennedy who spoilt it. Dr. Dimon was the only one that could be found that knew the proportions of the banner. The one given the regiment was cut by him. At 10 A. M., June 4th, the 19th formed a hollow-square in the Barrack yard. A platform in the center held Col. Clark and the officers of the regiment, C. C. Dwight, B. F. Hall, D. P. Wallis, Wm. C. Beardsley, Gen. H. R. White of Utica, Gen. VanValkenburg, E. B. Morgan, Mrs. Wm. H. Seward, Jr., Mrs. Geo. Underwood, Mrs. Theo. Dimon, Mrs. B. F. Hall, Mrs. John Bostwick, Mrs. Sam'l Titus, Mrs. Henry Morgan and others. Mr. Hall presented the National, and Mr. Dwight the Regimental colors. Col. Clark responded and consigned the flags to the color guard amid the deafening cheers of the regiment. Many a silent oath was registered among those brave men at that moment to die ere those silken ensigns should ever be dishonored in the presence of the armed enemies of our country.

Next day the regiment drew muskets, old flint locks, model of 1840, altered and supplied with percussion locks. Also "A" tents, knapsacks, canteens and camp equipage.

On the 30th of May, Col. Clark applied to the War Department for marching orders. Promptly came the following, May 31:—

"To the Commandant at Elmira, N. Y.:—

Col. Clark's regiment and one other regiment ready to march will proceed immediately to Harrisburg.

SIMON CAMERON,
Secretary of War."

This order was modified, June 1st, by the following :—

" Col. John S. Clark, 19th Regt., Elmira :—

Your letter of the 27th to Gen. Mansfield is shown to me. I desire your regiment to come to this city *via* Harrisburg and Baltimore, as soon as it is ready.

WINFIELD SCOTT."

Gen. Patterson, who was then collecting an army at Chambersburg, Pa., had applied to the War Department to have the Seward Regiment sent to him. Hence the first order above. At Col. Clark's request, the Lieutenant General of the Army ordered him to Washington.

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II.

ON KALORAMA HEIGHTS.

Departure for the Army—Gen. Patterson's Telegrams—Gen. Scott's Counter-order—Gloomy Reception in Baltimore—Washington—In Camp of Instruction at Kalorama—Camp Routine—New Muskets—The Shoddy Uniforms Wearing Out—Review of New York Troops—Ordered to Join Patterson.

The Cayuga volunteers left Elmira for Washington, Thursday, the 6th of June, 739 strong. A special train of twenty-one freight cars, drawn by two engines, was furnished them for transportation. Into four cars was loaded the baggage and camp equipage, which was bulky and weighed over 25,000 lbs. The regiment stowed itself away, on rough board seats, in the other cars. At 11 A. M., the train moved off with shriek of whistle and clang of bell, running as a special. Thousands of citizens and several companies of soldiers, gathered at the depot and at Barracks No. One, gave hearty hurrahs at parting.

At Williamsport, Pa., which we reached at 2 P. M., patriotic citizens had spread a substantial dinner for the refreshment of the hungry men. On halting, the cars were emptied in a moment. Speeches of welcome were made and the volunteers received an invitation to fall on and make a dinner, which they did. Hunger staying ham, biscuits, cheese and sandwiches of dainty preparation burdened long tables in profusion, and pretty maidens brought to all generous cups of the good cheer a soldier loves, rich, pure coffee. Cakes, pies, and fragrant Havana cigars also proved abundant. After a huge repast, the lads in gray grew surfeited and, with pockets crammed, they

climbed back to their board benches, to resume the journey, smoke their cigars and bless with heartfelt unction the kindly ladies of Williamsport.

The whole ride through Pennsylvania was exceedingly gratifying to the feelings of the volunteers. Attentions were lavished upon them at every station. Crowds gathered everywhere to cheer them, while ploughmen in the fields and farmers on the cross roads paused to swing their hats as the train flew by. In the evening, bonfires blazed in their honor in the villages. These things and the enchanting scenery of the region through which the railroad ran made a deep impression on the minds of the volunteers, and their patriotism and enthusiasm in the cause of their country were deepened by it, and their rough jolting and shaking up in the freight cars it made them forget.

The train thundered into Harrisburgh about midnight. Here a dispatch was handed to Col. Clark, reading as follows:

"CHAMBERSBURGH, June 6, 1861.

To the officer commanding the troops from Elmira, N. Y.

By command of Lieut.-Gen. Scott, you have been placed under my orders. Proceed at once to Chambersburgh.

R. PATTERSON, Major-General,
Commanding Department Pennsylvania."

Col. Clark hesitated to obey this order. He had other plans. Detaining the train, he telegraphed both to Gen. Patterson and Gen. Scott for further information. Gen. Scott answered quickly:

"Col. John S. Clark, 19th N. Y. Infantry:

Come to Washington. WINFIELD SCOTT."

Gen. Patterson replied:—

"Col. John S. Clark:

Gen. Patterson was ordered to turn the first Elmira regiment to this place. Has received no countermanding orders. If you have been ordered to Washington, since you were first ordered here, go there.

FITZ JOHN PORTER, A. A. G.

CHAMBERSBURG, June 6th, 1861."

A council of officers assembled to consider the matter. It was decided to go to Washington. After a two hours' delay, the complication being solved, the train was ordered on and sped out of Harrisburgh for Baltimore. Patterson remembered Clark's reluctance on this occasion to join him. It was afterwards a source of trouble.

Glimpses of the destruction of war became visible at daylight. Blackened ruins of noble bridges encountered the eye, betokening the presence of bands of armed rebels. Soldiers with cannon now guarded the crossings at every stream. To witness these things, the volunteers crowded car doors and windows. From a passing train, word came that the regiment's first baptism of fire was probably near at hand. Baltimore, the northern outpost of rebellion, was in a state of riotous disquietude. The city lay under the guns of Fort McHenry, on Federal Hill, where in 1814, floated the first original "Star Spangled Banner," concerning which the song was written. Yet, danger existed that an attack might be made on the regiment in marching through, just as, on April 19th, there had been on the 6th Massachusetts. The tidings were received with joy. Though rather deficient in such matters as street firing and battalion drill, the Cayuga boys felt their souls burn with valor and they ardently longed for an attack. They only wanted the proper provocation to clear the city at the point of the bayonet of every traitor that dwelt therein, and avenge the recent insults offered there to our flag. The Quarter-Master distributed three rounds of cartridges, each carrying an ounce ball and three buckshot. Every musket received one in readiness for the expected fray.

Debarking from the cars at the head of Eutaw street, the regiment formed in column by half companies. While this was being done, disorderly crowds gathered around in the street, composed of ugly looking desperadoes, some of whom had countenances that would have made the fortune of an African gorilla. "D—— those infernal Yankees!" "Hurrah for Jeff. Davis!" and similar remarks were shouted on all sides. Everything looked ripe for a first-class disturbance. Before starting, Col. Clark gave the order "Fix Bayonets!" With a loud clash, 730 gleaming points of steel sprang to their places. The decidedly business-like air of this proceeding, and the wicked looking eyes of the Cayuga boys rather staggered the Baltimorean nerve, and when, with a squad of policemen in the advance, and with colors proudly flying, the regiment took up the line of march for the Washington depot at the foot of the street, the crowd gave way for it respectfully. Soon, however, the roughs grew bolder, and renewed their profanity and evil remarks, and jostled the regiment continually. Richly dressed beauties came out upon balconies and waved little secession flags and hissed as the command marched by, as though to urge on the excited populace to riot. But it did not work. The manifest coolness and determination of the regiment and its capped muskets, bluffed the turbulent

element completely, checking every violent demonstration. The steadiness and nerve of the 19th was commented on admiringly by the police, who said that it saved the volunteers from the home of Seward from an attack.

Passing the Eutaw House, the regiment halted to give three tremendous cheers at the sight of a large National banner flying over it. Reaching the Washington depot a train came up after a short halt. By noon, the men were aboard and rattling over the rail to the Capital.

Camps and detachments of artillery and picket guards were passed, strewn numerously along the way, guarding the road, every rail of which between Washington and Baltimore was precious beyond computation to the Government at this time, and was protected by either a musket or a cannon the whole distance. A few miles from Washington the loaded pieces of the regiment were discharged. The firing created a panic in the locality. Pickets, scattered through the field, thought there was a descent by the enemy and came running in. An alarm was sounded in some of the camps. The commotion partly arose from the recollection of a recent attempt on the railroad at this point.

Washington was reached at 3 P. M. The regiment was full of enthusiasm. It had reached the National army and was now among the defenders of the Capital. The general hope was that orders to go across the Potomac at once and encamp on the sacred soil of the Old Dominion would be received. In view of the undisciplined state of the command, it was ordered into camp of instruction instead, and, pending the selection of camping ground, it was thought best to quarter it in the city. The 8th and 9th of June were accordingly spent in a tall brick building on Pennsylvania Avenue, within a few blocks of the President's house, known as Woodard's Hall. Seven rooms were occupied. They were unclean apartments and the regiment was glad, when, on the evening of the 10th, the command came to vacate them and go into camp.

North of Washington, within two or three miles of the heart of the city, a range of verdant hills 200 feet in height bounds the plain on which it stands. Further on, the surface swells into hills of greater elevation, on which, afterwards the northern fortifications of the city were located. On the crests of the first range of hills, were built many a number of fine mansions, surrounded by elegant and extensive grounds. Just back of Georgetown, on the eastern bank of Rock Creek, stood the loveliest of these places, once the home of the poet and patriot,

Joel Barlow, author of the "Columbiad" and "Hasty Pudding," named by him Kalorama. In 1861, its occupant, a true patriot, had tendered it to the Government for a camp without cost. To this spot, on the 10th of June, a warm, genial summer's day, the favored 19th had been ordered to proceed.

The regiment left the City of Magnificent Distances in the afternoon, passing the President's House and other noted edifices, and reached the heights at 8 P. M. Leaving the main road, it turned to the left into the fields, and marched to a meadow, nine acres in area, in a retired situation, on the top of the banks of the romantic and richly wooded glen of Rock Creek. Glen and woods surrounded the field on three sides. On the fourth, the old mansion stood, now used as a hospital. It was too late and too dark to pitch camp. So the men stacked arms, and bivouacked on the ground under the open stars, some sleeping on boards and all either softening the asperities of their bed with their blankets or using that article as a pillow. The lovely night invested their first taste of genuine campaigning with an air of romance. Sleeping on the ground was a novelty that all relished then.

Next day, the baggage wagons came up from the city. They were speedily unburdened and the regiment pitched its first camp, which was forthwith dubbed Camp Cayuga. The tents of the field and staff officers were located in a row under the shade of the locusts and cedars, on the southern side of the field, that of Col. Clark being distinguished from the rest by the colors of the regiment planted in the ground in front, one on each side. The companies encamped in wedge, or "A" tents, four men in a tent, on the western side of the field, in ranks, in the same order and on the same ground, which they would severally have occupied if they stood there under arms, formed in regimental column for the march. The tents of each company were located in this camp in two parallel rows, facing inwards on a company street, which all took pride in keeping in the neatest order. In later camps, the rule was for companies to arrange their tents in single ranks, but that was when they had Sibley tents, holding fifteen men. Captains and Lieutenants habitually camped on the right flanks of their companies.

After a few days all tents were floored with boards, partly obtained from the leavings of a regiment which had previously occupied the field. The camp was cleared up then and made to look neat.

When comfortably settled, camp routine was announced and set forth in special order, so that camp business might be carried

on systematically and smoothly. Hard study and training then began and continued without remission for a month. The 19th was in Maj.-Gen. Charles W. Sandford's division of New York troops. It resolved to be the best disciplined regiment in it.

The camp awoke daily at break of day, or 5 A. M.; the drum corps beating the reveille on the parade ground. All aroused thereat from morning dreams, dressed and washed. The companies then formed for roll call. At 5 1-2 A. M. company drill took place. The duties of the day began thus early to avoid the excessive heat of the middle of the day. This early drill often, and at first generally, took place under West Point cadets, three of whom—Lieuts. Barlow, Redding and Meagher—were sent up by Gen. Mansfield from Washington to teach the manual of arms and the company tactics. At 6 A. M. breakfast was served, consisting of salt pork, salt beef, bread, crackers, potatoes and coffee, varied sometimes with mush and beans.

At 9, squads of from six to ten men, detailed from each company at morning roll call, were assembled on the parade ground by the Sergeant-Major, under command of the Adjutant, to do the guard duty of the day in and around the camp. Arms and equipments being inspected by the Officer and Sergeant of the Guard, who were appointed daily for the day, the guard was divided into three reliefs, or divisions; one relief was then immediately marched off to do general guard duty in the camp and to be posted in a circle around it, relieving the old sentinels of the day before. Each guard in the relief was given a certain part to guard on a certain portion of the circle, upon which he must pace back and forth and allow no one, on any account, to pass without the countersign, or password, for the day, given out each day from headquarters. This relief was kept on duty one hour and was then relieved by another, and this, in an hour's time, by the third, and that again by the first, so that each relief had alternately through the day one hour of duty on and two off. The headquarters of the guard was the guard house, which always stood at the entrance to the camp. There was only one entrance. In it the prisoners of the camp were always confined. At 9 A. M. the companies were again drilled by their commanders for one hour. Then occurred several hours of leisure, broken only by dinner.

The drums beat for battalion drill at 3 P. M., and again for dress parade and battalion drill at 6. This latter, in the cool edge of the evening, sometimes taking place under the soft moonlight, was the most agreeable of the day. Muskets and equipments were highly polished for it, and every uniform was

required to look its best. Visitors were always present to witness it. There was a talismanic influence in that title of "The Seward Regiment." It brought out to Kalorama Heights Senators, Congressmen and distinguished people generally. The President, also, and Secretary Seward came several times. Mr. Seward had always a cordial smile and a cordial grasp of the hand which endeared him to all.

At 9 1-2 P. M. the drums sounded tattoo, or retreat, in the encampment. It was the signal for every man to repair to his quarters. At 10 o'clock, taps beat, when lights were extinguished, except at the guard house, for the night. At midnight, the Officer of the Guard made the Grand Rounds, to see that the sentinels were faithful and all things were safe.

Rapid and great improvement was made in the discharge of these duties. A spirit of emulation became rife among the companies, and though mistakes were often made, these four weeks caused the 19th to become one of the most proficient of the raw regiments of the division. At battalion drill, Col. Clark generally commanded. He always made lively work. His favorite practice was to draw the regiment up in line of battle, or regimental front, and send it flying across the field on a double quick, as though in the act of storming imaginary works. Once a charge, not properly halted, stormed the camp. Another time, the line charged into the woods, with a terrific yell, which so drowned the command to halt that the regiment drove the field officers into the woods at the point of the bayonet.

June 15th, the regiment marched to Washington and exchanged "those trusty muskets" for Harper's Ferry smooth bores. They were a better arm than the old ones. Great pride was taken in them, the old ones having been so rickety, that, after firing a volley with them, a basket full of locks and pieces might be picked up in the grass, blown off by the discharge.

Delightful weather prevailed at Kalorama. Once a thunderstorm soaked the tents and gave everybody a wetting, but rains seldom came and nothing occurred to interrupt steady drilling. The health of the camp was also generally good. The only affliction was the measles. Measle patients filled three tents at one time, but Dr. Dimon's faithful care brought them through all right.

The first death in the regiment befel it on June 26th. A drummer boy of Company C, Joseph Winters, was drowned in Rock Creek, while bathing. He was buried in an old grave yard near by with military honors.

June 18th, a very important event occured. The Pay Master

arrived to pay off the men. Privates received $5.50 a piece. Nothing creates more excitement in camp than the coming of the Pay Master. When paid off, the men first lay something aside to send home, and then rush for the tent of the camp sutler where goodies, tobacco and luxuries of every description are eagerly bought, and outstanding accounts are squared up. The commanding officers in Camp Cayuga made no objection to the men indulging in these luxuries if they chose to. They only required that the men abstain from beer and wine. Rules against intoxication and liquor selling were strict. Col. Clark, in orders, prohibited them positively. A vigorous attempt was made to enforce the rule, and once, when Capt. Kennedy was Officer of the Day, that officer caused the camp sutler's shanty to be torn down for violating it. Unfortunately, these practices could not be and never were entirely broken up.

The regiment began to watch about this time the rapid wearing away of the three months, for which it had taken the oath of service, with no little anxiety. The men unanimously regarded the prospect of carrying their banners back to Cayuga county, unbaptized in the smoke of the battlefield, with dismay. One day, there came to camp two important rumors.

Visitors at headquarters brought the first unofficially from Washington. It was said that the State of New York had turned the regiment over to the United States Government for the whole period of its original two years' enlistment. It impugns neither the courage nor loyalty of the Cayuga boys to say that some were disconcerted by this quite positively unexpected intelligence. They supposed as a matter of course they were going home at the end of the three months. The Government had not in any manner intimated a desire for their services longer than that time. They knew nothing of the official correspondence between the Governor and the War Department. They had not been consulted about staying beyond the term for which they had mustered in, and many had already laid out plans for fall and winter work, in anticipation of going home on the 22d of August.

The rumor of being held for two years, naturally created a lively sensation. Col. Clark was appealed to for his opinion of the matter. He replied that he had no official information on the subject. His individual opinion, based on the needs of Government and the probabilities of protracted war, was that the Government would demand the full two years' service of all three months regiments, and would be entitled to receive it. The men were inclined to be rather indignant at what they consider-

ed, if the rumor was true, the treacherous and unwarrantably arbitrary treatment of them by the authorities.

Many of them, doubtless, regarded a long service with pleasure, and all would, had it not been for the infamous shoddy uniforms. At home, the men had dressed in comfort and elegance. Now, they were clad in insufferable rags. Scarce a uniform in the regiment was without patches. And this disgrace existed in the midst of a splendidly equipped army. It mortified the pride and wounded the *esprit du corps* of the regiment more than words can tell. The feeling was, as a natural consequence, that the Empire State manifested a disposition to sacrifice and degrade her sons, and if it did not cease at once they should desire to quit her service.

These thoughts, entertained in a vague sort of way, vanished, however, for a while, in the excitement caused by the second rumor, above alluded to, which was that the regiment had at last been ordered to engage in active operations. There was no repining at Kalorama after that. Leaving the term of service question to be settled by time, all thoughts were bent towards preparation for the march.

Fourth of July was celebrated in and around Washington joyously. The grand feature of the day was the review of the New York troops, then under the command of Gen. Sandford, who had obtained permission to receive a marching salute from the twenty-three regiments of his division and had issued orders accordingly.

At 7 A. M., the 19th, with full canteens, fell into line, and marched to Washington. Regiments simultaneously pressed in from every direction, their rifle barrels flashing in the bright sunlight and colors proudly floating on the morning air. All gathered on the great Pennsylvania Avenue leading up to the Executive Mansion and formed into a column of great length. Other shoddy uniforms were there, besides those of the 19th, that day, and Gen. Sandford had the rare privilege of calling the attention of the men who held the destinies of America in their hands, to the manner in which the opulent commonwealth of New York clad her volunteers. Near the White House, stood a beautiful pavilion, sheltering from the overpowering heat of the sun, the President and his family, Gen. Scott, Secretaries Seward, Cameron and Smith, Gens. Dix, Mansfield, Sandford, and other high dignitaries and commanders. Past this point, the column was finally put in motion. It was an hour and a half in passing.

The 19th marched, in its proper place in column, from Con-

necticut Avenue to 6th street, and then turned off and returned to camp, devoting the rest of the day to high festivity. In the evening, the officers of the regiment collected, by invitation, in the street of Company B, which was decorated with greens for the occasion, where they spent the evening in speech-making and feasting. Speeches were made by Col. Clark, Lieut.-Col. Seward, Capt. Kennedy, Capt. Stephens, Hon. Theo. M. Pomeroy, M. C., and others. Fireworks and bonfires illuminated the scene, and the band of Col. Ernstein's Philadelphia regiment was present with inspiring music. Some of the men engaged in dancing, and there were games and general merriment and hilarity throughout the camp.

Late in the day, July 5th, the long expected orders to march came and threw the camp into a state of excitement.

Government had resolved on an advance upon Richmond of the Army of the Potomac, then encamped under Gen. McDowell opposite Washington. The plan was, while McDowell struck straight out for Richmond from Washington, Gen. Patterson should advance into Virginia from the village of Williamsport and demonstrate upon the rebel army of Gen. Joe Johnston, encamped in the Shenandoah Valley around Winchester. Johnston was to be met, beaten, captured, or at any rate to be held in check and kept from joining the rebels in front of Washington, so that the latter might fall an easy prey to McDowell. But Patterson did not move with any very extensive alacrity. He crossed the Potomac at Williamsport, June 16th, but re-crossed on the 18th. Again had he entered Virginia, July 2d, but was wasting his time in idleness. Gen. Scott concluded to reinforce Patterson as a gentle stimulus to action. Gen. Sanford, of the New York troops, an active, wide-awake commander, consented to waive his rank and go on this mission. He was directed, therefore, to proceed immediately with the best four regiments he had to assist the lagging General of the Upper Potomac.

Gen. Sandford selected for this service the 5th and 12th Militia and 19th and 28th Volunteers.

Col. Clark, on the afternoon of July 5th, received the following order:—

"Col. Clark, 19th Regiment, New York Volunteers, is directed to be in readiness by noon, to-morrow, to march his regiment on special service, with three days' cooked provisions and three days' raw, which he will prepare forthwith. He will leave all extra baggage in his camp with sick and disabled men and sufficient tents for their use. Wagons for transportation will be at his

camp at 12 o'clock at noon. Col. Clark will draw forty rounds of ammunition early to-morrow. He will have all his tents and ordinary baggage packed by 12 o'clock.

By Order,

MAJ.-GEN. CHARLES W. SANDFORD.

GEO. W. MORELL, Div. Inspector."

Communicated to the regiment, the orders were joyfully received, and the camp fell vigorously to packing and preparing for the march. Letters were hastily written home; knapsacks were packed; rations of meat were cooked; surplus baggage was disposed of and everything made ready for an early start next day. The larger part of the night was devoted to this work.

III.

IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

The 19th New York Leaves Kalorama—By Train to Hagerstown—The First March—Fording the Potomac—March to Martinsburg—Kennedy's Exploit—Curiosity to See a Rebel—Webster and Tobias See too Many—The 19th New York has a Skirmish—Col. Clark Relieved of Command—Advance to Bunker Hill—Foraging—Anxious for a Fight—Patterson's Inertness—Sandford's Activity—The Flank March to Charlestown—Patterson's Dramatics—Feeling in the Army—Capt. Stewart Reports Johnston's Movement—Mementoes of John Brown—Ledlie Shot At—At Harper's Ferry.

Pursuant to orders of the President, the 19th and 28th New York Volunteers set off July 6th, 1861, from Washington, to reinforce dilatory Patterson, then supposed to be at Williamsport, Md. Gen. Sandford followed in person, with the 5th and 12th Militia, next day.

At 6 A. M. of the 6th, "Strike tents" was proclaimed in Camp Cayuga. The once orderly camping ground became a scene of bustle, confusion and uproar for an hour or two, and the folded tents, with baggage and camp equipage, then lay packed on the ground and arranged in piles ready for loading into the wagons, which were to take them to the railroad depot. A small guard remained to watch the baggage and load the wagons. At 10 1-2 A. M., the regiment filed away from beautiful Kalorama and hastened in a pouring rain storm to the depot in Washington. Dr. Howard remained with ten sick in a hospital tent.

The depot was in confusion, owing to the embarkation of the 28th New York. This regiment was from Niagara county, N.

Y., and commanded by Col. Dudley Donnelly, a brave and competent officer. It had rifled muskets and good regulation uniforms. Delay arose at the depot, but finally, at 6 P. M., the 28th regiment had gone on, and the 19th was under way for Baltimore.

The day before, a thirty pound rifled Parrot cannon left this depot on a freight car, labeled "Capt. A. Doubleday, Williamsport, Md." It was part of the impedimenta of the 19th New York.

A cordial reception in Baltimore awaited the regiment on this occasion. The aspect and spirit of the rabid old city had materially changed since the 7th of June. Gen. Banks's cannon on Federal Hill had done a marvelous work. Cheers were repeatedly given by the populace, and fluttering handkerchiefs now waved graceful greetings from balconies. Freight cars were supplied at the Harrisburg depot, and, jammed unpleasantly tight in them, the regiment rattled away at nightfall at a fearful rate of speed toward the capital of Pennsylvania. There was little chance for "nature's sweet restorer" that hot night. The cars were packed to oppression, while the fearful rumbling and jolting so banished slumber from the eyes of the more volatile that they sat up, sang "John Brown," "Hail Columbia," and everything else an inventive imagination could suggest, and cracked jokes and plagued the sleepy, so that it would have defied Dickens's Fat Boy himself to catch a nap the duration of a wink. Fresh, cool air, the perspiring occupants of these veritable din mills obtained by jamming pointed Gothic windows through the car sides with their muskets. Other obstacles to repose could not be overcome.

The train made its shrieking entry to Harrisburg early Sunday, July 7th.

Here began a series of kind attentions which the inhabitants of every stopping place lavished upon the far from coy volunteers. These generally took the form of presentations of first class food. No delicacies were too good to be lavished on the brave but insatiate defenders of our country. It is to be feared that the 19th left behind it a trail of empty larders in Pennsylvania. At Chambersburg, a church meeting dissolved for no other purpose than to bring a meat offering to the volunteers. Travel gave the Cayuga boys a wonderful appetite for luxurious fare. They took all that come. Salt pork and hard tack were shied at passing telegraph poles, and distended haversacks and tight belts told the tale of Pennsylvania hospitality. A stock of turkey, ham and cake was laid in for future emergencies.

At 5 1-2 P. M., the train halted at the terminus of the railroad in the village of Hagerstown. The companies debarked. Gen. Patterson's Quarter-master here supplied Col. Clark with wagons for the transportation of camp equipage and officers baggage. While five men from each company were loading up, the regiment stretched its limbs in the village, where fresh attentions from the citizens made it happy and put strength into it for the march now before it.

Col. Clark ascertained here that Gen. Patterson had crossed the Potomac at Williamsport and advanced to Martinsburg in the Shenandoah Valley, sixteen miles from Winchester. All reinforcements he had left orders for, to follow him thither. Before departing en route to the front, Col. Clark received instructions to bring on to the army under the protection of his regiment, Doubleday's thirty pound rifled cannon before spoken of. As it had not come, up to eight o'clock, the Colonel ordered Capt. Kennedy to remain with Company B, until it did come and bring it on. The regiment was then assembled and put under way to reach Williamsport, six miles distant, that night.

A soldier on the march is a curious looking object. Baggage dangles from every part of his person. Knapsack and haversack, blanket, cup and canteen, added to the regular equipment of musket, belts, bayonet scabbard, and cap and cartridge boxes, give him a singular appearance. The weight of this paraphernalia is considerable, seldom less than 40 lbs., and as much more, ranging as high as 70 or 80, as the soldier chooses to make it. Green soldiers invariably carry all they can stagger under and such was the case with the 19th on this occasion. A thousand unnecessary knick-knacks and a heavy surplus of provisions incautiously laid in, fairly burdened the men down, and to such an extent, that when, after a hot and dusty march, they reached Williamsport at 10 1-2 o'clock, they were thoroughly fagged out. They learnt discretion very rapidly after that experience.

Reaching a pleasant hill, back of the village, a halt was ordered for the night. The 28th N. Y. lay there in a large meadow, by the side of the road. The 19th went into bivouac on a grassy campus opposite them. Filing into the field, the order, habitually given when preparing to camp, was uttered: "By companies; by the right flank; to the rear, into column; march." The head of each company broke off, that is turned square to the right, and marched off a few rods at right angles, then, halting, faced to the front, forming the regiment into column by companies. The weary men stacked arms and dropped to the ground and slept soundly in their places pillowed on their

knapsacks and blankets, while a guard kept watch over the bivouac.

The drums beat an early reveille next morning. Blankets were hurriedly rolled up. "Sling knapsacks," commanded the Colonel. A long march being in prospect, some of the men, rather than carry those weighty knapsacks another day, did sling them with a vengeance—over the fence. A few were fortunate enough to obtain permission, as a special favor, to have them carried in the wagons. As fifteen wagons only were allotted to the regiment, many permissions of this sort could not be granted.

The 28th New York took the advance as usual and marched on down through the village and crossed the river; the 19th New York followed. Between verdant and romantic banks, the Potomac flows here in a current half a mile wide—not over three feet deep. Adjutant Stone leaped into the stream first; the column followed manfully in after him, and strode through the gurgling water with the nonchalance of regulars. A few took off their shoes, that they might resume the march with dry feet. Others rolled up their baggy pants. All held up their cartridge boxes. Emerging from the Potomac, the 19th New York stood on the "sacred soil" of rebeldom and at the entrance to one of its fairest regions—the far-famed Shenandoah Valley. It was a lovely vale—broad, gently undulating, dotted with groves and farms, and yielding such prolific crops of grain and rich fruit, that it was called the granary of Virginia. On either side, ranges of blue mountains stretched away into the remote distance till lost in view in the gathering haze which perpetually overhangs this region, giving it magical beauty and making its mountain ranges of so soft and ethereal blue that they seem the creations of enchantment. The silvery Shenandoah wound through the valley, gleaming between dark groves.

On the bank of the Potomac a halt was ordered, and the dripping regiment improved the opportunity to wring its garments and eat breakfast. At noon Capts. Schenck and Stewart with their companies were left at the ford to wait for Kennedy and Doubleday's gun, and the regiment went on towards Martinsburg. At Falling Waters, six miles on the way, the scene of the late brush between Patterson and the rebels, a pause was made. The havoc of war, present on all sides, was viewed with curious eyes. Fences were, for miles, down; trees shattered with cannon shot; crops trampled to the earth; farm houses were in ashes; here and there dead rebels dotted the fields; arms and equipments were scattered everywhere. One farm

house had a cannon shot hole in it. A Federal flag fluttered from a stick projecting from the hole.

While waiting here, the volunteers picked up many mementoes of the fight to carry with them. A sabre and a revolver from a dead rebel, who lay with pallid, upturned face in the grass, were among them.

At 2 P. M. Schenck and Stewart were ordered up, and Lieut.-Col. Seward was dispatched to Hagerstown to ascertain the cause of Kennedy's delay. Col. Clark then put the regiment in motion again for Martinsburg, nine miles distant. Company A, the leading company, pushed rapidly ahead and caught up with the 28th regiment three miles ahead. The others followed briskly, marching a large part of the way on the double-quick, the men in good spirits and singing "John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave," "Star Spangled Banner," and other patriotic choruses. As the day was hot and marching swift, the heavy equipments of the volunteers again oppressed them. They endured it as long as they could and then scores threw away knapsacks, others blankets, and some pairs of fine boots, anything for relief. It was a severe thing for green soldiers to march fifteen miles under a hot sun. The manner in which they endured its discomforts showed their excellent grit.

On this march, as in all others when not in presence of the enemy, the regiment moved in loose, open order, the men taking the sides and middle of the road as they chose, and carrying their arms at will. This is called taking the "route step." It is only required that companies maintain their relative positions and distances. At the command "Attention," the men run together and form in compact order, the drums beat giving them the cadence, and in less than a minute's time the apparent chaos resolves itself into the beautiful, orderly, regular column of warfare. A regiment on the march is always a magnificent spectacle, and whether in open or compact order, impresses the beholder with its moral power. The field and staff, we might say here, always ride at the head of the column. Further in advance, is the Officer of the Day with a guard to close taverns and liquor stands. In rear are the wagons and provost guard to pick up stragglers.

The regiment entered Martinsburg at 11 P. M. Camp fires burnt in all directions. Passing through the village by Gen. Patterson's order, the regiment marched out on a road easterly about a mile, and then climbed a steep bank and a stone wall, arriving in a field, on the extreme right flank of Patterson's army. The men were excessively tired. As they jumped over the stone

wall, some of them knocked off stones which rattled down amongst those behind. Some murmurs were uttered at this. At Kalorama, some disorderly spirits had once groaned at Col. Clark. The Colonel on this occasion is said to have made an uncharitable remark about their groaning at the stone wall, as having now something to groan for. After stacking arms, the men fell immediately to the ground and slept, such as could sleep. The excitement of the situation kept some awake. They were in the presence of an army of 20,000 rebels, commanded by a General of consummate ability. The picket guards of the Union army not far away, out in the fields, were firing all night, firing at nothing as it proved, but still stimulating the imaginations of the soldiers bivouacked around Martinsburg and making them think gravely of the possibilities of the morrow.

Gen. Patterson was informed in the night that the 19th New York was uniformed in gray. He sent, forthwith, to have strips of white cloth tied around the arms of the men to distinguish them from rebels, in the event of a night attack. Patterson was always partial to white rags. The 19th was not. It is singular how many of these disgusting badges were "lost" next day.

Next morning, the baggage wagons came. Tents were pitched and the Cayugas made their second camp on rebel soil. Strong pickets were thrown out all around the camp to guard its front and the right flank of the army.

Capt. Kennedy's brave company, proud of the distinction conferred on it of being detailed to perform the first dangerous service of the regiment, remained at Hagerstown awaiting the arrival of Doubleday's gun and ammunition stores, two nights and one day. It bivouacked at night on sidewalks and in the depot. The gun came, on the 8th, on a platform car. Ten horses being hitched to it, it took its place in a train of 70 wagons, which, the Quarter-Master at Hagerstown informed Capt. Kennedy, he was required to escort through to the army. Lieut.-Col. Seward was present to facilitate matters. About 7 P. M. all was in readiness. Kennedy gave the order "forward," and the column pushed out of the village and made a rapid march to Williamsport, designing to ford the Potomac that night. It moved on a double quick nearly the whole distance, reaching the village at 10 o'clock. The officers went forward to inspect the crossing. They found the bridge over the Ohio & Chesapeake canal near the river to be unsafe. The train bivouacked till morning. Meanwhile the bridge was repaired by soldiers guarding the ford. At 4 A. M. bivouac was broken. A hasty breakfast was snatched. The river was forded at sunrise and a

forced march was made through the enemy's country to Martinsburg. On passing Falling Waters, it was ascertained that 300 rebel cavalry, Stewart's, had laid there in the woods, the night before, awaiting the arrival of Kennedy and expecting to capture him and the train, which they could easily have done, had he crossed the Potomac as he had intended in the night. The train was half a mile long and a single company of soldiers only guarded it. Arriving at Martinsburg at 6 P. M., the cannon and wagons were turned over to the Quarter-Master. Company B's boys went on to camp, proud of their achievement but tired as they were never before in their lives. This meritorious little affair called attention in Patterson's army to the 19th New York Volunteers, and was one of the many acts which gave it its great reputation for daring. Old army officers shook their heads, however, over it, for its venturesomeness.

Later in the war, a rebel Captain told Capt. Stewart that the rebel cavalry were still actually in that vicinity when Kennedy passed. Concealed in a piece of woods they saw the train pass by. They were only deterred from pouncing on it by the belief that a large force of Union infantry must be following close at hand, which would have prevented them getting away with their booty.

Just as day was breaking on the 10th of July, Gen. Sanford arrived at Martinsburg with the 5th and 12th New York Militia. He had marched all night to come up from Williamsport. Filing into a lane to the left of Camp Cayuga, the 12th pitched tents in the next field. The 5th followed suit near by—camping near the 28th New York.

These four regiments, viz: 5th New York Militia, Col. Schwarzwalder; 12th New York Militia (Zouaves), Col. Dan Butterfield; 19th New York Volunteers, Col. Clark, and 28th New York Volunteers, Col. Dudley Donnelly, with a Rhode Island Battery of six 12 pound guns, were brigaded on 11th of July as the 8th Brigade, under the command of Col. Schwarzwalder. This brigade, with the 7th, under Colonel, afterwards Gen. Stone, killed at Ball's Bluff, comprising the forces from New York, 8,000 strong, constituted the 3d division of Patterson's army, and were under the command of Maj.-Gen. Sandford. On the 13th of July, Col. Schwarzwalder was relieved from command of the 8th brigade, owing to ill health. He was succeeded by Col. Butterfield, under whom the 5th, 12th, 19th and 28th New York went, shoulder to shoulder, on the North Virginia campaign.

The army of Patterson comprised thirty regiments, 23,000 strong, and two batteries. It lay at this time in the fields and on the hills south of Martinsburg, with a front to the enemy a mile in length. It confronted 20,000 rebels under Gen. Joe Johnston, encamped at Bunker Hill, a little village a few miles up the valley towards Winchester. The rebel pickets were in our immediate front, and small bodies of the cavalry scoured the country on all sides, occasionally making a dash at a Yankee picket post they thought they could capture.

Camp Cayuga, on the extreme right flank of the Federal army, held the post of danger. It was compelled, therefore, to be in constant readiness for emergencies, particularly at night, when the rebel pickets stealing up under cover of the gloom would keep up a perpetual succession of alarms by firing on our lines. The position of the camp required heavy scout and picket duty in front of and around it, and the 19th New York did more of this duty in this campaign than any other in the brigade, and perhaps than any in Patterson's army. In spite of guard duty and wakefulness at night, however, the regiment enjoyed several good days' rest and recovered from the fatigues of its late arduous march.

General curiosity was felt by the newly arrived regiments to see a rebel and any effects of the war. Of the latter, there was enough in Martinsburg, where, previous to the evacuation, Gen. Johnston had destroyed a large quantity of railroad cars and locomotives and a splendid bridge. All who could obtain a pass from the camp, went down and inspected these.

The field officers of the 19th were not only anxious to see the rebels, but to capture some. The men were lured out beyond the picket lines by this feeling, sometimes, and went on their own responsibility, hoping to come across a stray gray jacket, and capture him. One day, the 11th of July, Corporal Martin Webster and private S. J. Tobias, of Company I, were out in this way, foraging, and were captured by a squad of fourteen of Stewart's cavalry. The men were returning to camp on the highway. The cavalry rode up from behind and ordered them to halt. They ordered arms when the cowardly rebels fired on them, wounding Tobias in the hip. Webster returned the fire and dropped a rebel from his horse, and then both the Cayugas ran for the fence which was of stones, and got behind it. The rebels charged on them ; for a few minutes there was a lively melee, both parties thrusting and slashing fiercely, but without doing much damage. The rebels jumped their horses over the fence and the 19th boys had to surrender. Ropes were put

around their necks and they were dragged along at a rapid pace toward Bunker Hill. Afterwards they were put on horses. Tobias was made to support in the saddle in front of him the rebel who was killed, and took advantage of the circumstance to pick the dead man's pockets of everything valuable they contained. Webster was taken before Gen. Johnston. He was sharply questioned as to the strength of Patterson's army, but no threats could extort satisfactory answers from him. Both were then lodged in Winchester jail and finally sent to Richmond and put in Libby prison. Sept. 26th, Tobias died from the wound in his hip. Soon after, Webster went with a batch of 500 prisoners to Tuscaloosa, Ala., remaining there three months. After that he experienced confinement in Salisbury, N. C., and being at length exchanged rejoined the regiment in June, 1862, in North Carolina.

While at Martinsburg, Col. Clark sought and received permission to lead out strong foraging parties towards Bunker Hill to scour the country and obtain army supplies of the farmers. On these expeditions, the Colonel was conspicuous for the red shirt he almost always wore and the big horse he bestrode. Had there even been a close collision with a rebel scouting party, as the Cayuga boys, who were spoiling for a fight, hoped there would be, that red shirt would have made a famous target and been a source of hazard to its wearer. These chronicles omit to dwell on the mistake made one day of firing at a boy with a bag of meal on a horse in the distance, under the supposition that he was a secesh vidette. It is too painful! Let it be said, however, that the boy was not hit. We turn to a better theme.

Col. Clark hoped to catch some rebel cavalry yet. On the 11th he took out, five miles towards Bunker Hill, a foraging party, composed of four companies of the 19th New York and three of the 28th. The detachment halted at the house of a rich valley farmer, known to have a store of the prime objects of the expedition—corn and hay. The agricultural wealth of the rebel was promptly seized upon and transferred to the wagons. While this was going on, preparation was made by Col. Clark to entrap any unwary party of secessionists that might come that way. A company of the 28th was sent up the road and placed in ambush in the fields, with orders to permit any that came, to pass, and cut off its retreat. Into this trap a part of forty of the rebel Stewart's cavalry came riding directly after. Some of the 28th had strayed ahead of the out post. They were discovered and fired on. The 28th boys plunged into a corn field and escaped. The cavalry did not even then

suspect, but came on down the road. The main party of the advance guard, instead of letting them pass, gave them a volley of musketry. At this juncture, Col. Clark, who, on hearing the first firing had formed the reserve companies, was coming up with them on a hard run. The gray jackets did not wait when they saw the glistening bayonets of this fresh party. They fired a volley, sending a shower of balls whistling among the Yankees to make for their edification that peculiar music they afterwards knew so well, a swift, fluttering, whistling hum, and then fled precipitately. Doubtless, there were some, who, when the rebel "singing birds" flew about their ears, dodged, never having heard of the maxim of immortal Gustavus Adolphus, "that there is as much likelihood of dodging into the bullet as away from it." Yet the Cayuga men were cool and intrepid and their conduct advanced their name as a fighting regiment. In this affair, Isaac Fly, of the 28th, was killed, and the sword-belt of a Lieutenant in the 19th was cut off by a bullet. Three of the rebels were wounded.

On the 13th of July, there occurred in the regiment a memorable event. This was no less than the suspension from command of Col. Clark.

Col. Clark had been selected as commander of the regiment without his solicitation or knowledge. It will be remembered, we stated that his election had been generally acquiesced in. It had indeed even been hailed with enthusiasm by the majority of rank and file, who believed that under a man of his intellect and physical power, they could serve the country with efficiency and honor. Some of the regiment had, however, more for political reasons than anything else, failed to give the Colonel their frank and hearty support from the outset. This was exceedingly unfortunate. To break a regiment of civilians into disciplined soldiers, especially at a time when haste is of vital importance, is, though necessary, an offensive business to men, who, under our democratic form of government, have never known the iron restraint of military despotism. It must inevitably tend to develope any latent germs of discontent against an energetic commander. Well says Kinglake, speaking of an eminent officer in the British army, "Energy is a disturbing and not always popular quality." Such was the case in the 19th regiment, and, long before leaving Washington, Col. Clark had become unpopular. This unfavorable sentiment was nourished by the Colonel's desire to avoid favoritism, which, being overdone, led him to infuse that imperiousness into his manner as to repel the very men on whom he relied for the warmest support. The feeling became

so strong that, while at Kalorama, the line officers of the regiment (Capts. Schenck, Stewart and Baker and their Lieutenants excepted) drew up an accusation against him, alleging incompetency to command, harsh and ungentlemanly treatment of officers and men, profanity, &c., &c. On reaching Martinsburg, they presented it to Gen. Patterson.

Patterson lent a willing ear to the charges. He did not love fighting Colonels nor fighting Generals. He recalled Clark's refusal to join him at Chambersburg, June 6th. He remembered the failure to escort Doubleday's gun with the whole regiment. Accordingly, on July 13th, an order was issued, relieving Col. Clark of command, and putting him under arrest to be tried by Court Martial.

The command of the regiment was immediately assumed by Lieut.-Col. Seward. Clark accompanied the subsequent marches of the regiment in this campaign, riding in its rear, after which he demanded a trial on the charges. No trial, it may be here said, was ever had, however, the military authorities regarding the charges as frivolous and beneath notice. Of the Colonel's final and complete vindication, we shall speak in another chapter.

Patterson's strong, high spirited, well equipped army began to be impatient at the delay at Martinsburg. It could not understand why it was not launched forward to crush Johnston. The rebel army would have crumbled before a bold attack, and our troops, feeling this, awaited the signal for the rush that should carry the flag up the Valley to Richmond with chafing and irritation. That the campaign would eventuate in nothing less than the reduction of that haughty capital was the conviction of every volunteer. That the task would be easy was suggested by the apparent fewness of rebels in our front. A staff officer of the 19th spoke the current thought of the army in a letter home, when he wrote: "If we resume our search after rebels, we shall probably find them at Richmond. Our hopes are strong that we shall soon visit that beautiful city." Martin Webster and the unfortunate Tobias however, were destined to be the only Cayuga men to realize that hope till the glorious week in 1865 that saw the final collapse of the Confederacy.

The hours of waiting at Martinsburg were spent in reducing superfluous baggage, in picket and forage duty and regular drills.

The long expected advance was at length ordered on the 14th, the day of a review of the New York regiments by Gen. Sandford. Next morning, at an early hour, the army broke camp

and formed for an advance to Bunker Hill, eight miles distant, and nine from Winchester. There were three divisions in the army. The 1st, under command of Maj.-Gen. Cadwallader, and the 2d, Maj.-Gen. Kiem, were composed of Pennsylvania militia, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Indiana and other volunteers. Among them marched a regiment which had fought in Western Virginia and captured its transportation appliances, consisting of hacks, stage coaches, lumber wagons, &c. The 3d division was that of Gen. Sandford, comprising the 7th and 8th brigades. The 1st and 2d divisions marched on the Winchester turnpike. They formed a column with their wagons seven or eight miles long, whose van reached Bunker Hill before the rear left Martinsburg. Gen. Sandford's division was assembled on the Winchester turnpike, but, a short distance out, took a side road to the left and marched in an independent column on the left of the army, though in communication with the main body across the country by a line of skirmishers. The infantry of the division moved in a column on each side of the road, with the artillery and baggage train, guarded by a detachment, in the center on the road. The division was five miles long. The 19th New York brought up and guarded the rear.

In the early part of the day, as the 19th was hastening to reach its place in line, it passed a number of regiments of the other divisions formed on the road. It was then that the shoddy uniforms bore with weight on the pride of the men of Cayuga. A Massachusetts regiment stood in the road, splendidly equipped as were all the forces in the field of that patriotic State. It wore handsome uniforms, and had strong, elegant wagons, with everything complete for comfort. As the 19th New York passed, laughs of derision were heard and a soldier called out, "Where's that regiment from?" A volunteer in Angel's company put a good face on the matter and raised a laugh by replying, that "it was a regiment of convicts from Auburn, let out of prison on condition that they would serve." He pointed out various officers of striking appearance as notorious robbers, thieves and forgers, and wound up by indicating his Colonel as a famous murderer. The pleasantry was harmless, though rough, but the appearance of the 19th gave plausibility to his grim joke.

On approaching Bunker Hill, at night fall, the sound of firing floated in from the advance. The rebel Stewart, with 600 cavalry, was preparing to dispute the road with our leading regiments, when the Rhode Island battery taught them a lesson and sent them flying in disorder. The firing electrified the Federals, whose long, dark columns of men pushed forward in haste, but the fight was over before any could come up.

Passing through the village, a place consisting of three or four mills and a few houses, the 8th brigade marched out a short distance and went into camp on the extreme left of the army, within eight miles of Winchester, and near the turnpike. The scenery of this region proved to be of the most picturesque and lovely description. The husbandmen of the valley were just gathering the wheat harvest, and the dark green of groves and the deep blue of distant mountains mingled in singular beauty with the golden yellow of broad fields of grain, in the prospect. It was the good fortune of the 19th New York to encamp in a capacious wheat field, where the grain had just been cut and placed in shocks. The wagons being miles behind, the New York Division had no tents that night and these wheat sheaves softened the asperities of the bivouac most acceptably.

It was contrary to the stringent orders of the tender-hearted Patterson to forage upon the inhabitants of the Valley. A great deal of it took place, notwithstanding. The army believed in the maxim of subsisting on the enemy. Undoubtedly, however, high military reasons existed for putting the practice under peremptory ban. A month before, Beauregard had, in a blatant proclamation, asserted that the South was invaded for ravage, for "beauty and booty," as he expressed it. It became desirable, at this stage of the war, to convince the South of the untruth of the assertion. Hence Patterson imperatively forbade foraging in his army, and tried to stop it. Lieut. Col. Seward's very first order, issued on arriving at Bunker Hill, was on this subject. Said that document: "The object of the journey of the Army of the North is to protect the property of the United States, not to plunder the property of citizens."

But when the Cayuga men stacked arms on the afternoon of the 15th of July, and broke ranks for supper, there was that pressing on their attention, which then was of far greater present importance to them than the ease and convenience of Virginia rebels. They were hungry and almost supperless. Their commissary only afforded a scant allowance of hard-tack and salt pork, and the gnawings of empty stomachs prompted them to cast their eyes upon the forbidden poultry and cattle with which the farms all around swarmed. The temptation was irresistible. On various excuses, with permits and without, the men managed to send out foragers—jayhawkers, as they were then and thereafter called—and there was a general ransacking of the neighborhood for fresh provisions. Chickens, turkeys, several sheep, cows and calves, and other domestic game, soon found their

way into camp. Not only that night, but the following day, the 19th New York feasted on the fat of the land. Jayhawkery, once begun, took in other things than provisions. Some of the men caught horses, and made the field roar with their frantic and ridiculous equestrianism, while an old lady's wardrobe was made to do scarecrow duty on the facetious but scandalous volunteers. One fellow seized on a quantity of what he supposed to be flour, to regale his mess with pancakes and gravy for a turkey stew. To his speechless astonishment, on seeing his pancakes stiffen and his gravy refuse to run, he found his treasured bag of flour to be plaster of Paris.

Foraging was common in all the Federal regiments. Yet Patterson, who bore ill will toward the regiment of Col. Clark, searched the camps and had several tons of dressed mutton, veal, hams, and other foraged provisions, brought in army wagons to the camp of the 19th and there buried, to affix a reputation for jayhawking, especially on that regiment. The event is of historical importance, as Patterson afterwards gave, as one of the reasons why he did not attack Johnston, that his command was short of provisions and could not get up his supplies and attack Johnston too.

On the 16th tents were pitched, but struck next morning.

Each night at this place, the regiment was called under arms and slept with equipments strapped on and muskets stacked within reach.

Gen. Scott's orders to Patterson were of a nature to warrant the expectation of an immediate attack on Johnston. The Lieutenant-General hoped to meet the rebel army under Beauregard, near Manassas Junction, and tear it to pieces. Then, by a rapid movement, advance upon and capture Richmond. To effect this, it was required of Patterson to operate heavily on the traitor horde of Johnston at Winchester, destroying it, or, at any rate, by threatening demonstrations keep it in check and prevent it from going to help Beauregard out in his battle with Scott. Scott gave Patterson specific instructions on this point. He said, in an order to that General: "If not strong enough to beat the enemy, make demonstrations so as to detain him in the valley of Winchester." But Patterson hung back. His tardy advances were only the fruit of repeated, peremptory orders from Washington. And when the decisive moment arrived, when his magnificent army hung threateningly on the very outposts of the rebel force, and the Union and Confederate armies near Manassas were gathering for the bloody battle of Bull Run, he came to a dead halt.

Old Gen. Sandford was a man of different stamp. With all the fire and activity of a young commander, he reconnoitered the country towards Winchester, incessantly urged an advance upon the enemy and offered to lead any attack with his Division. He did not propose to assault Johnston in his fortified camp at Winchester, armed, as it was, with heavy guns from Norfolk. He wanted to place his Division between Johnston and the Shenandoah, which would have compelled him to fight us there, on our own ground, or remain in camp, either of which was what the Government desired. On the night of the 16th he had a new road cut through the woods to the Opequan creek, a small stream with romantic wooded banks, running here parallel with the Shenandoah, east and south of his camp, intending to send his Division down on side roads, next morning, to seize upon the roads leading out from Winchester to Snicker's and Ashby's Gaps in the Blue Mountains, which the rebels would have to take to escape. Three hours would have sufficed to make the movement, the New York soldiers would have won undying honor and made Bull Run a glorious triumph for Federal arms.

A forward movement of some kind was expected that night in the camp of the 19th New York. Gen. Patterson rode up in front of the camp in the afternoon. He stopped a moment near a crowd of Cayuga men. He said he expected an engagement next day, and asked if the Cayugas would stand by him. They shouted Yes! and gave three tremendous cheers. The General then said, "I can trust that regiment. A soldier who cheers well, fights well." He then rode away. The boys felt flattered, no doubt, but they soon knew that this affair was all mummery, and a deliberate act of deception.

During the night or the 16th, Gen. Sandford received orders to march at daybreak. But not on Johnston. The 1st and 2d Divisions were to move first. Sandford's Division was to bring up the rear and proceed to Charlestown, a village twelve miles distant, towards Harper's Ferry, on a line exactly at right angles to that which it was necessary to take to fight Johnston. It was a very polite manner of opening the gate to the cornered Johnston, and inviting him to walk out of the fix he was in and hie to the assistance of Beauregard. Gen. Sandford, with agonized feelings, called up his regiments under cover of the night, though he did not give out where they were going. About 3 A. M. the army began the movement of the 17th of July. The pickets of the 19th New York were called in about 4 o'clock, to find their comrades under arms, eating breakfast. The 8th Brigade moved almost immediately, bringing up the rear of the army. The 19th

New York guarded the extreme rear, occupying as usual the post of danger and honor, the rear being only secondary in honor to the advance. The men began this march joyfully. They dreamed of no other destination than Winchester, being given to understand that a circuitous route was taken because the road direct was barred by felled trees, earthworks, &c. The sun was rising on a day, they felt, when the heroes of New York expected to make a glorious history. They were full of ardor and enthusiasm. Gen. Patterson and staff stood in the road on horseback, as the long dark-blue columns passed, bristling with gleaming steel, with battle flags and banners waving gaily on the breeze, and hope and fight beaming from every eye. Each regiment as it passed greeted the group of horsemen with deafening cheers. Doubleday, speaking of the spirit of the men, says: "They seemed as eager for action as men could be, excited in the highest degree at the idea of getting a fight."

Before the sun was two hour's high, enthusiasm had died out of the army. It had comprehended the cowardice and incompetency of its dramatic commanding General. This was no movement on Winchester. The road, leading to that place, had long been passed by the head of the army. The dejection of the 19th New York was extreme. "Retreat," "retreat," was whispered from rank to rank, and some very strong expressions broke forth from officers and men. Those who had a talent for strong talk gave their friends some very lively samples of what they could do in the way of rapid, red-hot verbal coinage.

The Federals found themselves closely watched on this march by a body of rebel cavalry, which followed them on parallel roads and would occasionally wheel out into distant fields and dash up within easy range of observation. As the rear of the army passed over a hill at Smithfield, a country village half way to Charlestown, the cavalry made its appearance in a piece of woods opposite to it and so near that it was thought to indicate a design to attack. The 8th Brigade was accordingly formed on the hill in a line of battle, displaying its entire front, four regiments long, toward the enemy. The 19th New York came up for half a mile on a run to take its place in line. It occupied a grassy field sloping down toward the obnoxious piece of woods, and as usual was called on when fighting was expected. Company G, Capt. Stewart, was sent out to the front and deployed as skirmishers, with orders to advance into the woods and find out what was in them. But the valorous chivalry was too nimble and rode off in a great hurry with some of Doubleday's shells flying after them and Company G found the woods empty. No

more rebels were seen that day, though in the distance the flash of arms was visible and clouds of dust. A short halt on the hill allowed the men rest, when the march was resumed. It was a fearful tramp for green soldiers. The distance, being twelve miles, with the alternate fording of streams and march over dusty roads, under a blazing sun, proved very exhausting.

At sundown, the army bivouacked at Charlestown. The 19th New York occupied a wheat field south of the village, adjoining that in which John Brown was executed and only a few rods from the very spot where the historical tragedy took place. As the enemy was supposed to be in the neighborhood, a strong picket line was thrown out all around the army. The 19th New York sent out its whole right wing of five companies. The farther Patterson was from the enemy, the more alarmed he was. It was an intensely dark night, and under its cover our scouts ranged as far as the Blue Ridge, five miles away. In Company A, Lieut. White, which was posted out on the Winchester road in a piece of woods, that night, there was a sensation. A cavalry patrol came riding up the road. The picket cried, "Halt." The cavalry could not be seen in the darkness, but Company A heard a host of sabers hurriedly leaping from their scabbards and the cavalry preparing to charge. Before any harm was done, it was discovered they were friends.

During the night, Capt. Stewart and others on the picket line heard a distant, steady murmur in the direction of Winchester. The Captain considered it his duty to find out what it meant. Taking Lieut. Wall, Corp'ls Sidney W. Palmer, S. A. Bates and two or three others, he went far out to the front, across fields and through woods, some miles, till the nebulous murmuring sound distinctly resolved itself into the rumbling of cannon and wagons, while the clash of sabers and rustle of infantry indicated the passage of a part of Johnston's army. Whither it was bound was shrouded in mystery deep as the pitchy darkness of the night; but, that rebels were astir at this hour was important intelligence, and Capt. Stewart sat down under a tree and immediately wrote a dispatch to Lieut.-Col. Seward in reference to it, using a hat for a table, while Corp'l Palmer burnt nearly a box of matches to afford the required illumination. The dispatch was sent by a cavalryman to headquarters. No attention, however, was paid to it. In the morning, Stewart again reported the march of Johnston's forces and the tidings sent to Patterson, through Col. Butterfield, commanding the brigade.

On July 13th, Gen. Scott had telegraphed to Patterson: "If the enemy retreats in force towards Manassas, and it would be

hazardous to follow him, then consider the route *via* Keyes's Ferry, Hillsboro, Leesburg, &c.;" meaning, that Patterson should rush to the assistance of Scott. When Capt. Stewart's tidings were brought in, confirmed as they were by advices during the day, of the march the morning of the 18th, of Johnston's infantry, it was supposed Scott's orders would be carried out. That afternoon, Major Doubleday, of the artillery, was dining with the regimental headquarter's mess of the 19th New York. While smoking, after dinner, one of the staff officers asked Doubleday why Patterson did not march to join Scott or McDowell at Centerville. The Major replied, turning to the Blue Ridge and pointing to a gap in it, "Through that gap lies the road to Centerville. By forced marches we can get to Manassas as soon as Johnston. Before daylight to-morrow you will be in that gap on the march." The Major was mistaken, however. The army remained at Charlestown, and anger and mortification were rife throughout the regiment and the whole command. (We are indebted to Surgeon Dimon for this and other valued items in relation to this campaign.)

While at this place, the Cayuga volunteers visited the scene of John Brown's last hours; the court house, with its four white brick pillars, the jail, the church on whose spire the old man's eyes rested on that bright December day, when he stood upon the fatal scaffold. Everybody secured mementoes. A tree, standing near the scene of execution, was literally carried away piecemeal. A table in the jail, used by Brown, suffered a similar fate. A tenacious clay in the field of the execution, forming an excellent substitute for meerschaum, was carried away in quantities, and wrought into capital pipes.

Camp regulations were strictly enforced at Charlestown. No foraging was permitted. The men subsisted on rations of five hard tack, five ounces of salt pork or beef, and coffee.

One night, while here, Major Ledlie's life was attempted by a rebel farmer. While posting pickets on a hillside, the farmer fired at him with a shot gun, but fortunately missed his aim. Our pickets promptly arrested him and sent him to camp.

The army broke camp early Sunday morning, July 21st, and marched to Harper's Ferry. It felt the degradation of this retreat deeply. On arriving at Harper's Ferry, Gen. Patterson, while passing the camp of a Pennsylvania regiment, commanded by his own son, was loudly groaned. He was also groaned by some of the New York troops. That day Bull Run was fought by the Union army under Gen. Scott, and lost, owing directly to Patterson's delinquency.

The 8th Brigade went into bivouac on a range of steep, partly wooded romantic hills, crossing the promontory, at the point of which Harper's Ferry stands, called Bolivar Heights. The range extends from the Potomac to the Shenandoah river, several miles in length. Midway from river to river, there is a depression in the range through which runs the turnpike to Charlestown. The first hill north of this turnpike was crowned by an earthwork thrown up by the rebels under Johnston, a few months previous, and evacuated by them in June. Six heavy cannon had been mounted there, their black muzzles pointing westward, to cover and guard the Charlestown road, through openings cut in the woods. These guns now lay on the ground, spiked, with their carriages burnt. It was to this position that the 19th and 5th regiments were sent, and they camped where the 2d Mississippi rebels had camped before them. Love letters and sick reports of the Mississippians littered the ground.

Heavy scouting and picket duty was required of the 19th here. Its promptitude on all occasions won the remark from Major Doubleday, that "he would rather have the ragged 19th New York at his back, than any regiment in the army." On the 23d, the regiment was sent to occupy a position on the heights, on what was called Rattlesnake Hill, a mile or more to the left and in advance, to cover and protect a party of engineers, who were tearing up the Winchester and Harper's Ferry railroad. Incessant vigilance was demanded here. Picket duty was done by companies. The regiment remained well together. Straying was not tolerated. Water was brought from a babbling brook in a deep ravine on the rear, and here, on the stubble of a wheat field, without tents, and part of the time without blankets, the regiment lay ready to spring to arms on a moment's warning, should a disturbance on the picket line indicate an attack by the enemy. The rebels were known to be in the vicinity, their scouts being occasionally seen in the front. The regiment was called under arms at night fall, and slept in the open field in line of battle.

IV.

ALONG THE POTOMAC.

Patterson relieved by Banks—Retreat to Pleasant Valley—On Maryland Heights a Ambush—New Uniforms Arrive—Kennedy's Raid on Lovettsville—The Talk about Going Home—The Regiment Turned Over for the Whole Two Years—Politicians Keep Back the News—Seward's Order—To Hyattstown—August 22d—Brutal Treatment by the Authorities—The Recusants—Guarding the Division Supply Train—Consolidation Talked Of—Desertions—Col. Clark Resigns—Conversion to Artillery—At Frederick—Sent to Hancock—Walker's Case—To Washington.

The vigorous policy of Maj.-Gen. N. P. Banks at Baltimore, following that of Gen. Butler, produced the most beneficial effect upon that foul nest of traitors and commended him to the approving consideration of Government. The failure of Patterson requiring an instant change in the commander of the Union army on the upper Potomac, Government relieved Patterson and sent him home. It then sent Gen. Banks to Harper's Ferry to command in his stead, and he arrived at the Ferry, July 25th. He made an immediate tour of the camps to acquaint himself with the situation. A large body of Pennsylvania militia having by this time gone home, on the expiration of their sixty days term of service, Gen. Banks had but few troops left besides the two New York brigades. He momentarily expected an attack, for the rebels were breathing fury at him for his course at Baltimore, and it was in their power now to hurl nearly their whole army suddenly upon him, and envelope him. Acting on old Revolutionary General Greene's maxim, "calculate that your

enemy will always do what he ought to do," Gen. Banks resolved to cross the Potomac and establish his army on the Maryland side.

Supply and baggage trains went across on the 26th. The Rhode Island battery went up to strengthen the outer line guarded by the 19th New York, and, on the 28th, the army withdrew from Harper's Ferry across the Potomac, the movement protected by the strong rear guard of the 8th Brigade.

The Cayuga regiment received its orders for the march about midnight of the 27th. Capt. Kennedy was ordered by Gen. Banks to take his company and those of Gavigan, Schenck and Stewart and move at once on special service. Leaving Rattlesnake Hill at 2 P. M., the detachment was joined by two guns of the Rhode Island battery, and marched rapidly to the rear, passing through the little village of Bolivar and then the silent streets of Harper's Ferry to the Potomac. Fording the river near the ruined railroad bridge, burnt by the Vandals under Johnston, the detachment was confronted on the other side by the abrupt, defiant, stony precipices of Maryland Heights, which, tufted with trees and vines, tower to the sky almost perpendicularly from the river side. At the base of these gloomy heights, there is only space enough for a wagon road and the Ohio and Chesapeake Canal. Getting out on the wagon road, the detachment moved up the river a short way and then by a steep, winding, stony road reached the Heights, to a point about half way up. The guns were dragged up by hand by superhuman exertions and placed in a position to overlook and command Harper's Ferry and the region towards Bolivar Heights. The infantry companies were disposed around the battery, with orders to lie quiet and concealed until relieved. Gen. Banks had ordered this service for the purpose of seizing and holding Maryland Heights and covering the withdrawal of the army from Virginia. Major Stebbins of Banks's staff visited the spot during the day to enjoin perfect secrecy on the ambush.

The movement of the army began early and was a fine sight. The mountain side, where the little detachment of Cayuga and Rhode Island men were perched, commanded a perfect view of the region around and beyond Harper's Ferry, the village itself and the ground beyond which the Federals were evacuating being in the immediate foreground. Loudon Heights rose with steep, craggy, picturesque front, across the river, separated by the blue current of the Shenandoah from the Ferry. It was a huge, bold mountain, the abutment of the Blue Ridge on that bank of the Potomac—just as Maryland Heights were on the

north side of the river. Looking towards Harper's Ferry the round top of Bolivar Heights rose up behind and beyond the Shenandoah Valley sketched away into hazy perspective, bound by distant blue mountains. As the sun rose, a long procession of infantry, wagons and artillery gathered from the hill and vales at Bolivar, and came down the steep, dusty hill to the Ferry. It slowly forded the river, ascended the bank and disappeared from view of those on the Heights, as it wound around the base of the frowning cliffs and pressed its march towards the broad valley on the south side of the mountain. The pageant appeared strikingly beautiful in the golden sunlight of the bright, warm day. A soft murmur floating up from the host, an intermingling of tap of drum and note of silvery bugle, the rumbling of wagon wheels and splashing of water, increased the romantic effect of the movement. As some of the regiments forded the river, however, they discharged their loaded rifles at the supposed vacant Heights. The sharp rattle of musketry recalled the party in ambush thereon from romance to reality, and this fusillade became very annoying to it. A hail storm of bullets crackled through the woods all day. Many flew dangerously close with angry hiss.

By night, the army had crossed and gone into bivouac in Pleasant Valley, a romantic and lovely region, lying between two lofty ranges of the Blue Mountains, and at and around Sandy Hook and Knoxville, two little places, a few miles apart, on the Maryland bank of the Potomac, just below Harper's Ferry, Sandy Hook, the nearest, being only a mile from the Ferry, in Pleasant Valley.

The companies on Maryland Heights, being relieved at nightfall, rejoined their comrades in Pleasant Valley. The encampment of the 19th New York they found a mile and a half from the river, on the western side of the valley, on the side of a semi-circular hill, with deep, cool wooded glens around it and Maryland Heights rising dark behind it. The 5th New York was encamped on a hill west of the 19th. To the east, lay the 12th, and all through the valley were scattered the snow-white camps of the rest of the army.

Here the Cayuga regiment was encamped for three weeks. Here, also, it was rejoined by a detachment of sick and nurses, which had been left at Kalorama. The regiment was held under rigid discipline, and improved rapidly in steadiness and soldierly bearing. Guard duty along the Potomac, and the canal and railroad on its bank, from Sandy Hook to Berlin, required daily detachments from the companies. The upper Potomac at this

time formed the frontier of war in this quarter. The Union forces, under Banks, held and acted on the north bank, from Williamsport, twenty miles above Pleasant Valley, to the Monocacy, twenty miles below. The rebels watched the fords and scouted along the river on the Virginia side. Our pickets often talked with the rebel pickets, and met them half way in the stream and exchanged papers.

During July, twenty-one men were discharged from the 19th for disability, used up by hard service.

July 29th, Gen. Banks issued orders for the reorganization of his army. So many militia regiments had gone home, that the old brigades were all cut up, and now the new three years' regiments, raised under the President's second call, were arriving, sometimes five or six in a day. As the old 8th Brigade was, in a day or two, to lose the 5th and 12th Militia, a consolidation with other regiments of the army was effected, and a new brigade was temporarily formed, designated as the 1st of the army. It embraced the 2d United States Cavalry, Col. George H. Thomas; 2d New York and 9th Rhode Island battery; 19th New York Volunteers, Col. Clark; 28th New York Volunteers, Col. Donnelly; 28th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Lt. Col. Geary; and the 2d Pennsylvania Reserves, Col. Mann. It was placed under the command of Col. George H. Thomas, afterwards one of the most renowned Generals of the army. Col. Thomas was a specimen of the perfect soldier. Of a fine personal presence, he was gentlemanly, considerate of the kind of forces he had to command, without a single bad habit, and a brave and daring officer. He was loved and respected by every soldier in his command. Green as the troops were, he could have led them anywhere, and they would have done their duty under him to the last man.

July 30th, excitement and joy agitated Camp Cayuga. Regulation uniforms came. They had been following the regiment for a month. That night, on dress parade, the Cayugas wore for the first time the long sighed for, comfortable army blue. The shoddy, worn and torn to rags, was cast off with a parting shudder. Gov. Morgan's shoddy shoes having worn out, leaving half the men barefoot, foot gear was next supplied by borrowing five hundred pairs of new shoes from Connecticut and Massachusetts regiments encamped in the Valley. New life for a while thrilled the whole command.

The regiment again pined for active service. Opportunities for a fight with the rebels were eagerly watched for. About this time, one presented itself. At a little cluster of houses on

the Potomac, called Berlin, a road comes down from the interior of Maryland, crossing the river at a ferry into Virginia, thence on to Leesburg, 20 miles away, where were stationed four or five rebel regiments. On our side, the ferry was guarded by pickets of the 28th New York. From information brought in by Union men, it was gathered that a cavalry patrol regularly came down this road from Leesburg, every day, to a little village called Lovettsville, three miles from the river. Capt. Kennedy of the 19th devised the idea of making a dash at Lovettsville and capturing the patrol. His request was granted by General Banks. August 8th, by special orders, Company B, 35 men; Company E, Lieut. Taylor, 24 men; Company F, Capt. Stephens, 25 men; and Lieut. S. C. Day, with 17 men from various companies, 101 in all, were detailed and placed under Capt. Kennedy's command for this purpose. Proper preparations were made for the raid, and the party, in light marching order, with three days' rations in haversacks, and a plentiful supply of ammunition, crossed the Potomac in boats that night, Dr. Dimon going along as Surgeon. At 1 A. M. the men were formed in column and led rapidly by a rough and crooked road to Lovettsville, where they arrived before daybreak. No enemy then occupied the village and the party lay perdu in two barns till 8 A. M., snatching a nap to recover from the fatigues of the hard night march. An order to "fall in" was then given and they marched out of the town to a piece of woods, where they were figuratively posted in ambush, though in plain sight of everybody passing on the road. At 2 P. M., no rebels appearing, Kennedy turned homewards. On the way, a long legged Union boy came running down breathless to say that a cavalry company was in Lovettsville. As the sun was scorching hot, the party threw off haversacks and coats, and then double-quicked back under cover of woods and corn fields. A halt was made behind a stone fence. The rebels discovered the enemy. "Mount, mount," shouted in sonorous tones their Captain, and away they went at the top of their speed, the 19th firing a volley to accelerate their retreat, and then charging into the village and forming a hollow square to resist cavalry attack. But the fast-footed Virginians, scampering for the distant recesses of Dixie, did not return. Had Kennedy divided his party and sent a detachment around to the other side of the village, before attacking, he probably could have captured them. Capt. Bowman came running up from the river on hearing the firing. As no enemy appeared, they all marched back to the Potomac. They forded the river waist deep, swimming a little in places where men got out of their depth, and reached camp the next

morning, with fagged out frames, many with bleeding feet. The spoils of the expedition were the wounding of seven rebels, the capture of a rebel carbine, hat and coat, the capture of a rebel Quartermaster with his team, and the bringing away of some loyal people of Lovettsville who wanted to go into our lines. This affair was celebrated in the papers, south and north, as a battle. It is a specimen of what war was to our inexperienced and unaccustomed people at the commencement of the rebellion.

While at Pleasant Valley, talk gradually began again about the term of service of the regiment. The departure of the two organizations, brigaded with the 19th Volunteers in Virginia, viz: the 5th and 12th, forcibly suggested the topic. These were old existing militia regiments, like the 49th in Cayuga county, which had, like the 69th, tendered their services to the State for three months, and being tolerably well-filled organizations, the Governor had accepted and sent them on in April to the seat of war. Their time was now up, and they had been ordered home. The former broke camp and marched away July 30th. The 12th departed August 1st. The Cayuga boys crowded the parade ground of the encampment to see the 12th off, and experienced a sense of deep aggravation at hearing the latter's splendid band strike up, on starting, "Ain't I mighty glad to get out of this wilderness," which tune it played with intense furore, till the provoking strains died away in the distance. Going home then became the ruling theme for a while among camp messes. The Cayuga boys, feeling that they had been misused, played upon by politicians from the start, desired their discharge. Compelled to wear a scarecrow uniform, they felt deceived and humbled. They did not fear hardships common to all. Never were men more willing to meet them. Of this, their cheerful temper and unflagging hopefulness and zeal, in the camp and field, in storm and sunshine, and on many a long, weary march when, the shoddy shoes giving out, they trod the rough road with bare and bleeding feet, abundantly testify. Nothing that their commanders ever called on them to do did they ever hesitate to perform faithfully. Neither did the men wish to leave the service permanently. They simply wanted to go home and reorganize; elect their own officers; and come out again as the Massachusetts and Connecticut regiments had, equipped creditably to themselves and the State. Many of the men had developed an unexpected degree of proficiency since they had entered the service. These hoped and sought for an opportunity to obtain commissions and higher rank in the formation of new companies at home.

And now here appears the folly of the politicians of New York State in keeping back from our patriotic volunteers the knowledge of their intended retention for two years. These politicians knew the decision of the Government in the matter before the regiment left Kalorama Heights. Why was it not candidly announced to the men then and there? Had it been so proclaimed, accompanied with an explanation of the State law under which the first New York regiments had been enrolled, which not one in a hundred had read, with also an explanation of the imperative necessities of the country, not a man among the brave, self-sacrificing warriors of old Cayuga would have hesitated a moment to renew his engagement of service enthusiastically. But the politicians kept the truth seçret. They held it back as a secret trap, until, uninformed and misled, the regiment had come to indulge in desires and expectations that illy prepared it to receive suggestions of a full two years' service under the then existing auspices. Nothing had reached the regiment but rumors.

While encamped at Pleasant Valley, several officers of the 19th sought to obtain some definite clue as to the fate of the command by consultation with Gen. Banks. The General gave them to understand it to be his conviction that no power could legally hold the 19th in the army, after the expiration of the term for which it was mustered into it. Army officers generally thought the same. We shall see in time how McClellan himself thought so. Lieut.-Col. Seward, on the 6th of August, gave official endorsement to the supposition that the regiment would be discharged on the 22d of the month, in an order to the regiment which forbade gambling and said: "It is earnestly recommended to the soldiers to retain their pay, as it may be needed to defray the expenses of the journey home from Elmira." This seemed to settle the matter. All supposed they were going home. Preparations were made for the event and the mails bore from camp a heavy freight of letters, notifying friends to expect an early arrival.

But this expectation was delusive. In the latter part of July, the War Department had made requisition on New York State for the full two years' service of the following two years' regiments which had been mustered for three months: 12th New York Volunteers, Col. Walrath; 13th New York Volunteers, Col. Quimby; 19th New York Volunteers, Col. Clark; 21st New York Volunteers, Col. Rogers, and 26th New York Volunteers, Col. Christian. In response, an order was issued August 2d from the General Headquarters of New York, at Albany, viz.:—

"Special Orders, No. 323:—His Excellency, the President, desiring the further services of the 19th regiment, New York State Volunteers, and having made requisition upon the Governor of this State, therefore, Col. Clark is hereby directed, on the expiration of the term for which the regiment was mustered into the service of the United States, (August 22, 1861,) to report with his command to the Adjutant General of the army, for duty under the orders of the United States Government, for the remainder of the term of enlistment of the regiment into the service of the State of New York.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief.

D. CAMPBELL,
Assistant Adjutant General."

Col. Clark came into Camp Cayuga on the 12th of August with tidings of this order. For a moment the revulsion of feeling was great and the men characterized the proceeding as arbitrary and unjust. The commanding officer of the 19th there lost a golden opportunity. Had he proclaimed in camp, Section 3d of the act of New York of April 16, 1861, the men would have read their duty with a clear eye and promptly acquiesced. The Section provides that volunteers enlisted under it "shall be liable at all times to be turned over to the service of the United States, on the order of the Governor, as part of the Militia of the State, upon the requisition of the President, &c., &c." It would have settled the matter at once. The men would have seen the reasonableness of turning them over. What they revolted at was the high-handed, arbitrary character of the proceeding, the only feature of it they saw. The line officers shared the feelings of the men fully. A sentiment of loyalty and honor, however, decided them to submit to the order voluntarily.

August 16th, Col. Thomas received orders to move his brigade from Pleasant Valley to the valley of the Monocacy and encamp at the village of Hyattstown, 10 miles south of Frederick.

The 19th struck camp next day and with the whole brigade moved by short, though toilsome marches, over slippery, saturated roads, to the designated point, camping on the way at Jefferson and Buckeystown. On the evening of the 21st, the regiment pitched tents at Hyattstown on the slope of a verdant hill, in the midst of the camps of the brigade and army, which filled this beautiful portion of the valley. Near the hill was the headquarters of Gen. Banks. News reached the men here that the people of Auburn thought they ought to remain in the service and "show their manhood by fighting the thing through."

The regiment thought that people did not understand the question very well at home. It proposed, however, *to* stay and fight it through, quite unanimously. Some grumbled, but the subject was pretty thoroughly canvassed that night and the majority resolved to bury the remembrance of their wrongs and do whatever the Government ordered. Little speeches by some of the Captains to their commands helped determine them.

At 9 A. M., August 22d, the drum corps beat the signal for dress parade. Curiosity brought every man out on the green, where, in a few moments, Adjutant Stone had the line formed, and reported the same to Major Ledlie, commanding in the absence of Lieut. Col. Seward. By the Major's direction, the right wing then faced to the right, and countermarched, which brought the two wings in parallel lines facing inwards. While this was being done, what was the astonishment, not to say mortification and anger, of the 19th, to perceive the 21st Pennsylvania, Col. Biddle commanding, come up the hill on a run, bristling with steel, and wheel round into line on the right of the 19th, but facing it. Col. Thomas's 2d Cavalry, dismounted, approached briskly to a similar position on the left, with carbines capped and loaded. And what lay there on the crest of the hill? Not thirty rods away, a battery of Parrot cannon, Perkins's Rhode Island, unlimbered, pointed its black, angry muzzles threateningly on our position, the artillerists lying or sitting on the ground in their places, ready to spring up and blow the regiment to atoms on a second's warning. Other regiments were under arms in camps around the hill. In line of the lane between the two wings of the 19th, stood Col. Thomas, stern, impassive, with folded arms, keenly watching the deportment of the terrible, but now wounded and mortified warriors from the peaceful hills and vales of far away Central New York, for whom all this muster of forces had been made. By him were his staff, Col. Clark, and several reporters.

The meaning of all this was only too obvious, and many a brave man's eyes filled with tears in the regiment at the unmerited insult, as in silence all awaited what was coming next.

Major Ledlie, attended by his staff, now came between the wings of the regiment, and addressed the men as follows:—

"*Soldiers of the 19th Regiment, New York Volunteers:*

"This is the 22d of August, the day on which your term of three months expires. But the President has made requisition for the further services of the 19th regiment, and the Governor has transferred you to the United States for the remainder of

the term of two years, for which you enlisted into the State service, which will be one year and eight months."

Adjutant Stone then read Special Order No. 323, and one or two Articles of War *apropos* to the occasion. The men, then stacking arms, marched a few paces to the rear and again faced inwards. No attempt was made to explain the matter to the men, nor was there any proffer of a new muster. Major Ledlie commanded all who were loyal to advance and take their guns. Every officer in the regiment stepped forward at the word. Kennedy's and Stewart's companies, B and G, were not a moment behind. Smothering their feelings, they marched squarely up to the stacked arms. One man in Stewart's company only lingered behind. Companies C, H and K also moved up all but unanimously. The larger part of the other companies, however, resenting the fresh insult of the day, stood fast in their places. Their officers remonstrated without avail. Two hundred and eighty refused to serve a day longer. They declared that their time was out. It speaks well for the character of the 19th regiment that, under the circumstances, more of it did not refuse. In Gavigan's company, one man only took his gun, and he did so because, having enlisted at Elmira specifically as a three months' man, his time would expire any way in a short time. Col. Clark came down and reasoned with Gavigan's men against standing out, but failed to shake their resolution. "Well, they show their true Irish grit," he said, as he turned away and left them.

Col. Thomas at length put an end to the exciting scene by ordering the recusants under arrest. Capt. Stewart's company was ordered to guard them till he could bring up the cavalry. One of the company rebelled at this and threw down his gun, refusing to stand over his own comrades. The rest complied quietly but gravely. The cavalry then came up. The recruits hung their equipments on their guns and marched down hill to the camp of Col. Biddle's Bucktails, where they were quartered in the edge of a grove in the old "cow-pen."

The recusants were from the several companies, as follows: Company A, 27; Company C, 8; Company D, 65; Company E, 31; Company F, 51; Company G, 2, Company H, 6; Company I, 17; Company K, 1. Total, 203.

After the parade, the residue of the regiment returned to camp. The morale of the 19th never fully recovered from the wrongs of that bitter day. It was little consolation to learn from the Rhode Island boys, that had they been ordered to fire

on the regiment, they would have put their cartridges shot first into their cannon. Our boys did not fear cannon shot. What they did feel was the moral wounds inflicted on them that day by distrusting their loyalty, and the brutal use of arbitrary power in place of reason and an appeal to pride. These gave them the keenest pangs.

Col. Thomas sent for Capt. Kennedy and Capt. Stewart, during the day, to congratulate them separately on the conduct of their respective commands, and to ask them about the motives which had actuated those who stood out. To Capt. Stewart he said, when he had heard the whole story of the regiment's hardships, "There is something wrong here, Captain. These men are not to blame. They have not been treated right." Stewart alluded to Thomas having placed him as guard over the recusants, and said it was "the hardest thing he had ever done in his life." Thomas replied, he "only did it to try his pluck."

Gen. Banks treated the recusants considerately. He gave them plenty of time to reconsider their action. On the 23d and 24th, various officers of the regiment visited them and made speeches and remonstrated with them on their conduct at a time when the country stood in such eminent need of their services; and explanations were made, which should have been given to them at Kalorama, and, but for the imbecility of politicians, would have been. They were obstinate at first. They declared they would be sent to the Dry Tortugas, the prison pen of recusants, a fate which overhung them, rather than return to duty. They realized their position, however, gradually. Gen. Banks addressed them wisely and firmly on the 25th, and a hundred or more finally receded from their resolution and went back to camp. The endeavors of Father Creedon won back more. Others came back from day to day. But twenty-three held out to the end. Nothing could move them. Even Father Creedon lavished argument on them in vain. They were retained in Col. Biddle's camp, under guard, until the latter part of September, when they were sent to Fortress Monroe, court martialed, and sentenced to hard labor for two years on the fortifications of the United States. At this place, through the agency of Gen. Wool, they were pardoned, in Special Order No. 107, Nov. 21, 1861, "on condition of serving out the time for which they were enlisted, honestly and faithfully," in the 2d New York Volunteers, Col. Carr commanding, then at Newport News. The men accepted and went into the 2d Cavalry, and made a good reputation there as soldiers. Their names and companies were as follows: Company D, Michael Barrett, Wm. Buckley, Thomas

Burke, Daniel Doyle, James Downell, James Dwyer, Wm. Galvin, Thomas Green, Thomas Head, John Hogan, Patrick Kellaher, Michael Lacy, Francis McCarthy, John McKean, John O'Brien, James Tracy; Company E, John L. Crounse, James Gaffney; Company G, Morgan L. Joslyn; Company I, Samuel Barr, John P. Barber, Walter M. Fowler, Morris Ryan.

After the 22d of August, camp was changed to the banks of Seneca creek, south of Hyattstown. On the 28th, Col. Thomas, being called to an important command in the West, relinquished the 1st Brigade to Col. Biddle, to the very general regret of the brigade.

On the 24th of September, Gen. Banks ordered the Cayuga regiment on special service to Muddy Branch, near the village of Darnestown, to relieve Col. Mann's 2d Pennsylvania Reserves, which had been directed to proceed to Tenallytown. Marching to the point indicated, in a rain and over heavy roads, the 19th made its encampment just south of the turnpike, between the village of Darnestown and Rockville, near Darnestown, and within three miles of the Potomac river. The position was an important one. Over this turnpike were brought all supplies for Banks's army coming from Washington, and long wagon trains and bodies of troops were continually passing. On a side hill at Muddy Branch, a large brook crossing the turnpike half a mile from the encampment of the 19th, Gen. Banks had established a depot of distribution for the division. From one thousand to fifteen hundred loaded wagons were parked at this point all the while, and trains were arriving and departing every day. The ammunition and quartermaster and commissary stores contained in these wagons were immensely valuable. And as their nearness to the Potomac might tempt a raid upon them, from some of the 12,000 rebels congregated at Leesburg, it was essential to have a tried and steady regiment at hand to guard them. This was the duty imposed upon the 19th Volunteers. In its discharge they remained at Muddy Branch till December. Every day a detachment of from sixty to one hundred men, was sent up to the train. More than once, while here, there were alarms, caused by rebel dashes at our picket lines, the long roll being beaten on these occasions, and the whole regiment being called under arms. One time was on October 20th, the day of the bloody battle and massacre at Ball's Bluff. The cannonading in that fight was heard plainly at Darnestown. Another alarm was on October 30th, when six rebel regiments, with a force of cavalry and artillery, came down to the Potomac, at Great Falls, a few miles below the camp,

made a menace of crossing, and then came up opposite to Muddy Branch and repeated the demonstration.

In addition to guarding the supply train, the regiment at various times while here performed other duties. A company was sent out to do provost duty in the village of Knoxville,—Capt. Ammon being made Provost Marshal of the place. On election day, November 6th, Capt. Schenck with fifty men went to Gaithersburg, four miles north-east of camp, to preserve the peace there. Lieut. Wall with fifty men was ordered to report to Ammon at Rockville for the same purpose. A taste of engineering duty varied the monotony, a few days in November and December. In obedience to orders, Major Ledlie took out one hundred men and repaired the roads towards Darnestown, Rockville and Frederick, filling the holes with stone, brush and earth. In one place a small bridge was built.

As there was to be a long stay at Muddy Branch, camp was made as comfortable as possible. Floors were laid in the tents, trenches dug around them to drain off surface water, bunks made of poles on crotched stakes, and stoves and fire places introduced. The fire places were a great institution. The 19th regiment claims the honor of having invented those useful, though troublesome contrivances, and given them to the Army of the Potomac. The subject of having fires in the tents was often talked of by the principal officers, till finally, as cold weather came on, Dimon, Stewart, and others tried their hands at making fire places. They succeeded capitally. One day, Gen. Banks came into Stewart's tent. Major Giles was then the only one in. Spying the heating arrangement, he said, "Well, well, you have a nice thing there. I wish I had one." Giles offered to make him one and next day went up with some men and a wagon and did so. The newspaper reporters then got wind of the invention and the news was scattered broadcast. Before long, every tent in the 19th regiment, and in the army, had its fire place. They were easily made. A covered ditch, constituting a sort of flue, ran from the back of the tent five feet to the rear. Inside the tent, a fire box was constructed in the ground at the end of the flue, partly excavated and partly raised, covered on top with a broad flat stone. At the outer end of the flue, a cob chimney plastered with mud, or a barrel, was placed, and the work was done. Fires in these drew perfectly. An infinite amount of comfort was derived from them, although they did, once in a while, set tents on fire.

During the month of August the regiment lost a number of men by muster out of three months' recruits, by desertions on

furlough, and discharge on account of disability. By September 1st it had been reduced to six hundred and thirty-nine men. September 2d, Capt. Kennedy was ordered home to Cayuga County on recruiting service.

September 13th, Lieut.-Col. Seward, reluctantly compelled by ill health to resign his commission, announced the fact to the regiment, to the general regret of the men, who had loved and admired him from the beginning.

To fill the vacancy, an election was held by the line officers on the 14th.

It was rumored at that time that Col. Clark had it in contemplation to resign also. The election accordingly proceeded on the supposition that he would do so.

For Lieutenant-Colonel, to become Colonel as soon as the way was open, there was but once choice. Major Ledlie received a unanimous vote for the office. For Major, to become Lieutenant-Colonel on Ledlie's promotion, five Captains were prominently thought of as candidates, viz: Captain Kennedy, second captain in the regiment, who, by good rights, should have been senior captain, an old, experienced, energetic drill officer, and in every way deserving the promotion; Capt. Schenck, brave, studious, competent, and a disciplinarian; Capt. Stewart, an old military man of Cayuga county, and Captains Giles and Stephens, men of ability and ambition. Owing to the operation of regimental rivalries, then all powerful in the 19th, the choice rapidly narrowed down, and Capt. Stewart, most unexpectedly to himself and to his entire surprise, was honored with election as Ledlie's lieutenant. After a sharp contest for future Major, between Captains Giles and Stephens, the former was designated for that office.

Next to the promotion of Ledlie, the choice of Capt. Stewart for Major was one of the most fortunate things that had happened to the Cayuga regiment. Ledlie was away from camp a great part of the time. To Stewart was left the drill and general management of the regiment almost entirely. He was practically its commander from September 15th to the end of the war. Promotion made him so in fact after the winter of 1862–3. Stewart was a cool, intrepid, devoted and excellent officer, and a disciplinarian with few equals in the volunteer army of the United States. He had the honor to command a regiment of intelligent men, not the riff-raff of cities, but the best blood of the Empire State, and his only ambition was ever their good. Resolving at the outset to make the regiment one of the best in the service, he brought to the work remarkable firmness and

equability of temper and unusual executive talent, qualities that made him a valuable commander, and entirely successful in his work. In personal appearance, he was a plain appearing, rather thick-set man, with piercing blue eyes, sandy beard, and a face full of energy and determination. He always enjoyed the love and fullest respect of his command.

These were the last promotions in the regiment, determined by the votes of the line officers. Thereafter, they came by appointment and commission from the Governor of New York. Capt. Kennedy, who was home recruiting, finding his claims for promotion disregarded, resolved on the muster in of a battery of artillery he had been raising to be attached to the 19th as an independent command, with the design of severing his relations with the regiment.

September 25, the 1st brigade was reorganized and the 19th and 28th Volunteers were transferred to the 3d Brigade, under command of Col. Geo. H. Gordon, of the 2d Massachusetts Volunteers. The Brigade comprised the 2d Massachusetts, 19th and 28th New York; 5th Connecticut, Col. Ferry; 46th Pennsylvania, Col. Knipe, and Tompkin's Rhode Island battery.

The condition of the 19th regiment now required that something should be done to bring up its spirit and discipline. Stewart began regular battalion drill at once. Reorganization and recruiting up to the full proportions of 1,000 men were proposed. A first step was taken towards this on the 28th of September, by the consolidation of Companies F, H and K with other companies, compacting the regiment to a battalion. The bulk of Company F went into A; of H into I, of K into G. Capts. Stephens and Angell, and Lieuts. Squires, Parker, Carr, Forsting and Field were mustered out at their own request. Capt. Angell went home to re-enlist and raise a new company, and in due time rejoined his comrades in command of it. Lieut. Squires, highly recommended by Lieut.-Col. Ledlie, went to Ohio and raised a regiment of his own, which did good service as sharp-shooters in other campaigns.

A new spirit was infused into the 3d brigade, October 8th, by Gen. A. S. Williams assuming the command. He ordered additional battalion and skirmish drills and exerted himself energetically to improve every means to bring his brigade to a state of high efficiency.

In spite of efforts to the contrary, during October and November, the 19th regiment rapidly ran down. Monotonous and irksome duties in mud and rain, told on men whose elasticity of spirit was broken. They began to run away from camp for

home. Sixty-seven deserted in October. In November, after pay day had supplied the regiment with funds, fifty went in one night, "that fearful night" as ever after it was called. And though guards were vigilant and Major Stewart, Capt. Schenck and others scoured Maryland to head off those who had deserted, and did recover some of them, placing them under guard to be tried by Court Marshal, by December 1st the regiment mustered only 542 men, with only 425 present fit for duty. November 5th, Capt. Baker resigned the captaincy of Company A and left the regiment also.

A proposition was made to consolidate with the 28th New York Volunteers. It came from Col. Donnelly. It was first heard of through Dr. Dimon. Major Stewart, who, since his promotion, had instituted battalion drills in the regiment and was rapidly fetching up its proficiency, and Lieut.-Col. Ledlie wrote to Gov. Morgan, Gen. Williams and others to stop it. Gen. Williams had never seen the 19th, and Stewart wanted him to come up and look at it. A few days after, when the regiment was out on battalion drill, Williams rode to a point near the camp where he could see it and not be seen. The regiment went through several difficult movements, changed front to rear, deployed as skirmishers, &c. The General then rode down. Stewart took him into his tent, and asked him about this idea of consolidation, and told him he was going to oppose it with all his influence and power. Williams made no particular reply, but complimented the proficiency of the regiment highly.

The plan for consolidation with the 28th New York never went any further. But it awoke the officers of the 19th to a new sense of the obvious importance of hastening forward the work of recruiting. On the 5th of November, Capt. Giles, Lieut. Boyle and Sergt. Barnes were detailed to proceed to New York and make a special effort to obtain men, which they did. Capt. Giles labored faithfully and incessantly in this work, for several months, and had the honor of being concerned in raising 700 men. The fruits of his labors, however, were not specially manifest till some weeks after he went home.

A new turn was given to affairs by the resignation and retiracy of Col. Clark. Since promulgation of the order relieving him from command, Col. Clark had been importuning Gen. Banks and the War Department for a Court Martial. But Banks declared the charges frivolous and improper. They were dismissed without a hearing. Col. Clark being ill, the matter rested there for a while, until one day he received the following note:

"HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE DIVISION,
NEAR SENECA CREEK, MARYLAND,
November 4, 1861.

My Dear Sir:—The designation of Major Perkins as Chief of my Staff by Gen. McClellan, enables me to complete a purpose I have long entertained.

The unfortunate condition of affairs in the 19th regiment, New York Volunteers, placed me in a position at the time, as General of the Division, that I should not have occupied had I been able to direct its affairs from the commencement. I appreciate fully your course and feel that it contributed to a settlement that will place the regiment ultimately upon a sound basis.

As an evidence of my feeling, I have the pleasure to inform you that you are hereby relieved from any official disability in connection with your regiment and free to act on your commission as you may desire. If it should not be your purpose to join your regiment again, I should be pleased to offer you such a position upon my staff as may be acceptable to you and to your friends. Some further communication on this subject may be necessary if this should be your choice. Leave of absence, if you desire it, will be granted.

With regrets for your accident and continued indisposition, I am

Very Truly Yours,
N. P. BANKS,
Major-General Commanding Division.

Col. JOHN S. CLARK,
19th New York Volunteers."

The restored commander of the 19th replied next day. "As to assuming command of the regiment," said he, "I can say I have not the slightest desire to do so." He accepted the offer of a staff position, and a few days after, while at Auburn, N. Y., received his appointment and was announced as Aid-de-Camp to Banks with the rank of Colonel. He immediately tendered his resignation of the Colonelcy of the 19th Volunteers. It was accepted November 18th. The Colonel served on Banks's staff through all the memorable campaigns of that General, and performed distinguished service in them all. In Pope's Virginia campaign, he won great laurels. At great personal hazard, he ventured out to a mountain between the Union and Confederate lines near the Rapahannock, and with his field glass discovered Stonewall Jackson's famous secret flank march to get in Gen. Pope's rear. He watched it long enough to determine its meaning, and then took the information to Gen. Pope. The

timely warning thus given actually saved Pope's army from annihilation and he mentions Col. Clark honorably four times in his official report of that campaign.

The command of the regiment devolved on Lieut.-Col. Ledlie, who was promoted to Colonel, November 18th. Major Stewart became Lieutenant Colonel, and Captain Giles, Major; though their full rank did not obtain till the battalion had been recruited up to the proportions of a regiment again.

More ambitious plans now began to be rife in the regiment. A proposition made for conversion into artillery met with universal favor. Col. Ledlie, who was very popular in the army, and had great influence at Washington, undertook the delicate responsibility of seeing what could be done at the Capital about it.

Repairing to Washington, he met Gen. McClellan and Gov. Morgan, one day at dinner, at Mr. Seward's. The conversation turned upon the needs of the army, and the heavy fortifications then being built for the defense of Washington. A necessity for additional engineers to build and artillerists to man these forts had then recently been made manifest to Gen. McClellan by Gen. Barry, of the Engineers. Advantage of the fact was taken by Ledlie, who with infinite tact brought forward the claims to notice of his regiment. Gen. McClellan said:

"Colonel, how would you like to have your regiment converted to engineers?"

He replied, "If you want to do anything for me, General, I can tell you something I would like better than that?"

"What is that?"

"Give me authority to raise an artillery regiment."

Gov. Morgan heartily seconded the proposition, promising to do everything in his power to aid in raising the regiment, and Sec'y Seward presented a number of forcible suggestions on the subject. The subject was dismissed with an invitation to Ledlie to call and see McClellan next day.

At the appointed hour Secretary Seward accompanied him to the headquarters of the General. After a brief interview, it was arranged that an artillery regiment should be raised in New York State, 1,900 strong, with the 19th Volunteers as a nucleus, and the Adjutant-General was given instructions to make out the necessary papers. Col. Ledlie communicated the pleasing news to his officers, and on December 4th went North to raise his command.

When Gen. Williams heard of the unexpected manner in which the jayhawking 19th had been taken into favor of the Government, he was incredulous. Stewart went down one day

to tell him about it and receive his congratulations. Williams said he did not believe the 19th would ever wear the red stripe. Stewart replied good naturedly. "You will never see anything larger than calibre 69, Colonel," said Williams. "Yes, I will." "No, you wont!" Stewart was a little afraid the General might have some scheme of his own in the matter and did not answer; but the General had the pleasure of issuing an order on the subject himself afterwards, giving effect to the wishes of Govèrnment.

By Thanksgiving day, wet fall weather and continual wear had reduced the roads to Washington, Harper's Ferry and Frederick, from Darnestown, to such a state that it became absolutely necessary to move Banks's division to a point where it could be more easily maintained with supplies. It was accordingly ordered to the city of Frederick for winter quarters. The movement began by the 1st of December—regiments and brigades vanishing from the Potomac lines as fast as they could be sent off. The 19th New York remained to guard the supply train, under orders to march with it; the rest of the 3d Brigade marching on the 4th. The 19th struck camp on the morning of Monday, December 9th. Capt. Schenck with his company was left in charge of the baggage. The condition of the roads certainly justified the fear that the Muddy Branch camp might be mud bound. They were in a horrible state, cut into deep ruts and half frozen, and it was only by superhuman exertions that officers kept the regiment from straggling. Marching sixteen miles, the 19th camped at Hyattstown that night. Next day it moved twelve miles to Frederick. Passing through the city, it found the 3d brigade in a picturesque encampment three miles out on the Hagerstown turnpike, near the base of the Catoctin range of mountains, not far from the little village of Fairview. The baggage was behind, so the regiment bivouacked the first night on rocks and stones in a piece of woods. Roaring camp fires were the go that night. A better camp ground was looked up next day, and occupied on the 12th. It lay on a hill, in a forest, with a fine stream of water close at hand. The other regiments of the brigade were camped all around. The 1st Maryland lay not far distant on another hill The camp here was of a substantial character. Huts of logs were made three or four feet high, plastered with mud, upon the top of which the tents were placed. Floors were laid and fireplaces built.

On the afternoon of the 12th, Capt. Schenck arrived from Muddy Branch, having displayed on the march the vigor and

ambition of his character by making thirty-two miles in nine hours, a feat then almost unparalleled in American history, considering the horrible state of the roads. Banks's body guard had made the distance in one day. Schenck proposed to show what Company E, of the 19th, could do. Sending off the wagons the day before, he bivouacked at night, and then put the company to its trumps and pushed through at the pace stated. The boasters of the body guard were eclipsed, and telegrams went out from the newspaper correspondents about it all over the country. It made the sensation of the day. Gen. Williams growled, though, at using the men so hard.

December 13th, the 3d brigade had a grand field day. It was reviewed by Gen. Banks and a large assemblage of officers, in smooth, green fields, two miles north of Frederick. The 19th attracted special attention as it passed in review. It was conscious of the fact, and, though a small regiment, felt it had a name to sustain, and made a splendid show. After passing the group of reviewing officers, on double quick, the regiments were drilled in maneuvres of the brigade. The 19th having never taken part in brigade drill, Gen. Williams sent for Lt.-Col. Stewart, who was in command, and proposed to him to go on guard duty. "Not by a d—d sight, General," was the energetic reply. "Anything any other of your regiments can do, the 19th can do. Try them and see." "Oh, well," said the General, "if you feel like that, all right." Brigade drill began. Stewart cautioned the regiment to be steady, and obey only him. The men performed splendidly, and the result was the 19th beat the whole field. In changing line of battle, from front to rear, and in other evolutions, the regiment always went straight and true to where it belonged, and did not once go wrong, while other regiments made ridiculous mistakes. In forming hollow square to resist cavalry, the regiment formed as large a square as any on the field, much to Williams's astonishment. He afterwards asked Stewart how it was done. One side of the square had been weakened, by causing the men to stand one file deep, instead of two, lengthening out the sides with the surplus thus gained. At the close of the review the 19th returned to camp thoroughly fagged out, but it had been drilling under the eyes of the commanding General of the division, and had won from him especial praise for its proficiency and success. Lt.-Col. Stewart was the recipient of many compliments upon its conduct.

Gen. Williams's doubts as to his proteges from Cayuga County going into Heavy Artillery vanished like mist before the rising sun, December 16th, when he received the following paper,

which he caused to be read at the dress parade of the 19th, that evening:

"HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, Dec. 11, 1861.

Special Order, No. 326.

IV. The 19th New York Volunteers, Col. Ledlie commanding, will be changed to a regiment of Heavy Artillery, and any companies which may now be serving as Light Artillery will be detached and mustered as independent companies and their places in the regiment will be supplied by other companies.

By order of Major-General McCLELLAN."

The "other company" referred to was that of Capt. Kennedy, who, when relieved by Giles from recruiting for the 19th, raised a company of artillery, and with it was mustered into the United States service, November 23d, as the 1st Independent New York Battery.

The order had a most beneficial effect. It infused a pride and good feeling in the regiment to which it had long been a stranger. One hundred and eleven new recruits arrived during the month, including a new Company K, under Capt. Angell, and a regimental brass band, and from that time the regiment began steadily to improve in *esprit du corps*, vigor, zeal and efficiency.

New Company K was raised in Cayuga county, with the assistance of Wm. Richardson, of Weedsport, who became 1st Lieutenant, and T. J. Mersereau, of Union Springs, its 2d Lieutenant. No pecuniary inducements were offered to recruits, and as a new and more popular regiment was claiming attention at home, at that time, the company was obtained with some difficulty. Company K was mustered in at Union Springs, October 23, 1861, by Capt. Kennedy. It left for the seat of war December 17th, one hundred and one strong, arriving in the city of Frederick, then buried in snow, on the 20th, and sleeping the first night in some old barracks built by the English in 1775, during the Revolutionary war. It joined the regiment next morning.

An extension of the rebel left wing took place along the upper Potomac, the early part of December, and, on the 13th, the redoubtable Stonewall Jackson appeared suddenly on the high banks of the river, opposite to the little village of Hancock, where a Union brigade was posted. Planting a battery on the bluff, he sent a number of shells howling and crashing through the streets of the village, and provoked such a sharp retort from

some Federal Parrot guns, that he suffered loss, and had one cannon dismounted. Tidings of the attack reached the camps at Frederick on the 17th, and for two days, by Banks's orders, the 3d brigade was held in readiness to move at a moment's warning, in case it should appear that the rebels were contemplating a serious invasion.

December 23d, the 19th and 28th New York and 46th Pennsylvania attended, without arms, the execution of Dennis Lanaghan, of the 46th Pennsylvania, in rear of the camp of the 28th. The prisoner's crime was the murder of his Major in camp.

Although the rebels remained quiet on the upper Potomac, they were gathering there in large force. It was deemed expedient to strengthen the Federal lines there, and Gen. Banks ordered the 3d brigade to proceed to Hancock for this purpose. Preparing two days' rations, the brigade marched at 5 A. M. on January 6th, the 28th New York in advance, with the 5th Connecticut, 46th Pennsylvania, and 19th New York following in the order named, which was their regular order in the brigade. Camp was left standing by the 19th, for owing to the ice and snow tents could not be struck. Company F stayed to pack up and bring on the baggage. The sick were left under care of Dr. McClellan, of the 5th Connecticut. The brigade, being temporarily under the command of Col. Donnelly, of the 28th New York, made a headlong march, through snow four inches deep, over mountain ranges and rough roads to Hagerstown. The 19th, nearly starved, without sufficient rations, was, by Donnelly's orders, kept out in the open country that night, to bivouac and freeze in the snow, sleeping by fences, in straw stacks, and some few in barns, while the other regiments were housed and fed in the village. The next day Gen. Williams overtook the command while plodding through the snow on another forced march of twenty-six miles, and at once halted it at Clear Spring, a good Union village, on the bank of the Potomac, after giving Donnelly a thorough talking to for his disgraceful treatment of the 19th. On this day's march the men were so hungry, from failure of the commissary to supply them with rations, that Lieut.-Col. Stewart stopped a commissary wagon on the road and issued a barrel of crackers to each company, for which they were very grateful. How nice Elmira hash would have been then! At Clear Spring, churches, school houses and inns were occupied for the night. Next day the march was pushed at a rapid pace, in sight of the Potomac all day, a small force of the enemy following on the other side. Lest the confederates should open fire on the brigade with shell, it marched in open order. The 19th,

being indifferently supplied with shoes, straggled somewhat on the home stretch to Hancock, but a strong rearguard prevented straying away. On a former march of the regiment—from Pleasant Valley to Hyattstown—the Surgeon obtained some one horse, two-wheeled ambulances, as traps for feigners of sickness and those shamming to be disabled. They were so hung that while going down hill the occupants would stand on their heads; going up, on their feet. The most inveterate shammer generally had his fill of false pretenses after one day's ride in one of those "cussed machines," and never gave out on the march so quick after that if he could help it. Either its memory, or the now superior discipline of the regiment made them on this march entirely unnecessary.

The brigade entered Hancock, a little, ancient, one-horse village on the bank of the Potomac, at a point where Maryland is only three miles wide, reaching it at 3 P. M. Public buildings were assigned to the 19th, and that night the regiment nursed its frozen feet and hands in comfortable quarters.

While encamped at Hancock, Gen. Williams made great demonstrations of an intention to cross into Virginia and cut off the retreat of Jackson, who was parading around the Alleghanies with 20,000 men. Working parties sent out by each regiment cut down the embankments of the Ohio and Chesapeake Canal and let down boats into the river as if to be used in crossing. The news caused Jackson's retreat, which was all Gen. Williams desired, and was effected without exposing his brigade to the terrible hardships of a winter's campaign in the Alleghanies. The fact that he afterwards sent over to Bath and captured 600 of Jackson's men, with their hands and feet frozen, paroling them, shows that a winter's campaign in those mountains is equal to a defeat. It puts more men into hospital than a battle.

The 19th did heavy guard and picket duty at Hancock, sending out details of from thirty-five to sixty men daily to the Potomac, besides escorting parties repairing telegraph lines, and doing provost and engineer duties. The pickets were armed with 100 rounds of ammunition apiece, but were greatly disappointed at not being allowed to fire on the rebel pickets who were in plain sight on the other side.

The mortality in the 19th at this place was very great. The village was one execrable mud hole and what with fatigue and picket duties, colds and fevers began to abound. The unconquerable disposition of the soldiers to shut themselves up close in their quarters, without ventilation, made the evil a hundred

fold worse. Dr. Dimon more than once broke out panes in the windows to purify the quarters, but they were repaired as soon as he was gone. Typhus fever, the pest of armies, raged and many deaths occurred. Responsible for the lives of his men, Lieut.-Col. Stewart resolved to encamp in the field. Sibley tents, shaped like wigwams, holding fifteen men each, were obtained. One day's rations were issued, and on January 25th, the regiment, ignorant of the object of the movement, was marched out of town to a favorable hill side and halted. "By right of companies, to the rear into column; march." "Stack arms." "Prepare to form camp." These orders informed the men of their commander's resolve. They camped right there in the snow, and in the bleak fields spent the rest of their stay in Hancock. The Sibley tents, warmed with the "stove pipe" Sibley stoves, were well ventilated and a subsidence of fevers in the regiment was soon reported, though it was a sacrifice of comfort to exchange thick walls for canvass tents for quarters. Many a severe cold night, the men sat up all night around the fires smoking and telling stories unable to sleep from the cold.

In every regiment there exists a class of men whose ideas of the difference between *meum* and *tuum* are very vague, especially if *tuum* applies to anything in the line of edibles, and said edibles belong either to the enemy or the camp sutler. The 19th had its fair share. The regulations in force in Banks's division checked jayhawking from farms and houses, but the sutler was always lawful prey. The volunteers liked to badger this fraternity and hawk away dainties from its stands. Desperately hungry ones were seldom foiled in this; but at Hancock the worst of them met their match. A sutler came to camp in a wagon boarded up and roofed, with only one opening, like a circus ticket office. A stove inside kept the proprietor warm and he slept in there. The jayhawkers exhausted their ingenuity to find a weak spot in this concern. They tried to smoke the peddler out of his defenses by putting a board on the stove pipe. They tried to blow him up by dropping cartridges down the pipe. All was in vain, and they had to pay fair for all they obtained of that party.

On the 15th of January, one of the most celebrated cases in the records of Court Martials of the Northern army during the war was passed upon at the city of Frederick. There had been confined at the guard house in Frederick, since November, a number of deserters from the 19th, who ran away from camp claiming that their time was up. In order to test and finally and definitely settle the rights of the Government, under the

peculiar circumstances of the case, private Ralton B. Stalker, of Company A, one of the most intelligent of the deserters, was selected and sentenced, and the findings of the Court Martial forwarded to Gen. McClellan for his consideration. It was not at first approved. The General issued an order on the subject, as follows :—

"HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
WASHINGTON, January 15, 1862.

General Orders, No. 8.

I. Before a General Court Martial of which Major William Atterbury, 9th New York State Militia, is President, convened at the camp of Banks's Division, by virtue of Special Orders, No. 134, from these Headquarters, of November 7, 1861, was arraigned and tried Ralton B. Stalker, of Company A, 19th New York Volunteers, on the following charge and specification :

CHARGE :—*Desertion.*

Specification :—"That Private Ralton B. Stalker of Company A, 19th Regiment New York Volunteers, having been duly enlisted into the service of the United States, did desert the same, on or about the 23d day of November, 1861. This at camp near Rockville, Maryland."

The record shows no plea to this charge and specification. It is to be taken as if the plea of "Not Guilty" were interposed.

After mature deliberation on the testimony adduced, the Court find the prisoner "Guilty" of the Specification and "Guilty" of the Charge, and thereupon did sentence him, the said Private Ralton B. Stalker, of Company A, 19th Regiment New York Volunteers, "To be dishonorably discharged the service of the United States, and then committed to the United States Penitentiary in the District of Columbia, at hard labor, for the term of two years and six months."

II. The Major-General commanding, after a careful examination of the testimony shown by the record, is unable to confirm the proceedings in this cause.

It appears, that in the month of April, 1861, the accused was enlisted for two years into the service of the State of New York. On the 22d of May, he was mustered into the service of the United States for three months. This term expired on the 22d of August, 1861. No subsequent enlistment or mustering into the service of the United States was shown at the trial. It was in evidence, however, that he drew pay and rations after the expiration of the three months for which he was mustered into the service of the United States. Whether the receiving of pay, by the strictest construction of the 20th Article of War, can be in-

voked to extend a term of service beyond the original contract against the consent of the soldier is at least very questionable. There can be no doubt, that to exact any penalty by the aid of such a construction would be harsh in the extreme. As nothing was said in the Specification respecting such a ratification of the extension of the enlistment, but the case was put upon the due enlistment of the accused, the evidence was clearly improper.

It is the opinion of the Major-General commanding, however, that no nicety of statement in the Charge and Specification could have warranted a primitive sentence on such testimony as this record discloses. The prisoner was entitled to his discharge on the 22d of August, 1861. He cannot be punished for deserting in November, a service to which he did not belong.

The proceedings are disapproved. Private Ralton B. Stalker will be released from confinement and regularly discharged the service of the United States.

By Command of
MAJOR-GENERAL MCCLELLAN.
S. WILLIAMS, Assistant Adjutant General."

A copy of the order was forwarded to private Stalker. Also, to the Generals of the army, to be read in their camps. But it was instantly seen that Gen. McClellan was mistaken and the majority of brigade commanders had the shrewdness to hold it back and suppress it. Promulgation of the order would have caused a large number of New York regiments, situated similarly with the 19th New York, to ask their immediate discharge from the United States service. Before many days had elapsed, the order was countermanded. But when Major-Gen. McClellan, with his splendid military education and powers of accurate reasoning, so misjudged as to the power of Government to hold the 19th regiment, after August 22d, what wonder is it that the men of that regiment, from whom the truth of the case and the law were kept back by cowardly politicians, themselves judged wrongfully of the same matter.

The missing link in the testimony in Stalker's case being supplied, Gen. McClellan countermanded his order, and hushed it up. Aiming at a total eradication of it, he issued a second order in the case, bearing date January 15th, entitled "General Orders, No. 8," intended as an entire substitute for it. It recited in the same language the facts of the trial set forth above, and then said:

"II. The evidence in this case is of the most interesting nature, and the question presented by the record yields in impor-

tance to none that has engaged the attention of the Major-General commanding.

It appears that the regiment, to which the prisoner belongs, was enlisted into the service of the State of New York, for the term of two years from some time in April, 1861, under a law of that State, of which the 3d Section is in the following words:— "Sec. 3. The officers and men of said force shall receive the same pay * * * * and shall be liable at all times to be turned over to the service of the United States, on the order of the Governor, as part of the militia of this State, upon the requisition of the President of the United States. * * * *" This Act was passed April 16, 1861. On the 22d of May, 1861, this regiment was mustered into the service of the United States for the term of three months, that being the extreme term for which at that time the President of the United States was authorized to make a requisition for the service of the militia. This term of three months expired, of course, on the 22d of August, 1861. But, on the 2d day of August, 1861, an order was issued from the office of the Adjutant-General of the State of New York, in the following terms: (Special Orders, No. 323, previously given.) This order was duly executed.

An impression existed in some minds that the term of three months, expiring on the 22d of August, 1861, was the only one for which this regiment was held in the service of the United States; and under this mistaken notion, several, of whom the prisoner is one, had treated their engagement as not existing. It is unnecessary to say, after what precedes, that it was part of the original contract of enlistment of New York State Militia, embodied under the Act of the 16th of April, 1861, that they should be transferred into the service of the United States, upon the requisition of the President. The terms, in which the 3d Section of the Act of April 16, 1861, were couched, show that it was expected that this requisition would be repeated, as soon as Congress should have enlarged the power of the National Executive. The 19th Regiment New York State Militia is therefore subject to the same rules and discipline which govern other corps in the military service of the United States; and this condition of things will exist until some days after April 16, 1863.

The prisoner is clearly guilty of desertion, and might have been sentenced to death under the Articles of War. The Court Martial has annexed to his conviction a milder sentence. The Major-General commanding perceives, in this lenity, evidence that the Court Martial gave full weight to the misapprehension as to the law under which the prisoner acted. On this head,

however, there was much misconception. The record of this case, when first sent to these headquarters, was defective. It did not contain the order from the Governor of the State of New York, directing the transfer of this regiment to the service of the United States for the balance of the term of enlistment. It was even stated, not by any member of the Court Martial, that no such order had been made, and under the belief that no such order existed, this case was, in the first instance, erroneously decided at these headquarters. A full and perfect record has since been sent up, and it furnishes the evidence on which this order proceeds.

Nothing could be more calculated to demoralize a military body than such conduct as the accused stands convicted of. When a soldier wishes to lay before the Major-General commanding any grievance under which he imagines that he labors, let him through the proper channel make his complaint. To all well founded complaints, an attentive ear will be given, and no known abuse will be allowed to remain unredressed. The same considerations which make the Major-General commanding anxious to aid any subordinate, who, in a proper manner, seeks a redress of wrong, render him determined to vindicate by all due means the sacredness of military discipline. In both cases he aims at promoting the good of the service. He has gone at great length in the explanation of this case, because it was necessary to correct misapprehensions widely spread and likely to do great mischief. No one, in a similar position with the prisoner, will, after the publication of this order, be able to plead ignorance to excuse his insubordination. The proceedings of the Court Martial in this case are confirmed. The prisoner will be dishonorably discharged from the service of the United States, will be conducted to Washington city under charge of a guard, and will there be delivered, with a copy of this order, to the Warden of the Penitentiary of the District of Columbia. By Command of

MAJOR-GENERAL MCCLELLAN.

S. WILLIAMS, Assistant-Adjutant-General."

Stalker went to Washington, as directed, and was in captivity there several months. He had the warmest sympathy of all who knew the facts. Through the intercession of Secretary Seward, a full and free pardon was then granted him, and he rejoined his comrades at Newbern, and served out the rest of his time faithfully.

The sentence of fourteen other deserters was read to the regiment at Hancock, January 26th. Confinement in the guard

house, with six hours hard drill daily, wearing the placard "Deserter," was the punishment in most cases. These men were pardoned in March, upon the same powerful intercession as that which secured Stalker's release.

Gen. Williams on February 1st received from the War Department the order of the State of New York, recognizing the 19th New York Volunteers as a regiment of artillery, viz:—

"GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, STATE OF NEW YORK,
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
ALBANY, December 30, 1861.

Special Orders, No. 584.—In conformity with Special Orders, No. 326, from the War Department, dated December 11th, 1861, the 19th Regiment New York State Volunteers is hereby organized into an Artillery regiment, to be known and designated as the 3d Regiment of New York Volunteer Artillery.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief.

THOMAS HILLHOUSE, Adjutant General."

Proclamation was made in the brigade. On the 17th, a further order was issued, directing the regiment, pursuant to telegram from the War Department, to repair to Washington immediately.

"In taking leave of the regiment," the order ran, "after nearly five months' service with it in the 3d brigade, the Brigadier-General commanding desires to express to the officers and men his satisfaction with their good order and discipline and their marked improvement in drill; and hopes that in the new arm of the service, to which they have been assigned, they may continue to merit the approval of their commanding officers."

A grand dress parade of the brigade was held that evening, in honor of the old 19th, after which the officers went down to Gen. Williams's headquarters, and paid him their farewell compliments. The General said that he was sorry to have the 19th go. It appeared to be the universal sentiment. Gen. Banks afterwards said he would rather have spared almost any other regiment, and if he had had it with him in Pope's campaign, that summer, he would not have lost the battle of Cedar Mountain.

February 18th, with hearts elated with hope, the regiment struck camp and left Hancock, escorted out of town by the 46th Pennsylvania, while the 28th New York and 5th Connecticut formed in the streets on either side, and bade their comrades God speed with tremendous hurrahing, as they passed. Frederick was reached at noon of the 21st, after three days' marching on horrible roads.

Here, a train of cars awaited the worn out men, procured by Col. Clark, who had interested himself in saving them the rest of the march on foot to Washington. He came out on horseback to meet them and manifested a good will for which they were deeply grateful. Baggage wagons and teams were turned over to the Quartermaster and at 3 1-2 P. M. the regiment in high spirits was flying with the speed of steam towards Washington *via* Baltimore. The Capital was reached at 3 A. M. of the 22d, a national holiday, whose joyous character well comported with the feelings of the regiment at this time. Guns and bells, with cheerful clangor, ushered in the day, as the men marched to the Soldier's Retreat, an old railroad warehouse, for rest and refreshment, and forever faded from present view as the 19th New York Volunteers.

With this chapter closes the history of the 19th New York Volunteers as a distinct organization. In many respects, it is the most memorable of the histories of regiments in the Northern army during the war. It contains instruction for politicians, statesmen and generals. The regiment had not yet enjoyed the experience of a battle, but that was not its fault. It may be considered, though, one of its misfortunes. Had it been in action, early in its career, had it had one good fight, its members would have been drawn together into that closer union and sympathy men feel in presence of danger. Its wounds would have been healed, its wrongs forgotten. It was, however, a brave, loyal, well disciplined regiment, and when it was formed into artillery those qualities told in creating the splendid reputation it soon acquired. When brought into battle in North Carolina it behaved with heroic intrepidity, and once received the cheers of the whole army on the battle field, besides winning for its Colonel his brigadier's star.

V.

ORGANIZATION OF THE 3D N. Y. VOL. ARTILLERY.

The New Companies of the 3d New York Artillery—The Old and New Join—Proceed to Fort Corcoran—The Forts, Camp and Locality—Organization of the Regiment—Kennedy's Battery—Accident—Arresting the Administration—Sick of Porter's Division on Dr. Dimon's Hands—The Regiment to go to North Carolina—Marches to Annapolis—Embarks—Arrival at Newbern

During the fall of 1861, under the supervision of Capts. Kennedy and Angell, and afterwards of Capt. Giles, there had been scattered attempts at recruiting the 19th regiment in Cayuga County. But as the 75th New York Volunteers were then being raised under flattering auspices in the County, very little was done for the veteran organization in the Army of the Potomac.

When orders came for the formation of the new artillery command, Col. Ledlie, as we have seen, went home to give his personal energy to the work. Gov. Morgan's promise of aid stood him in to good effect. By the Ides of February he had collected at Palace Garden Barracks, 14th street, in New York city, 550 new men.

Of this number a full battery of 142 men was raised through the patriotic and vigorous efforts of Capt. Edwin S. Jenney, a young lawyer in Syracuse, whose private purse furnished hundreds of dollars for the work. The Captain rented the upper stories of a large building on Salina street. He made Syracuse blaze with his banners and placards, and quickly gathered a band of the very best intelligence and blood. It was his inten-

tion to go into the army of the West, into which he had been led by friends to suppose he could be sent. He found, however, that he was required for the army of the Potomac, where, at that time, a rule existed that light artillery should be united into battalions, consisting of one regular and three volunteer batteries, commanded by the Captain of the regular battery. This entailed a sacrifice of independence and chances of promotion. He consented, therefore, to an order of the State authorties to attach him to the 3d New York Artillery, as Battery F. As such he was mustered in December 18th, 1861, by Lieut. J. R. Brinckle, 5th United States Artillery, at Syracuse. Shortly after, he repaired to New York and laid at Palace Garden Barracks some weeks previous to going to the front. The Lieutenants of the company were Alex. H. Davis, Gustavus F. Merriam, Paul Birchmeyer and James D. Outwater.

During the summer of 1861, H. R. White, Esq., of Utica, Brigadier-General of Militia, received authority from the State to raise a regiment of infantry, of which he was to be Colonel, and W. J. Riggs, of Rome, then Lieutenant-Colonel of the 46th Militia, was to be Lieutenant-Colonel. The enterprise failed, owing to the fact that several other regiments were then being enrolled in the same vicinity. Three skeleton companies only were raised. These were mustered in November 16th, at the Rome arsenal, remaining in barracks there until January 9th, 1862, when, by Gov. Morgan's order, they were consolidated under Capt. Riggs, to be attached to the 3d Artillery as Battery H. The Battery was mustered in January 9th, by Capt. W. R. Pease, 7th United States Infantry, officered as follows: Capt. Wm. J. Riggs; Lieutenants, John D. Clark, Wm. E. Mercer, Charles D. Tryon, Wm. F. Field.

Capt. James V. White, of Cayuta, Schuyler county, in the fall of 1861, raised a company of infantry at the village of Cortland and organized it as Company I, 76th New York Volunteers, Col. Nelson W. Green. At Albany, the 76th regiment was consolidated with the Cherry Valley regiment. Company I, of the 76th, and two Cherry Valley companies, were left out. By mutual consent, these companies consolidated January 16th, under Capt. White, and were, on that day, mustered in as Battery M, 3d New York Artillery, by Capt. John W. Young, 76th New York Volunteers. The Lieutenants of the Battery were Nicholas Hausen, Nelson S. Bowdish, Hiram Lehman and Martin Shaffer. A few days after, Capt. White went to New York and lay at the Palace Garden rendezvous till the battalion went to the front. He had 200 men on his rolls, but a large number

were young men and their parents took them out by *habeas corpus*. A full Battery of 158 men was left him, however.

At New York a battery was organized by Capt. Joseph J. Morrison, of that metropolis, formerly Adjutant-General of Col. E. D. Baker, slain at Ball's Bluff. Morrison had taken steps to organize his battery as an independent one for the Army of the Potomac, but at Col. Ledlie's solicitation consented to join the 3d Artillery. His men were raised partly in the metropolis, partly in central New York, and were a fine lot. They were mustered in February 19th, 1862, by Capt. F. S. Larned, 12th United States Infantry, as Battery B, 3d Artillery. The Lieutenants were S. Clark Day, Edward A. Wildt, Geo. C. Breck, J. W. Hees.

While at Palace Garden barracks, which they styled Camp Ledlie, the batteries were clad in army blue and fully equipped for heavy artillery service. As in all heavy artillery regiments, whose office it is to garrison forts and serve heavy guns, they were supplied with rifles and drilled in heavy infantry tactics.

Collecting these men, Giles, who had been made Major the 23d of January, brought them to Washington, arriving the 21st of February, joining at the Soldiers' Rest, the 19th Volunteers, on the 22d. This was the day Gen. McClellan, by the President's orders, was to have begun an advance of his splendid army, then encamped opposite Washington, to capture Manassas, which advance, by the way, he didn't make.

They reported to Gen. Wm. F. Barry, in command of the defenses of Washington, and received orders to proceed at once to Fort Corcoran, on Arlington Heights, across the Potomac. The line of March through Washington was taken up at 4 P. M. on the 22d. Georgetown was reached in the edge of the evening. Here the regiment crossed the river on the massive stone aqueduct built for the Ohio and Chesapeake canal, from which the water had been cut off in 1861, to make a military bridge; and a magnificent one it made, too. From here to the heights, the roads were soft and terribly cut up. The veterans of the regiment waded through six inches of mud, while the rain fell in drenching showers, with fair equanimity, and aided to pluck foundering wagons and teams from the mud holes, with a matter-of-course air, that the new men could not aspire to put on. So deep was the mire, that many of the wagons had to be left locked in sloughs on the way. It was pitch dark when a halt was ordered. The fort was no where visible in the gloom, neither were quarters of any sort, except a large house forming the headquarters of the post and two or three barns. The order was given to

bivouac. To pitch tents was out of the question. It was no easy task to find a dry place to sleep on that night so memorable for extra Plutonian hue, the chilling rain, and treacherous condition of the sacred soil of Virginia. Yet by close packing, the barns, and cellar, stoops and hallways of the house, were made to furnish until daylight a partial shelter, and then, the wagons coming up, camp was regularly pitched.

Arlington Heights, on the western bank of the Potomac, across from Washington, are a range of thickly wooded hills, from 200 to 300 feet in altitude. They stand a little back from the river, running almost in a direct line from opposite Georgetown to the rear of the city of Alexandria on the Potomac, nine miles below. Near Alexandria they take the name of Mount Ida—Arlington Heights proper being the northern portion of the range. The post of Fort Corcoran was located on the extreme northern end of the range for the purpose of guarding the roads and approaches to the canal aqueduct bridge. It formed in military parlance the *tete du pont* of that bridge. In February, 1862, the post comprehended five forts, viz.: Corcoran, Woodbury, DeKalb, Bennett and Haggerty; and in addition two strong log block houses and some rifle trenches placed at the immediate entrance to the bridge, for security against any cavalry expeditions that might chance to slip by the forts.

Fort Corcoran, half a mile from the bridge, stood amid open fields on a fine plantation, on the south side of the road approaching the bridge. It was built in May, 1861, by Col. Corcoran's New York regiment. A large, square, massive, bastioned earth work, with a periphery of 576 yards, the side towards the river having no parapet. but being heavily stockaded, it was surrounded by a deep ditch; and outside of the ditch, rows of thick abbatis or felled trees laid side by side, with the ends of the branches sharpened, the butts towards the fort and fastened down. It mounted fifteen 32-pound guns, and was provided with traverses, and magazines, containing 100 rounds of ammunition to each gun.

Forts Woodbury and DeKalb lay three-quarters of a mile westward of Corcoran, on a higher crest of the Heights. They were, what are technically called, lunettes with stockaded gorges; in other words, semi-circular earthworks or redoubts, facing westward like all the Arlington forts, and protected by log stockades at the rear. They stood in the midst of an original forest; but large slashings had been made in the woods around them, so that now the ground was clear and the fire of their

six guns each could be turned immediately upon enemies attacking them in front or flank. They were 275 and 318 yards in perimeter respectively, and were built after the battle of Bull Run, in conjunction with other forts thrown up to make a defensive line upon Arlington Heights. DeKalb was then the northernmost fort of the Arlington line.

Fort Bennett was a redoubt on a bold hill, half a mile north of Corcoran, mounting two eight inch howitzers and three twenty-four pounders. It was built by the 28th New York Militia, Col. Michael Bennett, in June, 1861. Fort Haggerty, another four twenty-four pound gun redoubt, down near the river, south of the bridge, was an auxiliary to the rifle trenches and block houses at the head of the bridge.

Various roads, running out towards Manassas, and up and down the river, interlacing, centered at the aqueduct bridge and were all commanded and guarded by the thirty-five cannons of these five forts.

Camp was pitched on the plateau, across the road from Fort Corcoran and north of it, about two hundred yards distant. The ground was above the ordinary malarial level of the Potomac, well drained and healthful. The men encamped in Sibley tents, floored with plank and supplied with stoves, sixteen men in a tent. Wide company streets were laid out through the camp, and ditches were dug on each side of them, conducting surface water rapidly away into a neighboring ravine. The spot was evidently a lovely one in the summer months, and even then not unattractive in many respects, although the rival of Hancock for mud. Hills, forests and plantations surrounded it on every side, of great rural beauty. At the base of the heights was the broad blue river. Directly opposite to Fort Corcoran, sat Georgetown, her warehouses crowding down to the water's edge. Two miles to the east and south, Washington lay in plain sight, decked with domes, pinnacles, colossal public buildings and monuments. In the pride of summer's verdure, and soft summer haze, the scene must have been of rare beauty, though dreary enough in that bleak March. Near by Fort Corcoran, toward the river, was the famous Arlington house, a fine large mansion, occupied in former times by Lord Ross. Before the war it was the residence of the rebel General Lee, and was in splendid condition and surrounded by elegant grounds. But everything fades where armies camp, and the old mansion was looking somewhat soiled. It constituted the headquarters of the post and as such was occupied by Lieut.-Col. Stewart.

The 3d New York (Seward) Artillery was organized, on paper,

as such, February 1st, 1862, and took its title from that day. It first united, and began to act, as an artillery regiment, February 22d. That date has, therefore, been selected as the epoch of its actual organization and proper commencement of its history.

Company B of the old 19th was consolidated February 22d, with other companies, Capt. Kennedy being then on the Peninsula in command of an independent battery, and Lieuts. Polson and Day having resigned. The condition of the regiment, as taken from the monthly report, with the names and date of rank of officers, were as follows:—

Colonel—James H. Ledlie, Nov. 18, 1861.
Lieutentant Colonel—Charles H. Stewart, Dec. 23, 1861.
Majors—Henry M. Stone, Dec. 23, 1861.
Solomon Giles, Jan. 23, 1862.
T. S. Kennedy, Jan. 23, 1862.
Adjutant—J. Fred. Dennis, Dec. 23, 1861.
Quartermaster—John H. Chedell, May 29, 1861.
Surgeon—Theo. Dimon, May 20, 1861.
Assistant Surgeon—Wm. H. Knight, Oct. 17, 1861.
Chaplain—Wm. Hart, Nov. 14, 1861.
Commissary Sergeant—George E. Ashby.
Sergeant Major—Frank G. Smith.

Company A, Capt. Charles White, 85 men; Company B, Capt. J. J. Morrison, 101 men; Company C, Capt. James E. Ashcroft, 63 men. Company D, Capt. Owen Gavigan, 95 men; Company E, Capt. Theo. H. Schenck, 64 men; Company F, Capt. Edwin S. Jenny, 142 men; Company G, Capt. John Wall, 89 men; Company H, Capt. Wm. J. Riggs, 102 men; Company I, Capt. John H. Ammon, 96 men; Company K, Capt. James R. Angel, 96 men; Company L, ——; Company M, Capt. James V. White, 145 men. Total, 1,091.

The new men of the regiment all enlisted for three years.

On the 23d of November, 1861, Capt. J. C. Peterson, 15th United States Infantry, mustered in at Auburn a company of men enrolled by Capt. C. J. Kennedy, of the old 19th, as the 1st New York Independent Battery. December 11th, Gen. McClellan issued his Special Order, No. 326, converting the 19th Volunteers into artillery, which contained this clause: "Any companies of the regiment, which may now be serving as light artillery, will be detached and mustered as independent batteries, and their places in the regiment will be supplied by other companies." This, in effect, detached Kennedy's battery, and left it an independent command. Col. Ledlie procured a revocation of the order. Special Orders, 190, afterward issued, provided as

follows:—"Pursuant to instructions from the General-in-Chief, from the Headquarters of the Army, so much of the order as directs that companies of the 19th regiment New York State Volunteers, serving as light artillery, be detached and mustered as independent companies, is suspended for the present." Kennedy's battery, restored to the 3d Artillery by this order, which, as far as we can learn, was never revoked, was designated on the regimental rolls as Co. L, and ordered to make its regular reports to the headquarters of the 3d. It made two or three, but no more. When. Capt. Kennedy left it, in the spring of 1862, Capt. Cowan, relying on the muster in as the 1st New York Independent Battery, refused to report to the 3d Artillery, and never acted in obedience to its orders. It was carried on the regimental rolls until near the end of the war, and then, at Col. Stewart's request, by letter of the War Department, it was quietly dropped. It was, in the intention of Government, a battery of the 3d New York Artillery, but its history being apart and distinct from the regiment, and it having been mustered as independent, it will not be considered a part of the 3d Artillery in these pages.

On arriving at Fort Corcoran, the 3d Artillery found the 13th New York Volunteers in charge, under command of Col. Pickell, of Maj.-Gen. Fitz John Porter's division of the Army of the Potomac. The division lay in camp four miles west; headquarters on an eminence of considerable strategic importance, called Hall's Hill. Post Corcoran formed part of its jurisdiction. The 3d Artillery relieved the 13th New York Volunteers from duty here. Its commanding officer, Col. Pickell, who had been ordered to turn over all papers and orders concerning the post to Lieut.-Col. Stewart, managed after considerable search to rake up an old ordnance manual, and Stewart having given him a receipt for that valuable document, he marched off with his regiment and rejoined the division.

The 3d at once applied itself to study and practice in the management of artillery. The officers obtained a supply of manuals, divided their companies into gun squads, and all threw themselves into work with a heartiness and zeal that soon produced the most beneficial results. In pursuance of Gen. Porter's orders, Company E encamped and drilled at Fort Bennett, Company G at Fort Woodbury, Company C drilled at Fort Haggerty, and the residue of the regiment at Fort Corcoran. The men learnt everything pertaining to the service of guns. They drilled in loading and firing; learnt to measure distances with the eye; informed themselves as to matters pertaining to range and

elevation ; learnt to wheel the guns in any direction ; took care of carriages, ammunition and bomb proofs, and many of them studied the science of constructing earthwork.

The weather was very bad during a part of this time and open air exercises were in the early part of March rather restricted. But the officers did not neglect to turn every day not positively stormy to good account. On pleasant days, battalion drill took place under Lieut.-Col. Stewart. The regiment made a splendid show on these occasions. Having received, during March, 222 additional recruits, it turned out on parade 1,350 strong, and the spectacle of so magnificent a regiment going through the showy maneuvres of the battalion in the open fields arrested a great deal of attention. Officers and newspaper correspondents often stopped to watch it for half an hour at a time. Gen. Porter and his staff happened to be riding by one day when the regiment was out and reined up their horses in front of the camp to enjoy the sight. Forming front, the regiment saluted and presented arms. The friends of the old 19th would hardly have recognized in the backbone of this handsome, well-clad, dashing corps, the celebrated tatterdemalion jayhawkers, whom, in 1861, Patterson cheated out of the good fight they thirsted for in the Shenandoah Valley.

To hard drill, the regiment added the performance of heavy guard duty. Detachments mounted guard day and night at the five forts, the aqueduct bridge, a ferry near by across the Potomac, and some block houses at the bridge where the prisoners of the regiment and Porter's division were confined. Companies also went out occasionally to do guard and provost duty at Hall's Hill.

Bad weather and hard service produced its usual effect, and sickness prevailed to a large extent. Most of the invalids were from among the new men. When the old 19th was first joined by the battalion of new men, the latter exhibited a strong propensity to look down on their rusty looking, weather beaten, travel stained comrades, and seemed disposed to consider *them* the recruits of the 3d Artillery. The lugubrious experience of the first two weeks weakened all exalted notions on this subject astonishingly.

Before the men had acquired any very clear notions on the subject of ordnance, a serious accident one day occurred. A private of Company H, named Perkins Wellington, found an unexploded Parrot shell in the ravine back of the camp, and brought it up. Discovering the leaden plug, or fuse, in the aperture of the shell, he undertook to melt it out in the cook's

fire. ' It soon exploded and mangled one of his legs so seriously that Dr. Dimon had to amputate it. Two or three others were wounded by flying fragments of the shell. Wellington died.

While in camp at Fort Corcoran, the 3d Artillery entertained a party of distinguished visitors on one occasion under peculiar circumstances. Orders had been issued that travel over the aqueduct bridge should cease at 9 P. M. The 3d Artillery which posted a strong guard of thirty-nine men there rigidly enforced the mandate. One night a heavy carriage came across from the Maryland side and tried to pass on the plea that distinguished personages were inside. The officer of the guard was summoned and promptly arrested the party and sent it, carriage and all, up to Lieut.-Col. Stewart under guard. The Lieutenant-Colonel, like a good soldier, was studying away at the tactics, when a soldier came in to announce the capture, when, looking up, Stewart, with considerable astonishment, saw Gen. McClellan, President Lincoln and Secretary Seward file into the apartment one after the other with a perspective of bayonets and a disgusted driver through the open door. "Well, Colonel," said one of the official party, "you've captured the administration." Stewart did the honors and learning the object of the party was to go to Gen. Porter's headquarters, he informed them of the strictness of orders, and sent them on under guard to Col. Averill of the cavalry, who in turn escorted the distinguished prisoners to Porter's Division. The occurrence was often smilingly alluded to afterwards.

On the 8th of March, Gen. Porter marched out with his division several miles towards the enemy at Manassas.

On the 11th, Surgeon Dimon received unofficial notice from a surgeon in Martindale's brigade that twenty of the sick of his command were about arriving at Fort Corcoran. Also, that all the sick of Porter's division had been ordered to report to Surgeon Dimon, by order of Dr. Lyman, Medical Director of the division. On the 12th, the sick began to arrive. A mile and a half from Fort Corcoran there were general hospitals. At the fort there was scarce more than the bare ground for them. Under this scandalous order, 500 sick men arrived at the fort, reporting to Surgeon Dimon, pale, emaciated fellows, some on foot, some in charge of ambulance drivers, with no report of cases, and, in a majority of instances without report of anything but their names, without stating rank, company, regiment, or disease, or even the name of the surgeon sending them. They continued to come for seven days, the principal number arriving after dark at night. By dint of great exertion, these men were at length

covered with tents. Some abandoned cooking utensils were found, the Quartermaster supplied fuel and rations, and the sick selected the stronger ones among them to cook for the rest. As far as possible, medicine was given in the worst cases. Surgeon Dimon reported the disgraceful condition of affairs to the Surgeon-General, who referred him back to the Medical Director, Dr. Lyman. Dr. L. referred him to the Quartermaster and finally directed him to turn over the men to Gen. Wadsworth, commanding at Washington, who, having, as Dr. Dimon foresaw, nothing more to do with them than the Governor of Oregon, refused to take them. After this experience in circumlocution, nothing more was done for some days, The consequence was, the men remained in the camp of the 3d New York up to the 24th of March, when the regiment was ordered away, exposing them to be left without even a medical officer who knew their condition. The execution of the order was fortunately delayed. Surgeon Dimon remained by the men faithfully, working nearly twenty hours out of the twenty-four, some of the poor fellows, however, having to be neglected by necessity, the Surgeon being without nurses, unable to get a sufficient supply of medicine, and without even a Quartermaster's clerk to see to their rations, fuel and utensils. Finally commissioners from Pennsylvania visited the hospital camp, having discovered that the sick of four Pennsylvania regiments were there. They immediately returned to Washington and made such remonstrance that it finally brought over an Assistant-Surgeon to take charge of the conveyance of the men to general hospital at Georgetown. When the regiment marched through Georgetown, on the 25th, on its way to Annapolis, the sidewalks of the town were covered with these sick men, sitting and lying on them, awaiting admission to the hospital. There was no necessity for this procedure. The Medical Director had authority to send the sick men at the first to general hospital; a regimental Surgeon had not. He, however, sent them to the camp of the 3d New York, thinking, doubtless, to save himself trouble. He might almost as well have turned them over to the ditches of the fort.

On the 20th of March, Gen. Wadsworth ordered Col. Ledlie to hold himself in readiness to move at an hour's notice. The order was promulgated in camp and the regiment learnt with considerable interest that it had been ordered into the field, its remarkable progress toward proficiency in the service of artillery and its fine and large personnel having caught the attention of Government. On the 22d the regiment drew new light artillery uniforms, and made a splendid appearance next day on dress

parade, when Secretary Seward was present to witness it. The Secretary took the greatest pride and interest in the sight, and the memories of Hyattstown and Muddy Branch, which had lingered there with pain, forever faded from his mind. Next day the regiment received from the army prisons some fourteen deserters who had received their pardons on the intercession of the Secretary.

That same day, the 24th, Col. Ledlie received marching orders. It had been determined to send the 3d New York to Burnside. This gallant General was about the only commander at that date, in the spring of 1862, who was meeting with brilliant successes. He stood in urgent need of reinforcements to carry on the operations of his department, especially requiring a light artillery regiment, and while commandants of many organizations sought to enter the service of this victorious and popular chief, the Government selected at first only four, and one of them was the 3d New York.

On the 25th of March, the regiment broke camp on Arlington Heights and wended its way to Washington. Passing the noble-hearted Secretary of State on a side street, the men rent the air with deafening cheers in his honor. Getting aboard a freight train after some delay, they finally made a start and arrived in Annapolis at daylight on the 26th. They formed column on debarking and proceeded to the Navy Yard, where they were quartered for two days. The men were kept well together, a line of sentinels preventing egress from the yard, except to a favored few, who were allowed to visit the capital on errands of curiosity and purveyance.

Gen. Dix, commanding in this department, issued the following order on the 27th:

"Col. T. C. Amory, 17th Massachusetts, will take command of the 3d New York Artillery, 2d Maryland, 17th Massachusetts and 103d New York, now embarked in this city, or at Annapolis, and proceed to Hatteras Inlet, where lighters will be ready to take them over the inner bar and orders will meet them. It is desirable that the transports keep together."

About noon on the 28th, the men were conveyed aboard the steamer *Fulton* that lay in the Patuxent, a huge, black steamer of the Cunard or some one of the coast lines, which afterwards became well known all along the coast and among blockading squadrons and was a favorite ocean transport. Her capacity was very great, but the present occasion tested it severely, for not only were the whole 1,300 artillery men stowed away in her roomy interior, but also several companies of the 103d New

York and seven hundred horses. She took them all in quite comfortably. The 17th Massachusetts embarked on the *Star of the South*. The others, on the *Ericson* and *Marion*.

Dropping down into the Chesapeake, about 2 P. M. of the 29th, the fleet steamed down the noble bay. The water was alive with magnificent vessels, and stately frigates, saucy gunboats and crafts of all sorts were passed on the way. By night fall, the fleet was stretching its course out upon the ocean. Once out of sight of land, the heaving of the ocean produced a lamentable effect upon the land men, and the bulwarks of the *Fulton* were lined on both sides, from stem to stern, with the sickest lot of men in the experience of the 3d Artillery. Land hove in sight again on the 30th, and at 10 P. M., after a wet, cold, slippery day, the *Fulton* dropped anchor within a few miles of shore, off Hatteras Inlet, the fort guarded entrance to Pamlico Sound. Burnside's fleet was to be dimly descried inside the bar, while a noble steamer, the *City of New York* lay stranded on the sand spit south of the Inlet.

Weighing anchor on the morning of the 31st, the *Fulton* steamed in close to the bar, when the troops were transferred by the little gunboat *Sentinel* and other vessels to transports inside the bar. Here they waited till nearly the middle of the afternoon, while the men thronged the sides of the transports and eagerly scrutinized and commented upon the monotonous scenery of the sand spits, the forts Hatteras and Clark on either side of the channel, the thousands of gulls and the various vessels in the fleet. At length, the fleet turned its prows down the broad Sound, and about 4 o'clock reached the mouth of the river Neuse. Following the course of Burnside and Goldsborough, a fortnight previous, in the expedition which resulted in the capture of Newbern and the forts, the fleet slowly ascended the river. The current was wide, but shallow, characteristic of all North Carolina rivers for nearly a hundred miles inland from the coast. Gloomy forests of pine covered the banks to the water's edge with scarce an opening, indicating the existence of those tangled and trackless swamps that are a feature of the coast region of this State.

About sunset, the fleet approached the crowded wharves of the city of Newbern, lying at the point of land at the confluence of the rivers Neuse and Trent.

The regiment did not go ashore till April 2d, when, being by Burnside's order attached to the 1st division of his army, Gen. John G. Foster commanding, it went ashore, landing on a wharf at the lower end of the city, near where the celebrated rebel cotton bale battery stood.

Stacking muskets and knapsacks, until all were ashore, it then formed into line and was escorted by the 24th Massachusetts Volunteers through the city to the western suburb. Camp was pitched in a large field opposite to and near a large asylum for children.

The arrival of the new troops created a general stir in the army, and was mentioned by the Newbern *Progress*, a newspaper printed by the Massachusetts volunteers. This paper mentioned another important event in the same connection. Its paragraph on the subject was as follows:—

"NEWBERN, N. C., April 5, 1862.

Large reinforcements have arrived for this department, and on Wednesday and Thursday the streets were alive with regiments marching through to occupy the camps assigned them. Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania contribute troops, and Maryland sends her loyal sons to fight against the foul rebellion that sought to draw her in.

How nobly New York has responded to the Government's call for volunteers may be seen from the fact that among the regiments she has sent here is the 103d, and this, we understand, is not by any means the highest in the number.

The 3d Artillery, which, under the act of Congress changing the organization of the army, has been raised to 1,300 men, also arrived, and was noticeable from its admirable appearance and discipline.

The division has been raised to a *corps d'armee* by these reinforcements, and the army will read with interest the following extract from general orders:—

GENERAL ORDERS—NO. 23.

DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA,
NEWBERN, April 2, 1862.

* * * * * *

1. The *corps d'armee* now in occupation of this department will at once be organized into three divisions, to be commanded, according to seniority of rank, as follows:—

First division by Acting Maj.-Gen. Foster.
Second division by Acting Maj.-Gen. Reno.
Third division by Acting Maj.-Gen. Parke.

* * * * * *

By command of Maj.-Gen. BURNSIDE.
LEWIS RICHMOND, Assistant Adjt.-Gen."

VI.

AT NEWBERN.

Burnside's Coast Division—North Carolina's Value to the Confederacy—Arrival of the 3d Artillery—Newbern—Fortifying—Details for Special Service—Schenck's Scout—Fort Totten—The 3d New York bringing up the Guns—Mounting the Light Batteries—An Explosion—A Grand Incursion Afoot—Burnside Called Away—Stewart, Chief-Engineer—The Defenses—How Paymasters Paid the Contrabands—The Health of the Regiment.

In the latter part of 1861, Gen. Burnside, who was in command of the provisional brigades into which new troops were formed in the city of Washington, had frequent consultations with Gen. McClellan about the blockade of the Potomac and the Southern coast. He proposed to raise a division, composed of 10,000 men, as many of them as possible familiar with the sea, and equip them with light draught steamers, surf boats, and sailing vessels, which could move quickly from one port to another and operate against the enemy. The larger vessels were to be armed with heavy guns to overcome opposition on the coast without waiting for iron-clad gunboats, and to be well supplied with launches and all the facilities for landing troops. All vessels to be of the lightest draft, so as to navigate the shallow rivers of North Carolina and the inlets of the Chesapeake, Potomac, and James. Burnside's plans being approved, he raised three brigades, commanded by Gens. Reno, Parke, and Foster, respectively, comprising 11,500 men, and obtained

a large fleet of North river ferry boats, light draught steamers, schooners, &c.

Upon reporting to the President that his Coast Division, as it was called, was organized and ready for action, he received orders to proceed at once to North Carolina and strike and cripple the rebellion there to the extent of his power. It was intended that his movement should have an important bearing on a nearly simultaneous movement of the grand Army of the Potomac, in Virginia, under McClellan, and by cutting the railroads that crossed North Carolina and connected Virginia with the far South, effect a diversion in McClellan's favor. He sailed at once. On February 8th he captured Roanoke Island, "the key to Norfolk," then held by a large force of rebels. March 14th, he captured Newbern, and during April and May following he carried the flag everywhere throughout the coast region of the State.

It may be remarked here, to show the value of a strong footing for the Union army in North Carolina, that in military importance this State was a battle field second only to Virginia. In fact, after Virginia seceded, the old North State became essential to the very existence of the Confederacy. Had she not been forced into joining them by terrorism, the rebels would have certainly conquered her. Across her territory ran the great Washington and Weldon Railroad, the route of the Southern mail, "the jugular artery of the Confederacy," over which half of the supplies of the rebel army in Virginia were brought and which was the highway of travel for rebel troops. It was that and other railroads in the interior, and also her agricultural resources, that gave to North Carolina her military importance. Hence, the rebels fortified Wilmington, the southern terminus of the main road, with works of massive strength, to make sure the harbor for blockade runners to slip into, and erected other works on the main roads leading from the seaboard into the interiors and garrisoned them with abundant forces, to keep their precious Weldon line from being broken by incursions from the seaboard.

The arrival of the reinforcements of April 2d was most welcome to Burnside, whose Coast Division was now much scattered. In Newbern he had scarce 5,000 men, previous to the coming of the new troops. 3,500 men had been sent to occupy Beaufort and Morehead city and lay siege to Fort Macon, while large garrisons had been left at Roanoke Island and Hatteras Inlet. The reinforcements raised the main body of the division at Newbern to 8,500 men.

Burnside took especial delight in the 3d New York Artillery. He had asked the Government to send him a competent artillery regiment, from which he might obtain material for reducing Fort Macon, garrisoning the fortifications of the department, and fitting out a force of flying or light artillery for service in the field. He visited the camp of the 3d New York upon its arrival and discovered the size and splendid discipline of the command with considerable exultation. He complimented Col. Ledlie highly thereupon.

As it was intended to preserve a permanent footing for the United States army in Newbern, being favorably situated as a base for offensive operations, Gen. Burnside made immediate preparations to fortify the city and place it in a condition to defy the most formidable assaults. It was a handsome town of eight thousand inhabitants and occupied the extreme point of the peninsula formed by the confluence of the rivers Neuse and Trent. On the east and south, it was already protected by nature by the two rivers, which were here, though shallow, a mile and a half and three quarters of a mile in width. On the north and west, it was completely exposed. The locality was a level, sandy tract, with stagnant ponds scattered over the surface west of the city, and an extensive and impenetrable pine swamp a mile or two to the westward stretching a long distance into the interior. For many miles this tangled jungle and morass occupied nearly the whole extent of country between the two rivers, the only land firm enough to bear cultivation being along the banks of the rivers. It was down these tracts of comparatively dry land by the Neuse and Trent, that two wagon roads approached the town from the west, called respectively the Neuse and Trent roads, converging in the western suburb. Between them, and near the Neuse road, ran the railroad to Raleigh.

The plan of Burnside was to erect two or three substantial forts on the western side of the city, covering the wagon roads and railroad, and connect them in time, if necessary, with a line of breastworks and rifle pits running from river to river. One strong work had already been begun by the division engineers at the central point, or key, of the whole line, viz: between the Neuse and Trent roads, close to them both, a block's distance out of town, by the first of April. This work, with which the 3d Artillery afterwards had much to do, subsequently received the name of Fort Totten.

For a while the body of the regiment remained in camp, acting as heavy infantry, sending out an occasional scouting party, and waiting for the development of the plans of the General

commanding, in regard to the disposition to be made of the several companies. The time was mainly employed in making the acquaintance of other regiments and of the locality. With a fellow regiment of Foster's brigade, the 3d New York boys formed at once a peculiarly intimate friendship, which lasted to the end of the war. This was the 9th New Jersey, Col. Hickman commanding, one of the fighting regiments of the department, which, though then a battalion of about nine hundred men, suffered such losses during the war that, being recruited up from time to time, nearly 5,000 men served in its ranks before its final muster out. As to the locality, it secured for a while a very large share of attention, being so different in many respects from the scenery in the State of New York. The country was flat and level, and diversified with immense pine forests, instead of hills and almost limitless areas of swamps instead of vales. Heavy forests bounded the horizon in every direction. At night, for miles around, the sky would be illuminated by extensive fires burning in them amongst the litter, as the exhausted turpentine trees and low shrubbery were called. The rivers, wide and shallow, having scarce a perceptible current, rising and falling with the prevailing winds, were daily the scenes of great activity, and excited great interest. They swarmed with sailing vessels, steamers, and ferry boats of every build, color and description, all the larger ones provided with heavy guns for offense and defense. The railroad bridge over the Trent, 1,900 feet long, burnt by the rebels on their evacuation in March, was also one of the curiosities to be visited, and those who had passes were sure to go down and see it.

The first detail from the regiment for active service was the sending of one company to participate in the siege of Fort Macon. Learning that, by Gen. Burnside's order, one would be sent, Capt. Ammon, of Battery I, repaired to Col. Ledlie's headquarters, and begged that he might be selected for the service. His eagerness amused the Colonel, for the Captain was, physically, the smallest line officer in the regiment, and might have been pardoned if he had seemed less anxious to enter the fray. "Why, you little cuss," said Ledlie, "what do you want to go to Fort Macon for? Why, you'll get killed." The Captain responded he expected to be off on leave of absence before long, and proposed to carry home with him some substantial honors. Seeing that he was determined, the orders for his march to Macon were finally prepared, and on the 10th of April the little steamer *Alice Price* bore him and his gallant company away.

Another chapter will relate their adventures. For the present

it is proposed to confine attention, for convenience sake, to a general view of the services and experiences of the regiment at Newbern for the year.

During April, the rebels lingered in close proximity to Newbern in some force, their movements being reported to our commanding officers, from time to time, by negroes. Information having been brought in of a cavalry picket which took stations every day on Swift's creek, ten miles above the city, north of the Neuse, Capt. Schenck went out with Companies E, A and G to capture it. A North river ferry boat carried them up the river. Landing, the men found a rebel masked battery, the guns of which they dismounted. A negro guided them through swamps and fields nearly eight miles to the picket post. They surrounded the house. But the cavalry mounted and dashed right through our thin line, three being unhorsed by our fire and one captured. After a hard day's work, the party reached Newbern again late at night.

The second detail from the regiment for special service was that of Capt. Ashcroft's company, a battery, (the technical name for a company of artillery.) By Gen. Foster's order, the ordnance department supplied the company with two iron field pieces, captured from the rebels, and on the 10th, the same day that Ammon sailed, it went out with the 23d Massachusetts Volunteers to guard the railroad bridge over Bachelor's creek, nine miles northwest of the city. It took its tents and baggage and encamped at the outpost, remaining there several weeks. Battery C was the first of the regiment that received light cannon, and it made the most of them by drilling daily in the light artillery tactics.

About the middle of April, the regiment changed camp and went out into the plain west of the city, which was dotted with the snowy canvas of the rest of Foster's brigade. The regiment camped between the Neuse and Trent roads, a short distance in rear of Fort Totten. Several companies now lent themselves energetically to the work of completing this Fort and mounting its guns. C, D and G had already been detailed for this purpose, but C having gone off on special service, K supplied its place, while at various times A, E and M performed a share of the work of getting the guns up to the Fort and into position. D, G and K encamped in the Fort in May by order of Col. Ledlie and became the garrison of the work.

Fort Totten was originally begun under the superintendency of Capt. Williamson of the Topographical Engineers, the chief engineer of Burnside's expedition. When the 3d New York

reached Newbern, only its western parapet, the one toward the enemy, had been put under way. On this several hundred liberated negroes, anxious to do something for Uncle Sam, were lustily plying pick and shovel. The earth being of a sandy nature and readily worked, by the first of May the fort was in a state of defense. Its massive parapet was up all around, eight feet high and from twelve to fifteen thick, enclosing a pentagonal area of seven acres. Though rough and uncouth, showing little of the fine finish and few of the well turned, natty angles afterwards put on them, the walls were quite compact and solid and would have done good service in case of attack.

The armament of the fort came from the rebel forts and batteries on the right bank of the river Neuse below the city, where, on March 14th, as part of the spoils of the battle, Burnside had captured enough cannon to make—with those found on the field and in the city—sixty-nine in all. As there was no longer any use for these river batteries, our Navy being competent to keep the river open, their guns were taken out and brought to Newbern and twenty-eight of them placed in Fort Totten. Most of these latter were naval guns, 32-pounders, captured by the rebels at Norfolk in 1861. Some, however, were 64-pound columbiads. Two were 100 pounders. They were brought up to Newbern by detachments from the 3d Artillery. One working party of twenty men from Battery A, under Lieut. Tomlison, took up quarters near the principal rebel battery, known as Fort Thompson, and spent several weeks there in the work. Getting the guns out they slid them down the bank and loaded them on scows and schooners. The task involved an immense amount of labor—the lightest of the huge pieces weighing at least 5,000 pounds, the larger ones weighing 9,000 and over—but was accomplished with such alacrity as to elicit the encomiums of the commanding officers. The spikes, nails and files, which the rebels had driven into the fuse holes of all the cannons, were removed by the ingenious and skillful master-mechanic, Sidney W. Palmer, of Battery G. Many of the guns had been left loaded and the charges had to be extracted accordingly before they could be moved. One heavy gun was emptied by firing it off. The detonation was terrific, for it had been loaded with two shells and a solid shot. The roar of the gun, followed immediately by the successive explosion of the shells over the water was heard at Newbern, where it created for the moment a decided sensation. Our officers were expecting an attack at that time and thought it had come. Drums beat in some of the camps and troops were put under arms until the truth was discovered.

Large detachments from Battery E under Capt. Schenck, Battery D under Lieuts. Boyle and Brannick, Battery M under Capt. White, and other companies, also, aided largely in this work. Lieut. Boyle, by order of the authorities, blew up some of the cannon that were too heavy to be quickly removed. A heavy charge of powder being put into them, they were rammed full of sand to the muzzle, and then exploded with an electric spark.

The armament of Totten was all placed in position by June. In May various companies of the regiment began to receive their equipment as light artillery. Gen. Burnside only had one field battery at the time he captured Newbern, viz: Battery F, 1st Rhode Island, and was exceedingly anxious to have more, now that he had seen the fortifications of Newbern well under way, for he purposed to take the field at an early day. He accordingly directed Col. Ledlie to mount a battalion or two of the 3d New York as fast as he could collect guns and horses therefor. In May the Colonel succeeded in obtaining some of the brass pieces taken from the rebels at Newbern battle, and gave two apiece of them to Battery B and Battery F, which immediately began the light artillery drill, under their respective able and energetic commanders, Capts. Morrison and Jenny. The full equipment of a field battery is six guns, with attendant limbers to support the trails of the guns while on the march, six caissons, a traveling forge, a baggage wagon; and also a hundred horses, each gun, caisson and wagon being drawn by six horses, and a number of extra ones being required for officers and to supply the places of those disabled in battle. But Burnside's supply of guns and teams was exceedingly limited, and the new light batteries were accordingly fitted out by slow degrees.

Early in May, Major Kennedy arrived at Newbern from the Army of the Potomac, having been promoted from the Captaincy of the 1st New York Battery, through the influence of Col. Ledlie, who needed a competent and thorough disciplinarian to whom he could entrust the training of the light battalion. He was assigned to duty May 10th. He instituted regular drills, had a school for officers in his tent and devoted himself unflaggingly to the work. Battery H having received a few guns joined the light batteries. The regiment was divided on June 5th into three battalions, the light batteries, B, F and H, being assigned to the command of Major Kennedy; C, D, G and M, heavy, to the command of Major Giles; and A, E, I and K, heavy, to Major Stone. As fast as they were mounted, the light

batteries separated from the main body of the regiment, and encamped by themselves near the Neuse.

The third detail from the regiment for special service was on the 28th of May. Battery G, under Capt. Wall, left that day for Washington, N. C., on the river Tar, to garrison the fort at that point. It had an abundance of adventure there, a recital of which is postponed to another chapter.

June 10th, Battery K was organized into a light battery and sent across the Trent to report to Gen. Reno, commanding the forces in camp there, with whom it also encamped.

June 28th, Battery M, Capt. James M. White, a splendid body of men, went, by order of Col. Ledlie, to Roanoke Island, to garrison Fort Reno on the north end of the Island. The battery remained there several weeks and then went to Hatteras Inlet and garrisoned Fort Hatteras.

By the 1st of July, Batteries B and F had received their full armament. Both had a mixed lot of guns. B had two twenty-four pound howitzers (brass,) two twelve pound howitzers (brass,) and two twelve pound Wiards (iron and rifled). F had two iron six pounders, two iron twelve pounders, and two howitzers. Horses were obtained principally from the Massachusetts regiments' baggage wagons. The old Bay State sent her regiments into the field with everything complete. A large number of her troops were in Burnside's army and their splendid teams were appropriated, as the emergency arose for them, to the use of the 3d Artillery.

While on the subject of the mounting light batteries, it may not be amiss to speak of the other additions to the field artillery of the 3d during the year 1862. Battery E was mounted with four howitzers, two twelve pounders, two twenty-four pounders, partly in August, partly in November. H received its full equipment of six guns about the 1st of December. K gave up its old pieces and on December 4th received six brand new Rodmans, three inch rifled guns, iron, throwing an elongated or "cucumber" shell. I was provided with four twenty-pounder Parrots, about the 1st of December, at which time F received six twelve pound Wiards and B six twelve pound brass "Napoleons."

The summer and fall of 1862 was spent in drilling the several companies in their respective roles as light and heavy artillery, in the perfection of the line of fortifications and in the ordinary routine of camp duties.

In the month of June, a second fort was begun by the contrabands, on the west side of Newbern, north of the principal work. It received the name of Fort Rowan. It was small, but

handsome and stout, and received for its armament four 20 lb. and 30 lb. Parrots and a 12-inch mortar. Battery A, Capt. Charles White, mounted its guns, constructed its magazines, sodded the parapets, built comfortable quarters, and became its garrison.

June 4th, 2,000 cartridges exploded in the orderly's tent of Battery G. Sherwood, Mowers, Goodrich, Bush and Quick were present at the time. Some of the party were smoking. The explosion tore the tent to tatters, and the party found itself suddenly standing in the open air. Sherwood and Mowers were considerably burnt.

On the 2d of June, Burnside reviewed the Coast Division at Newbern. Fifteen thousand men, including the 3d New York, comprising every arm of the service, were present on one field. During the review a sword was presented to Burnside, in behalf of the State of Rhode Island. Salutes by the drum corps, the pealing of artillery, the waving of flags and cheers of the troops attended the ceremony.

It was a favorite policy of our Government during the war to order simultaneous movements against the enemy in several departments at once, so as to prevent him from concentrating to resist any specific attack. In accordance with this idea, Burnside, being duly instructed thereon from Washington, prepared to make demonstrations in North Carolina, while McClellan in Virginia was advancing up the peninsula on Richmond. The rebels had withdrawn a portion of their troops from North Carolina to oppose McClellan, and Burnside was sanguine that he could cut his way far into the interior and completely isolate Virginia from the rest of the rebellion. July 1st, he issued orders for the army at Newbern to advance at daybreak of the 2d, in the direction of Kingston. All the brigade commanders issued stirring proclamations, liberally sprinkled with such orthodox phrases as "fresh laurels," "new victories," "glorious old flag," "proud confidence," and "traitorous enemy," and the troops prepared for a long expedition, Batteries B and F, 3d New York, amongst the rest. Battery K was unable to go on account of a lack of transportation. A telegram from Washington, however, arrested the movement, and no one went. Disaster had overtaken the Union arms in Virginia. McClellan, the "little Napoleon," had fled from the face of a badly beaten enemy, and the North was in a state of horror and alarm. Carolina was now to be robbed of 10,000 good Union muskets to reinforce him and restore confidence at the North. Burnside promptly abandoned the projected expedition. He embarked

the brigades of Reno and Parke, and impelled them with all speed to Fortress Monroe, himself going thither July 4th. All the regiments at Newbern paid the General a marching salute before his departure, the 3d New York, after the parade, giving itself up to Independence day festivities.

Gen. Foster took command of North Carolina by order of Burnside, having left him only 3,000 men to hold the numerous cities and forts in possession of the Federal forces.

On the 10th of August, Lieut.-Col. Stewart became Chief Engineer of the department on Foster's staff, Capt. Williamson having been relieved from duty. To the new Engineer, Foster committed more especially the work of completing the fortifications of Newbern, which now, on the withdrawal of so large a part of the army, acquired a fresh importance. Stewart applied himself to the task with accustomed energy and success. He remained in the discharge of the duties of the new position till the latter part of January, 1863, by which time he had made Newbern impregnable on the west and had done much to make it secure on the south side of the Trent. Fort Totten and Rowan were finished. A strong redoubt was built on the lines between them. A swamp in front of the lines and south of the railroad was ingeniously utilized for defense by damming up the outlet of its waters through a culvert in the railroad embankment, thus creating a large and impassable pond in front of our defenses. A strong breastwork was constructed from the Trent to Fort Totten, and thence to the swamp near Fort Rowan, a ditch protecting it in front, in some places thirty feet deep. Fort Gaston, south of the Trent, guarding a wagon bridge half a mile from the city, was finished. Fort Spinola, south of the Trent, near the Neuse, was also built, with block houses and various other works at different places on the lines.

In Fort Totten the amount of work done was immense. First, the parapets had to be revetted. Commencing at the bottom of the outer slope, in the ditch, the revetment was made with sods piled one on the other, eighteen inches thick. At the top of the ditch the sods were then laid in the usual manner, in one layer. The inner face of the parapet received a similar revetment to the ditch wall. When completed, this gave to the fort a strong turf over every foot of surface of its walls, and the grass being kept nicely cut not only gave it a superb appearance but made it proof against the elements and bombardment. The embrasures were revetted with gabions, or wicker baskets, filled with sand. In October, Lieut.-Col. Stewart founded the great traverse of the fort, a huge parapet of earth and logs on the

terra pleine of the work, 400 feet long, 35 high and 28 through at the base, to shelter the garrison behind against cannon shot during a bombardment. The construction of this was a task of enormous difficulty and consumed many months. It was not quite finished when Stewart resigned the engineership. Once, during its construction, in November, an attack being apprehended, Stewart impressed every cart and cartman in Newbern, over thirty in number, to haul dirt into the traverse and kept them hard at work for nearly ten days.

The contrabands performed all the manual labor on these defensive works. Newbern was thronged with these hardy plebes. They had fled from the interior, bringing in their wives and children, and two immense camps had been created by the authorities of the post for their accommodation. One camp stood near Fort Totten. One was south of the Neuse. Six hundred of the stoutest of the men in their camps were sorted out to do this labor on the forts, and, being divided into gangs averaging sixty each, overseers and superintendents were appointed from the 3d Artillery to supervise their operations. These officials were the following:

Superintendents—Sidney W. Palmer, Battery G; Wm. Ferguson, Wm. Hurd, Battery A.

Overseers—Chester D. Barnes, Charles Brokaw, Wm. H. Hopping, Thomas E. Post, David Ray, Richard White, Battery A; Geo. W. Hall, W. W. Siddons, Battery C; Wm. H. Johnson, Charles Rynders, Robert Riby, John Shea, Elisha Stanton, Vincent F. Story, Battery E; Laughlin McCarthy, John Rattigan, John Tearney, Battery D.

Overseers from other regiments had other gangs.

These negroes were very ignorant and needed these overseers to look after their interests, for they were being constantly imposed upon, especially by the United States paymasters. The darkies did not know the value of the money that the paymasters passed out to them on pay day, and for several months they were deliberately swindled. If the man's bill was fifteen dollars, the purveyor of greenbacks would hand him a handful of fractional notes, probably not amounting to more than five dollars, which, as he could not count, he supposed was all right. Every man would be served that way. The overseers, reporting the condition of affairs, at length put a stop to the disgraceful practice.

The health of the 3d Artillery suffered somewhat during the first summer at Newbern, owing to the peculiarities of the climate. The lack of pure spring water was a prolific source of

trouble. It was obtained for camp and culinary purposes from wells dug in the sand and marl. Much of it was of a milky hue. The people said it was unhealthy, but it had to be often used as there was no other. The soldiers drank whisky as copiously as camp regulations allowed, "to counteract the effect" The remedy was not so effectual but that, combined with the warmth and malarial influences of the swamp region, the bad water brought upon the hands of Dr. Dimon and his assistants scores of patients with dysentery. Malarial and congestive fevers also abounded, and several deaths occurred from maladies of that character. But the former was the more frequent complaint, and required care and powerful medicines in its treatment, as, until cold weather came on, it became more obstinate in its character every day. Dr. Dimon traces part of these difficulties in a measure to the food. The potato ration was not issued, the tuber in North Carolina being a coarse and watery article. Pickles were almost unattainable, as part of the ration, nor was the vinegar the genuine article made from cider. Often, too, the men were imprudent in the use of fruit and vegetables, the soldiers' failing, which in that climate was very conducive to sickness. In short, during the summer of '62, very few in the regiment did not have occasion to swallow several doses of Dr. Dimon's jalap, rhei, calomel, quinine, cornus Florida (gathered in bark from the woods by the Doctor's assistants and boiled down), and opium, and would perhaps have taken down more of some of them had the department been better stocked with medical supplies. The regiment did not, however, suffer from any severity of sickness. On the contrary, its general health was excellent, and it enjoyed a comparative exemption from serious disorders.

And now let us turn to speak of the battles and expeditions of 1862 in North Carolina, in which our regiment bore a part.

VII.

FORT MACON, WASHINGTON AND RAWLES' MILLS.

Battery I Goes to Fort Macon—The Fort—Incidents of the Siege—Death of Dart—Macon Surrenders—Testimonials to Battery I—Battery G Goes to Washington, North Carolina—Prevalence of Malaria—The Rebels Surprise the Town—Desperate Fight—Sudden Advent of Battery H—Our Victory—The Losses—The Tarboro Expedition—Rawles' Mills—A Grand Scene.

After the capture of Hatteras Inlet and Newbern, the only seaports left to the Confederates on the North Carolina coast were Beaufort and Wilmington harbors. Burnside's successes in March having isolated the former, guarded by Fort Macon, from the rebel army of central North Carolina, the General sent Gen. Parke down with several brave Rhode Island and Connecticut regiments to capture it and the Fort before the garrison of the latter could be reinforced from Wilmington. In the enterprise against the fort, Battery I of the 3d New York bore a prominent part.

The little steamer, *Alice Price*, Foster's flag ship, bore the blue-clad warriors of Battery I, eighty-five in number, Capt. Ammon commanding, armed with muskets, away from Newbern April 10th, 1862. It landed them eighteen miles below the city on the south bank of the Neuse, at the mouth of Slocum's creek. This was the spot where Burnside's Coast Division landed for the victorious advance against Newbern in March. The men bivouacked on shore for the night, in company with a detachment of infantry which they found here guarding a deserted rebel cavalry camp and some munitions of war. Sleeping on

their arms, as a precaution in case of an attack from bush-whackers who prowled the extensive swamps surrounding the locality, they rose early in the morning and began their solitary march to Carolina City. Striking through the swamps they came out on the railroad, running from Newbern down to the harbor. They followed that a distance and then took to the roads, passing deep forests of fragrant pine and fir, dotted with verdant glades full of the delicious perfume of wild flowers, with straggling cottages and bits of cultivated soil here and there along the route, and coming out into the level and open country as they approached the coast. The march of twenty miles was made in four hours. The Battery encamped, while Capt. Ammon reported his arrival to Gen. Parke. The General was waiting for artillerymen, and ordered him to cross Bogue Sound next day, and join the troops operating against the Fort.

The men could see Fort Macon across the water, two miles away, its flag plainly visible. It was one of the most important and costly of the great Atlantic sea coast defenses of our country, which the rebels had appropriated in the early days of treason. Not one of these defenses had on April 10th been re-captured by the Federal arms. To wrest this important prize from the rebels, and present it and its captured garrison to our Government, first of all the reclaimed forts, was the ambition of Gen. Parke. When taken possession of in January, 1861, at the command of Gov. Ellis, of North Carolina, Macon was in poor repair. It had, however, since then been placed in a state of complete efficiency for aggressive resistance, its armament especially having been reinforced. Its walls now bristled with sixty 10-inch Columbiads and other monster ordnance. Always rated as a work second only in strength and importance to Fortress Monroe and Fort Sumpter, it was now a work almost impregnable, if properly garrisoned and defended. It was a large, low, pentagonal, casemated structure of brick masonry, roofed with a heavy, bomb-proof embankment of earth, well sodded, forming a central peep, the guns being mounted on it *en barbette*. Encircling the central work, and with a space between forming a broad passage way, was a huge rampart of earth, half as high as the main fort, with a broad, gentle glacis, or slope towards the outside country. This formed an exterior battery, and from its parapet frowned another tier of barbette guns. It was called the water battery, and its office was also to act as a shield and protection during bombardment, to the soft, though immensely thick brick walls of the central work.

The Fort was situated at the entrance to the beautiful and ca-

pacious harbor of Beaufort, on a sand hummock occupying the north end of Bogue Island, a long, low, narrow outlying sand spit, nearly barren, peculiar to this coast, diversified with sand hills and lagoons, running parallel to the main land for twenty miles. The fire of the Fort commanded the entrance, which was known as Old Topsail Inlet, three-quarters of a mile wide, its garrison at that time being Col. Moses J. White, of Mississippi, with a company of "Atlantic" Artillery; Battery B, ten Artillery "Woodpecks," and Company H, Old Topsail rifles, and two other infantry companies, 450 in all.

Gen. Parke decided to assail in the rear by establishing batteries on Bogue Island, to either bombard it into submission, or get down its fire by dismounting its guns so that it might be carried by storm. The blockading squadron was to co-operate.

April 13th, Capt. Ammon, with Battery I, poled slowly across Bogue Sound on flat boats, and encamped on the beach of the Island. The Fort discharged sixty shells at the company, while crossing, and during the day, the only result of which, however, was to inure the men to the din of war. Gen. Parke, with his infantry, was on the Island, skirmishing with the enemy's pickets, and waiting for the arrival of the Battery. On the night of the 14th, Battery I fell into line and marched through the sand hills across to the other side of the Island. Moving silently up along the ocean beach, it then struck again into the Island, and chose a spot in the edge of the sand hills, 1,400 yards from Fort Macon, just in rear of the crest of a sand knoll, for an earthwork for a ten inch mortar battery. Throwing off all impediments, the men went at once to work. The loose crumbling sand of the Island was miserable stuff to construct a reliable rampart of, but the boys set themselves resolutely at it, knowing that in the coming bombardment, the strength of their work was to be a matter of considerable personal importance. They made the parapet straight, without embrasures, mortars being fired into the air and not requiring them. It was eight feet high, and revetted and kept in place on the inside by bags of carpet, packed with sand and securely wired together. On the 18th, Lieuts. Kelsey and Thomas took twenty men and began the erection of a breastwork, 100 yards to the right and front, for an eight inch mortar battery. The men toiled at this work ten days and seven nights, building their works and placing in position their mortars, four in each battery. They had to bring these up at night with the assistance of teams from the rear. The days were warm and the work excessively tiresome, and exposed the men somewhat to danger from the occasional shots from the Fort.

Magazines had also to be built to shield the ammunition from danger while in action, and shot, shell and powder had to be brought up to stock them. The men spared no exertion in this work, stopping only now and then to snatch a brief repose, sleeping on the ground in the soft sand in their blankets, until the 24th, when all was in readiness for assailing the Fort. Meanwhile a third battery had been made 300 yards in front of the ten inch mortar battery, mounting four Parrot cannon in embrasures. The putting of the armament into these works was a task of great magnitude and was performed in a spirit that evoked a testimonial from Burnside, who came to the Island and inspected the operations. He said, (in March, 1863,) "At the siege of Fort Macon, the hardships and difficulties which the troops had to undergo in the transportation of the guns, mortars, ammunitions and provisions, through the intricate channels and over the sand hills, exceeded everything that I have ever known in the way of land service. It was all performed by the men without a murmur."

The enemy did not, of course, permit these operations to go on unnoticed. He constantly annoyed the growing earthworks with shot and shell, though without stopping operations. The men soon learnt to listen for the report of the rebel cannon and watch for the coming shot and dodge it.

The Fort being summoned to surrender very naturally refused. Gen. Parke, therefore, ordered the attack for the next day, it being arranged that Capt. Morris should have the honor of firing the first gun, and that our blockading fleet outside the harbor should steam in to shore and co-operate.

The men of Battery I quietly took their places around their mortars in the two breastworks before daylight of the 25th. The monster pieces, mounted on strong wooden platforms, were loaded with shells and all things held in readiness for the bombardment, every man being assigned his specific duty to perform during the day in serving the mortars and bringing powder and shells from the magazines. Meanwhile Capt. Morris's men stood to their guns, and Gen. Parke sent out a regiment to reinforce the picket line, lodged away out in front among the sand hummocks for the purpose of repelling any sorties from the fort upon the redoubts, or of assaulting if ordered so to do. Precisely at 5 A. M. the Parrot Battery spoke. The thunder of a gun boomed to Fort Macon an angry jostling of its garrison from slumber. Capt. Ammon stood watching over the parapet of the ten-inch mortar battery. In his hand he held the lanyard attached to the friction fuse of a shotted mortar. When he saw

Capt. Morris, with a quick jerk, evoke the music of one of the Parrot guns, he sprang down and pulled the lanyard of the mortar, firing the second gun in the bombardment of the devoted fortress. Then from every redoubt, with a concussion that shook the earth, there leaped into the air jets of spurting flame and huge columns of thick, gray smoke that, rolling down a moment after, enfolded and hid from sight every battery, while twelve monster shells well aimed carried devastation into the fort. At the first gun, the sentinel, in his usual perch upon the cross-tree of the flag-staff at Macon, dropped to the ground with the celerity of light and vanished behind the rampart. Cannon and mortar, the one with horizontal, the other with curved fire, began, after the first salvo, a steady, persistent, rapid bombardment. For full twenty mintues the Fort was mute, the only smoke curling from its walls being that made by the explosion of our shells. The mortar firing was at first a little wild—many shells going clear over the fort; but this was soon corrected. One of the very first of the ten-inch mortar shells, however, which Ammon saw fired in person, landed plumb in the water battery of the fort. Rolling up the brick walk, it lay there whizzing furiously. A sentinel on duty close by, paralyzed with terror, stood rooted to the spot, gazing at the unwelcome missile till it burst, when a fragment of it blew his head off. The eight-inch mortars under Lieuts. Thomas and Kelsey were gallantly served and were now pouring in a furious rain of shells. At length, the deep boom of a thirty-two-pounder from the Fort gave out an answer to the bombardment, and the heavy missile came bounding in among the sand hills, throwing up great clouds of dust. Other guns then opened, and in a short time Columbiad and Parrot thundered defiance from the rebel ramparts. By eight o'clock, eighteen guns, pointing up the Spit, were at work at us and kept up a heavy and continuous discharge, sending a furious storm of shot and shell, roaring and bursting over and into the redoubts to the great destruction of their parapets. They were aimed at first, principally, at the Parrot battery, which, being most exposed, was assailed first. Later both mortar batteries came in for a heavy direct fire. The ten-inch battery was imperiled by the fire on the Parrot gun redoubt, however, quite as much as that redoubt was; for the rebel shot hurled at it, bounding, generally landed in or around the ten-inch battery behind it.

The service of mortars is a laborious and begriming occupation, and the men of the 3d Artillery were soon blackened with powder and dust, till, seen through distorting smoke, toiling at their fierce engines of destruction, they looked like infernals.

By eight o'clock the mortar firing became very accurate, and nearly every shell was neatly dropped in the besieged fort. Some, falling on the parapets, buried themselves deep, and then exploding heaved up on high great black clouds and columns of wood, brick, sand and debris, completely hiding, as they fell, the rebel guns. Others dropping into the interior annoyed and wounded the garrison.

The rebels at first outnumbered us in guns. To our twelve they replied with eighteen, and among these was one great 128-pounder Columbiad. The crash of this gun was so distinct and deep that it dominated over the pealing of the 32-pounders and could be told every time it was fired. About 9 o'clock, the Federal redoubts received the assistance of the gunboats *Daylight*, *Chippewa*, *Albatross*, and *State of Georgia*, who came near the Spit and sent in an enfilading fire, but the water was rough, and they early had to retire.

The commotion created in Ammon's redoubt by the firing was terrific. It now began to work evil consequences. Rebel shot tore up the parapet and began to disintegrate it, throwing showers of sand over into the redoubt, while the blast and concussion of the mortars shook down the crumbling rampart. The men were actually uncovered, and about 11 o'clock were forced to lay down, and for a while take the storm of rebel shot without replying to it. The redoubt was rebuilt again, however, and before long again sent in a heavy fire, with great persistence and excellence of aim. The guns of the fort were now being gradually knocked down and deserted. By 3 P. M. all had been silenced but one. That was the great 128-pounder, which could not be seen and could not be searched out by our balls. It kept up a slow fire till the last moment.

At 4 o'clock our triumph came and the Fort displayed a white flag. Our batteries ceased firing at once, and a flag of truce coming out, Capt. Pell, of Burnside's staff, Lieut. Prouty, of the Ordnance department, Capt. Ammon, Lieut. Thomas, and Lieut. Hill, of Parke's staff, went forward to meet it. On the way they passed the regiment, which had been placed on our picket line. It lay half buried in the sand tossed upon it by the bounding cannon shot. Gen. Parke being signaled, thereupon, gave his consent to an armistice, and one was agreed upon till 9 A. M. next day, at which time the Fort surrendered. Gen. Parke had hoped that it would be the first of the great United States forts reclaimed from the rebels. But Fort Pulaski had been captured by Gen. Gilmore April 11th, two weeks before. It was, however, the second captured work, Forts Jackson and St. Philip not being taken by Butler till the 27th, two days later.

One man only was killed among the United States forces in this siege. This was William Dart of Ammon's battery. When the fire of the Fort had somewhat slackened, the men of the battery had braved danger freely, and looked over the parapet to see the bombs burst in the fort. When a puff of smoke showed the discharge of a rebel cannon, the men would look against the sky for the ball, and dodge below the parapet in time to avoid it. Once two guns had been fired from the fort, which Dart failed to observe. While bravely exposing himself to danger, and driving a range stake for his mortar, a solid shot struck him in the breast, killing him instantly.

Two men received wounds during the siege, in Capt. Morris's battery.

The rebel loss was 8 killed, 20 wounded, and 430 prisoners, besides 50 guns, 20,000 pounds of powder, 400 stand of arms, and 20 horses.

Our forces took possession of the fort on the morning of April 26th, the 5th Rhode Island marching in with colors flying. The effect of our shot and shell was regarded with curious eyes. It was terrible. The ramparts, the ground inside, the ditches, were strewn with thousands of iron fragments of exploded shells. The parapets were ploughed and rent, the inner walls gashed in a hundred places, chimneys were knocked flat, guns dismounted and gun carriages were knocked to pieces and their splinters scattered in every direction. One 30-lb. Parrot shot, meeting some railroad iron, set up to protect a doorway, cut four rails square off, and buried itself its length in brick masonry. During the firing Battery I threw into the fort 560 effective shells.

Col. Rodman took command of the captured fortress temporarily, Capt. Ammon's battery, in honor of the share borne by it in its reduction, being given the Colonel for artillery garrison. On the 26th, Gen. Burnside issued the following order:

"The General commanding takes peculiar pleasure in expressing his thankfulness to Gen. Parke and his brave command for their patient labor, fortitude, and courage, displayed in the investment and reduction of Fort Macon. Every patriot heart will be filled with gratitude to God for having given to our beloved country such soldiers."

Burnside then ordered the 4th Rhode Island, 5th Rhode Island and 8th Connecticut Volunteers, Capt. Ammon's Battery and Capt. Morris's Battery, to inscribe on their banners, "Fort Macon, 26th April, 1862." This was the first victory written on the flag of the 3d New York Artillery.

The success of Battery I was hailed with delight at Newbern.

The brother officers of Capt. Ammon sent at once to Tiffany, the jeweler, in New York, for a beautiful guidon flag of crimson and white silk, fringed with yellow, hung on a black walnut staff with a solid silver spear head, with an inscription commemorating the victory. The letter accompanying its presentation was as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS 3D NEW YORK ARTILLERY,
NEWBERN, N. C., August 19, 1862.

Captain:—In behalf of the field and staff of this regiment, I have the honor to present to you, as the representative of Company I, 3d New York Artillery, a guidon inscribed, "Fort Macon, April 26th, 1862," which inscription you won the right to wear on your colors by the fine endurance displayed by your command during the long days and nights of preparation, (being constantly exposed to the fire of a watchful and untiring enemy,) and by heroic valor at the bombardment of Fort Macon, which was won also by the blood of one of your brave men. It is gratifying to know, that, though exposed to the terrible hail which fell around incessantly for ten long hours, not a man of your command faltered; but all fought like heroes until the white flag upon the epaulment announced that Fort Macon had fallen. Hoping you may win new laurels and that other inscriptions may grace your colors, I have the honor to be,

Yours Very Truly,
JAMES H. LEDLIE,
Colonel 3d New York Artillery."

Upon the staff of the guidon a silver plate was lettered thus: "Presented by Colonel Ledlie, Lieut.-Col. Stewart, Major Stone, Major Giles, Chaplain Hart, Q. M. Chedell, Surgeon Dimon, Adj. Dennis, Asst. Surg. Knight."

Col. Rodman remained in command at Macon a short time only, a day or two. Capt. Ammon succeeded him and was commandant until May 27th, when he was ordered home on recruiting service. Battery I remained at the Fort till December. It was ordered to Newbern then to take part in an expedition. It arrived there December 3d.

Major Giles was commandant at Macon in January, 1863. and Major Stone was commandant there from June, 1863, to May 15, 1864.

June 27th, 1862, Battery G, Capt. John Wall, 3d New York Artillery, about ninety strong, equipped with muskets as heavy artillery, was ordered by Col. Ledlie to go to Washington, N. C.,

to garrison the fortifications then being built for the defense of that town. It was to take with it five brass and one iron six pound field pieces, captured by the rebels from us at the battle of Bull Run and retaken at the battle of Newbern. The Battery arrived at Washington on the North river ferry boat *Curlew*, at 4 P. M. of the 28th, going into barracks on the wharf for the night. Next day it was quartered in buildings in the town.

Washington, familiarly called by our troops Little Washington to distinguish it in speech from the Capital of the United States, boasting, in 1862, 3,000 inhabitants, occupies a site on the north bank of the Tar River, which is wide and ten feet deep here and is crossed by a long bridge. Its garrison on the arrival of Battery G consisted of the 1st North Carolina Union Volunteers, Col. Potter commanding; 24th Masschusetts Volunteers; a company of Marine Artillery, and a company of the 3d New York Cavalry,—the whole under command of Col. Potter. In the stream lay the Union gunboats *Pickett* and *Louisiana*. The greater part of the 24th Massachusetts, with its splendid band, (Gilmore's,) was ordered to Newbern the day Battery G arrived, and the Marine Artillery went away July 1st.

The defenses of Washington were as yet in embryo; but a force of 300 contrabands were stoutly at work upon them. The points chiefly to be guarded were the roads, of which there were three, viz: the Greenville road, running out of the town, along the river, westward; the Jamestown road, running out to the north-west; the Plymouth road, striking off to the north-east. Between the first two there was being built a square, bastioned field fort, called Fort Washington, the profiles for which were given by Sidney W. Palmer, and on each road a block-house of logs and a redoubt. A fourth block-house and a redoubt were on the bank of the river below the town. Our engineers designed that these works should be joined by a line of good breastworks, or rifle trenches, clear around the place, except on the east. That side was protected by a marsh, grown over with woods, an arm of the great Alligator Swamp, which occupies the whole peninsula between the Pamlico and Albemarle rivers, and here comes to almost the very edge of the town. These works were well under way when Battery G arrived.

Early in July the Battery received orders to move out of town, which it did. A detachment with a section, two guns, was posted on each road, the men camping near by in pleasant fields.

Things went on very quietly in July and August. The time

was improved in finishing Fort Washington and the block houses and in drilling. A foray of some of Battery G's boys on a farmer's honey, one night, is remembered as making a ripple of excitement. Such an uproar of dogs and men arose therefrom, that the drums of the post beat to arms under the idea that there was an attack.

During August sickness prevailed to an alarming extent. Miasma from the swamps entailed fevers. At one time, in Battery G, sixty-two men were in hospital, leaving only thirty-two fit for duty. There were several deaths. The faithful attention of the Surgeon of the gun boat *Louisiana* to the sick men is remembered with gratitude. Battery G was so weakened by sickness that two sections (four guns) were sent into the town, Sept. 1st, and the guns parked in the hospital yard. There were not men enough to work them. The hospital was a large academy building, near the heart of the town, on a corner where two streets crossed. A smaller building, on a corner diagonally opposite from the academy, was also used as a hospital, and was full of sick men at the time of the occurrence about to be described.

Gov. Clark, of North Carolina, wanted to signalize the close of his administration by some brilliant passage of arms. The fruit of his anxiety was brought forth about September 1st, in an attack by 1,400 rebels at Plymouth, about thirty-five miles north of Washington, which, however, was beaten off easily. The prevalence of sickness in Washington, having been reported to the rebel forces, presented to them their opportunity, and next tempted an attack on that post.

Gen. Foster at this time had planned a cavalry expedition to Rainbow Bluff, on the Roanoke river, to look after some threatening rebel preparations said to be going on there, and on the night of September 5th, four companies of the 3d New York Cavalry, under command of Lieut.-Col. Mix, and Battery H. 3d New York Artillery, four guns, under Capt. Wm. J. Riggs, landed in Washington from transports from Newbern, and bivouacked on the dock. At 4 A. M. of the 6th of September, the detachment formed in column on the street, marched through the place, and moved rapidly out on the Plymouth road northeastward. A dense fog hung over the river and town and completely veiled the movement.

At precisely the same hour, a rebel raiding party of 500 infantry, with two companies of cavalry, was stealing up towards the town, on the opposite side, under cover of the same fog. It came up on the Greenville road and entered the town be-

tween the road and river, through the corn field and private grounds of James Ghrist, a wealthy rebel, who is supposed to have led the party in in person. The cavalry came in on a gallop, capturing our videttes, and awakening the town and garrison by their yells and firing. The 24th Massachusetts and 1st North Carolina Volunteers, in their barracks, down by the river, promptly sprang to arms. At the academy, the firing was simultaneously heard, and the men on guard ran in shouting to the convalescents, "Turn out, boys, the rebs are here!" All who were able turned out pell mell and ran down into the yard and street, and stood for a moment in the gray mist listening to the din that came from the west and the river.'

It was plain that serious business was afoot. On the impulse of the moment, Quick, Agnew, Graham, Foster and other convalescents hurriedly dragged one of the guns out of the academy yard into the street. A charge of cannister was rammed home, and the gun pointed up the street, running westwards to the Greenville road. Suddenly a piratical looking crew of rebel cavalry came galloping through the fog up from the river straight for the academy. One of the men cried, "Those are rebels." The old brass gun was swung rapidly around, and Quick thrust the friction fuse into the vent and was trying to hook on to it the lanyard, by which it was to be discharged, when, with terrific yells, the rebels charged right over him and slashing and firing at his comrades who were running in every direction for cover. Some managed to escape. But Agnew was shot dead, others were wounded and the rest were driven into the hospital. The rebel infantry came up a moment after and placed a guard over the academy and hospital. That the attacking party was well informed of the position of things in Washington is clear, from the directness with which their cavalry charged for the academy, and from their bringing spare horses to draw off the captured guns.

Meanwhile, the sounds of battle had assailed the ears of Lieut.-Col. Mix and Capt. Riggs, *en route* for the north. "Left about" was the word, and the expedition came thundering into town on a full run. Riggs's pieces were planted at the corners of two streets, pointing westward, under Lieuts. Mercer, Field and O'Neill; one piece being sent down to the docks to help out the infantry which was making a stand there. Lieut. O'Neill's gun was placed in position to sweep the street that ran by the academy, and loaded with cannister. Through the fog a company of infantry could be seen drawn up across the street. Lieut. Gourand, of the 3d Cavalry, went forward to reconnoiter

and got back with word that they were rebels, just in time for O'Neill to open fire before the enemy's charge had reached him. Before the terrible blast of iron hail that he sent tearing through it, the gray line advancing on him broke and retreated in confusion behind the corner. It formed and charged again, and again was driven back with cannister. The vain attempt was repeated a third time with a like result. But now the rebel sharp-shooters got behind trees and concentrated upon the devoted band serving the gun such a withering fire, that every man upon it was either killed or wounded. Among the latter was Arthur Millard, of Battery G, who served as a volunteer on this gun and with the utmost intrepidity; Corp'l Smith loaded and fired this piece twice alone. O'Neill now brought off his piece and took it down to the river where it afterwards did further good service.

The sudden onslaught of Lieut.-Col. Mix's party considerably astonished the butternuts, who were utterly unaware of their presence in the vicinity till that moment. When Riggs opened fire the rebels were staggered decidedly, but they recovered and renewed the fight with Battery G's captured pieces, which they brought to bear on the new assailants. Lieut. Field engaged two of them hotly for two hours. During the fight, a party of Confederates rode up to this officer and called out to know whether he was a "Yank" or "Johnny," the fog and smoke rendering it almost impossible to tell friend from foe. Field replied with a fire of cannister which mowed a lane of death through their ranks, and they fled precipitately.

The gun boats *Pickett* and *Louisiana*, lying in the river, cleared the decks for action, early in the fight. The *Pickett* went out of the fight at the first discharge. Her magazine exploded, killing Capt. Nichols, her commander, and nineteen men. The cause has ever remained a mystery, but it is thought that some sailor went into the magazine with a candle and let it fall. This sad affair was the principal loss of the day. The *Louisiana*, however, did splendid execution. Her big guns raked the street in front of the academy, where the rebels made their principal stand and were trying to work the captured battery, with huge shells, and the tremendous concussion of the guns, and the strange hum of the great shells as they flew by and burst, carried panic among the rebels at every discharge. The locality of the academy was now a pandemonium, such as few men live to hear. The air was filled with the yells of the enemy, the shrieks and curses of the wounded who strewed the ground, the sharp whang of round shot, the crash of shells and

whirr of falling fragments, the sighing and rushing of canister, while artillery vollied on all sides, and a constant rattling of musketry and whistling of bullets combined to make up a chorus of horror. The rebels fought with desperate and admirable courage, and when the roar of the *Louisiana's* guns broke out they charged down several times to take them, thinking them to be a new field battery brought into action. But human nature could not endure the trial of fire to which they were subjected, and they always came back in confusion, scattering into the door yards.

The academy was terribly shattered by the iron storm that whirled around it, being completely riddled by the shells. The rebels got behind it for shelter, and Battery G's men saw two of them stricken down by the fall of a chimney, toppled over by a shell.

Capt. Wall was in the fight and did good service. His quarters were on the east side of the town. He repaired at once to the docks and fought with a company of North Carolina volunteers. During the day, he was separated from his command and was collared by a rebel Captain, but he took the rebel a prisoner and brought him in to the lines.

Lieut. Robinson, with twenty-eight men, was at his fort at one of the block houses.

At last, after four hours of hard and bloody battle, the Confederates gave up the town in disgust and fled hastily off by the Greenville road, pursued by our cavalry. They left their guard over the academy standing, and the Battery G's convalescents, jumping out of bed, seized their muskets and took the guard prisoners.

The total Union loss in this affair was nine killed, forty-one wounded, and about twenty prisoners. The loss of the 3d Artillery was four killed, eight wounded and nine prisoners, besides the four guns, viz:

BATTERY G.

Killed—Samuel S. Andrews, Frank Agnew, Artemus A. Dresser.

Wounded—Arthur D. Millard, hip.

BATTERY H.

Killed—Anthony Legger.

Wounded—Corp. Wilson Smith, knee, seriously; C. Merchant, shoulder; Albert Mott, leg; Geo. Olcott, back; J. McCrane, hand; John Malone, hip; Frank Rase, hip.

The missing were of Battery G, viz: Wm. W. Bush, Augustus

R. Leonard, James B. Benson, Irwin Castleton, Milan Burns, James W. Chapman, Wm. Emerson, Alvius Jockquett, Abijah H. Loveland. They were carried off under guard and were in captivity several months, but were all ultimately exchanged.

The rebels suffered severely. The streets around the academy were strewn with their gory bodies, and in the roads everywhere and in the fields were scores of others. Their loss was over 110 in killed and wounded and forty prisoners. The canteens of some of the dead were found to contain mixed whiskey and gunpowder. Both infantry and cavalry were dressed in butternut colored clothes with slouched hats.

September 8th, Gen. Foster and Col. Ledlie arrived from Newbern to view the ground of the action. The brave conduct of Battery G's men was highly complimented by both officers. For Battery H was reserved the honor of a General Order in testimony of its gallantry. This compliment was as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA.
NEWBERN, N. C., September 20th, 1862.

General Order, No. 37:—The General commanding this department desires to express his approbation of the conduct of Capt. Riggs's Battery of light artillery of the 3d New York Volunteers, in the attack on Washington, N. C.; and particularly commends the conduct of Corporal Wilson Smith and the gunners manning the gun, stationed at the intersection of First and Bridge streets, who stood to their guns until every man was shot down. The General accepts this as an augury of what may be expected of the battery on future occasions.

By command of Maj.-Gen. J. G. FOSTER.
JAS. H. STRONG, Lieut. and Act. Asst.-Adj.-Gen."

Battery G and Battery H both inscribed "Washington, N. C., Sept. 6, 1862," on their guidons.

As soon as possible after the fight, the infantry garrison of Washington was strengthened by three companies of the 7th Massachusetts. The sick men of Battery G were sent to Newbern, and a large number of new recruits were assigned to Capt. Wall to replenish his ranks. The defenses of the town were rapidly perfected. Battery G was ordered into Fort Washington as its garrison. It remained in the fort some time, acting both as heavy and light artillery, sometimes guarding the fort, sometimes the block houses, where 6-lb. guns were posted, and doing picket duty on the roads leading out of the town. During November and December, and through the winter, rebels lurked in the vicinity constantly, and at times skirmished with our pick-

ets. In February, '63, they ventured so near that some shells were thrown at them from the fort.

When Burnside left North Carolina to go to the relief of McClellan, he placed the Department under the command of Brig.-Gen. J. G. Foster.

Gen. Foster came of good old Revolutionary stock and was a bold and enterprising commander. He graduated at West Point in 1842 in the Engineers. He fought in Mexico under Scott, taking part in every battle from Vera Cruz to Molino del Rey. At the latter he received a wound in the knee while leading a division of the storming party on Casa Mata. The severity of the wound nearly cost him his leg; but he stoutly refused amputation. The wound, however, never fully healed and gave him much trouble in after years. It was still a distress to him during the Rebellion. He received three brevets during the Mexican War. In 1859 he was made Engineer in charge of the forts at Charleston, and was one of the garrison of Sumter at its capture in April, 1861.

Foster was a bold and enterprising commander. The smallness of the force left to him by Burnside compelled caution, yet, during the summer and fall of 1862 he constantly harassed the enemy by expeditions in small force and kept them ever in such apprehension of attack that he made North Carolina a perpetual worry to the Confederate Government. The rebel element in the whole eastern and central part of the State was so paralyzed that Jeff. Davis sneeringly remarked to Gov. Vance, that "North Carolina was a dead weight on the Confederacy." Gen. Foster's operations brought on the fights of Bachelor's Creek, near Newbern; Trater's Creek, between Washington and Plymouth; Rainbow Bluff, Plymouth and Washington,—the latter being the one which we have just recorded at length.

Several regiments, mostly from Massachusetts, being sent to Foster in the course of the summer and autumn, the General determined on a bold enterprise. The Army of the Potomac was about to advance on Fredericksburg. To create a diversion, an expedition was organized to cut the Weldon railroad, and also to destroy two rebel gun boats reported to be in process of construction in the Roanoke at Williamston.

Newbern was left under command of Col. John Kurtz, of the 23d Massachusetts. Foster said to him in writing, "Your instructions are simply to act in all things on your best judgment. If attacked, defend to the last practicable moment." Lieut.-Col.

Stewart, who, by Col. Ledlie's order of October 4th, had been left in command of the 3d Artillery, was to remain as Engineer and Chief of Artillery of the post.

The troops for the expedition were gathered together at Washington on the Tar. Two brigades went thither by water from Newbern. The cavalry (3d New York,) and artillery, with Col. T. J. C. Amory's brigade, came up overland, arriving Saturday evening, November 2d, 1862. The artillery force was commanded by Major Kennedy and comprised Battery B, 3d New York Artillery, six guns; Battery F, six guns; Battery H, four guns; Battery K, four guns; Belger's Rhode Island Battery, six guns; and some marine artillery. Among the regiments of Amory's brigade was the 9th New Jersey, one of the most daring lot of warriors in the service, between whom and the 3d Artillery there ever existed a singularly warm and fraternal attachment.

On Sunday morning, November 3d, Foster put his long train of artillery in the middle of his column of 10,000 men, placed Stevenson's brigade in the advance and made a rapid march northwards in the direction of Williamston. The country was level and sandy. But the road ran through dense forests and the soil was at times swampy. The day was hot and progress slow. Passing a deserted rebel cavalry camp, lying in ashes, about 4 P. M., the occasional rifle crack of the advance guard changed to a sustained fire that indicated business on hand. At Old Ford, 700 rebels with two cannon disputed the way. Belger's Battery opened fire and Stevenson's infantry advanced, when the rebels fell back from rifle pits they had made a mile or more to the crossing of a stream, at a place called Rawles Mills. The creek ran through a gulley. On the other side were woods and in the road a newly made earthwork. Here the rebels made a second stand. Batteries B and K, 3d Artillery, came quickly up, and while the infantry was trying to put out the fire the rebels had set on the bridge, they discharged shell for an hour at the rebel redoubt and the woods where their infantry lay concealed. Twilight came on and the flash of our bursting shells became visible in the gloom. Our infantry now began to cross the stream, and late at night the rebels suddenly ceased firing and ran.

The troops bivouacked while pioneers rebuilt the bridge. In the morning the advance was resumed—Battery K with the advance. As our men crossed the stream, the effect of their shells excited comment. The redoubt and the trees around it were badly gashed, and here and there a dead rebel or an artil-

lery horse lay, showing the enemy had met with loss. Our advance was evidently a source of disquietude to the rebels. They skirmished heavily in the front all day, making a pause on the banks of streams and opening fire with cannon to retard us, and then, as we came up, limbering up and scuttling away again to repeat the experiment further on. Williamston was entered and passed about midnight. The army bivouacked near it.

The navy co-operated in this movement up to this point, moving up the Roanoke abreast of the army. The gunboats *Hunchback*, *Valley City*, *Perry* and *Hetzel* were among the number.

Finding no iron-clads at Williamston, Foster turned off westward and struck straight for Tarboro, with the hope of cutting off three Confederate regiments there and eventually reaching the Weldon Railroad a few miles beyond. On the 4th he advanced to Hamilton, encamping two miles beyond the town, capturing with his infantry some rebel fortifications at Rainbow Bluff, on the river, three miles below the town. Our cavalry on entering Hamilton found the roads alive with wagons of people leaving the place in the greatest terror of the terrible Yankees. On the 5th, Foster pushed on to within six miles of Tarboro, his scouts going to within a mile of it.

While in camp that night the whistling of locomotives and commotion of railroad trains, conveyed to the ear of Foster intelligence that a large force of the enemy was being collected in his front. Pickets came in with information that that was the fact. Foster called a council of officers. Major Kennedy attended it. The General laid the truth before the council, and asked the opinions of the officers as to attacking or retiring. Their names were called. Some were for fighting, some for going back. Kennedy voted to fight. So did the Colonel of the 10th Connecticut, a regiment of only 350 men. Foster voted last, and was for going ahead. The majority favored retiring. This course, on consideration, the General resolved to take from motives of prudence. A day was spent before Tarboro, and then the army marched back to Hamilton, fifteen miles away, in mud and rain.

Next day, the 8th, amid snow and sleet, the army pushed to Williamston, where it remained two nights. The exhausted troops were quartered in the houses. A sight met the eyes of our patriot soldiers here which filled them with anger. It was the whipping post of the slaves. The post was cut down, with great excitement, and the town jail, where slaves had been habitually confined, was burnt to the ground, neither ever again to be the instruments of wrong and oppression. By the riotous

conduct of drunken marines, Williamston was set on fire before the army left it. Gen. Foster severely reprimanded the act.

Plymouth was reached on the 10th. The army encamped within a few miles of the place on the farm of a rich old rebel planter. After the privations of the raid, the bivouac on this plantation, swarming as it was with poultry and stocked with vegetables, was something pleasant. Our lads subsisted on the enemy on this occasion, much to the wrath of the ardent old fire eater's family. The camp here was a most picturesque one, and the scene at night will never fade from the memory of those who saw it. The thousand flickering camp fires, whose beams glinted from cannon and wagons and stacks of burnished arms, and lighted up flags and white tents and rows of picketed horses, were surrounded by merry groups of volunteers, laughing, playing cards, and watching darkies dance, or gravely discussing the prospects of the war. From time to time, silvery bugle notes floated over the camps from far and near, and drums beat signals for the various rounds of duties of camp service.

On the 11th, a portion of the army embarked at Plymouth and went to Newbern, ending the Tarboro expedition. The results of this expedition were the giving the rebels a grand scare and the release of several hundred slaves from bondage.

The Batteries of the 3d Artillery, with an infantry force under Col. Bartholomew of the 27th Massachusetts, remained at Plymouth till the latter part of the month. To protect the town against an attack the rebels were supposed to intend, the Batteries were disposed on the various roads converging at the town to guard them. On the 22d, Sergt. Loren S. Bradley, Corp. Edward Richardson, and three privates of Battery B were captured while out foraging. They were afterwards exchanged at Camp Parole, Annapolis.

Foster was now gathering his forces at Newbern for a raid of more business-like proportions, and the Batteries at Plymouth were brought down on transports to that post.

VIII.

FOSTER'S EXPEDITION TO GOLDSBORO.

Foster's Orders—Organization of the Column—The Advance—Obstructions at Deep Gully—Capture of Redoubt at South-west Creek—Lieut.-Col. Stewart in a Hot Place—Battle of Kinston—Saving the Bridge—Morrison's Prisoners—Shelling the Town—Advance into Kinston—Dash at the Blockade—The Spoils—Advance to Whitehall—The Battle—Hackett's and Ryan's Death—Mercereau's Shot—On to Goldsboro—Burning the Bridge—Army Commences to Return—Attack on the Rear Guard—Morrison's Achievement—Sundry Cavalry Dashes—Wading a Mill Stream—Through Burning Woods—Return to Newbern—Foster's Thanks.

The month of December, 1862, is memorable in the annals of the War for the Union, for the grand assault upon the stubborn heights of Fredericksburg, Va., by the Army of the Potomac under Burnside, and the co-operative expedition into the interior of North Carolina by the troops of Gen. Foster, commanding the latter department. When the assault on Fredericksburg was planned, Gen. Halleck, Commander-in-Chief under the President, issued orders that, simultaneously with Burnside's crossing the Rapahannock, all the available forces at Newbern should advance to Goldsboro, N. C., break the railroad, burn the bridges and smash things generally, so as to create a diversion in favor of Burnside.

Burnside had nearly stripped the department of troops in July. But in November, Massachusetts regiments began to arrive, when the work of brigading and fitting them for the field

began with energy. On the 9th of December, the veteran brigade of Gen. Wessels, loaned from Dix's corps at Fortress Monroe, reached Newbern. Having then called in from Fort Macon, Washington and Roanoke all his surplus troops, Foster issued orders for the expedition. They were read that same evening to all the regiments on dress parade. The destination was not stated, but all were ordered to be in readiness to march in thirty-six hours, in light marching order, that is without knapsacks or tents, carrying only blankets, overcoats and shelter-tents, with three days' rations in haversacks, seven in wagons.

As organized for the expedition, Foster's army in the field consisted of four large brigades of infantry and one magnificent brigade of artillery, viz:

Wessel's Brigade: 85th, 101st and 103d Pennsylvania Volunteers; 88th, 92d and 96th New York Volunteers.

Stevenson's Brigade: 9th New Jersey, 10th Connecticut, 24th Massachusetts, 44th Massachusetts.

Lee's Brigade: 3d, 5th, 25th, 27th, 28th, and 46th Massachusetts.

Amory's Brigade: 17th, 23d, 43d, 45th and 51st Massachusetts.

Artillery Brigade: This was in two battalions commanded by that dashing officer, Major Kennedy, and Major Stone, respectively, comprising the following: Battery B, 3d New York, Capt. Morrison, armament six twelve pound brass Napoleons; Battery E, 3d New York, Lieut. Geo. E. Ashby, two twenty pound Parrots, two thirty-two pound brass howitzers; Battery F, 3d New York, Capt. Jenny, six twelve pound Wiards, rifles; Battery H, 3d New York, Capt. Riggs, six twelve pound Napoleons; Battery K, 3d New York, Capt. Angel, six three inch Rodmans, iron; Battery I, 3d New York, Lieut. Geo. W. Thomas, four twenty pound Parrots. 1st Rhode Island Battery, Capt. Belger. One section of 23d New York Independent Battery, Capt. Jay E. Lee. One section of 24th New York Independent Battery, Capt. Alfred Ransom. Battery C, 1st United States. In all forty guns, manned by a thousand men. This brigade, Gen. Foster placed under command of Col. Ledlie, acting Brigadier, by General Orders, No. 63, December 3d, which organized all the artillery of the department into one command under Col. Ledlie.

Also in the column were the 3d New York Cavalry, a brave and gallant corps, which, with the 9th New Jersey, Col. Hickman, acted as advance guard all the way to Goldsboro.

The column was 12,000 strong, brave, well disciplined, finely appointed, and spoiling for a fight.

Capt. James C. Slaght was Chief Quartermaster of the expedition, and Lieut. Fred. W. Prince was his able and untiring assistant.

By order of Gen. Foster, Lieut.-Col. Stewart accompanied the expedition as Chief Engineer, to build bridges and clear the roads, taking with him 300 stout contrabands from the black camps at Newbern, under the immediate superintendency of Henry W. Wilson, master carpenter, with wagons, axes and tools. The blacks constituted the pioneer brigade and were of incalculable service.

The advance began at 6 o'clock, on the dark, cool morning of Thursday, December 11th. A vail of mist at sunrise hid the face of the country, concealing the movement from rebel scouts for some hours. Gen. Foster was a stout fighter, but also knew the value of strategy; and so, believing that there must be heavy intrenchments to oppose and delay him on the straight road to Kinston, the first principal town on the way to Goldsboro, he marched out on a different road, taking the one along the river Trent, expecting thereby, by a rapid movement, to flank and get easily past all obstructions. Once under way, the troops were put upon their mettle and moved as fast as they could along the sandy and swampy path. The men were in splendid spirits, having perfect confidence in Gen. Foster, whom they all loved and respected; and the spectacle they made was magnificent as the long columns marched rapidly by with springing step and sparkling eyes, while their merry jokes and laughter and patriotic songs mingled on the air with the rustling of feet, the rattle of muskets and sabres, and the rumbling of teams of artillery and wagons. The artillery, the gem and idol of the army, occupied the center of the army, and alone made a column nearly a mile in length.

After a march of fourteen miles, the advance guard, the 9th New Jersey, met a picket post of the rebels at Deep Gully, where a tributary to the Trent crosses the road. The picket was routed unceremoniously. Finding that the road beyond the Gully had been obstructed for nearly a mile, by felling heavy forest trees across it, Foster halted there for the night, bivouacking his army on a large and good looking plantation. As the regiments stacked arms, there was an eager rush for the fences and the spare poultry and cattle of the plantation. Both disappeared as if by magic. After night fall, the spacious field was covered with countless camp fires, lighting up rows of shin-

ing stacks of muskets, ranks of picketed horses, with bivouacked artillery and the crowds of volunteers who came around them to gossip and smoke their evening pipes. The sights and sounds of that memorable bivouac are not forgotten.

Meanwhile, Lieut.-Col. Stewart had brought up his black pioneers to attack the prostrate timber. Lustily were they plying their axes upon it, and separating and rolling out of the road the heavy pine trunks. By 3 1-2 A. M. report was made to Gen. Foster that the way was clear.

The march was resumed at 5 A. M. of the 12th. Opposite Trenton, a rebel skirmish party of cavalry and infantry attacked our advance, but had their fingers severely burnt in the attempt to handle it, and ran off in a hurry after a short fight. At the upper end of the great Dover swamp, along whose southern border the army had been moving, a direct road to Kinston forks off to the right. Foster sent a strong cavalry force down this road several miles to make a show of advancing straight upon Kinston. The battalion encountered the main picket guard of the enemy, and superintended its pell-mell retreat to some powerful earthworks thrown up across the road. Beaver creek bridge having been rebuilt, Gen. Foster then moved rapidly forward by the left, or Vine Swamp, road, under cover of the feint, thus avoiding the obstructions and enemy on the main road. He had in view the object of reaching the stream known as South West creek, at a point nine miles from Kinston, where stands the most westerly of the four bridges that cross it. The 23d Battery and 51st Massachusetts were left to guard the road junction and Beaver creek bridge. The army bivouacked at dusk four miles beyond Beaver creek.

Again there was a lively raid on the fences, for it was cool, and soon thousands of fence rails were smoking in the camps of the volunteers. Before leaving Newbern, Gen. Foster had issued an imperative order that soldiers must not stray from camp nor pillage from the farmers. But the three days' rations in haversacks were nearly eaten by the close of this day, and all, infantry and artillery alike, sent out foraging parties to get them provisions. They went out at night fall and an hour afterwards they returned to testify to the thoroughness with which they had done their work by showing the loads of poultry, honey, sweet potatoes and fat pigs they had relieved the rebel farmers of. Here, too, they made the acquaintance of apple jack, that beverage of cheering qualities and promotive of socialty.

Our advance reached South West creek at 9 1-2 A. M. of the 13th, having had a sharp skirmish by the way. It found it to be

a swift, unfordable stream, coursing through a deep and woody ravine, a bad place for us to cross should the enemy defend it in force. As anticipated, however, the crossing was weakly guarded, the rebels having been so confused as to Gen. Foster's intentions as to be able to concentrate only 400 men, with two cannon, to resist us there. When our skirmishers began firing from the top of the bank at a redoubt thrown up in the road across the creek, Lieut.-Col. Stewart rode forward with his orderly to reconnoiter and obtain any scraps of useful information, at the request of Gen. Wessels. The road descended sinuously into the ravine, winding around on the left-hand side of a high bluff. The two horsemen went cautiously down the road, scanning the wooded banks opposite with a searching gaze, but without discovering the enemy until, on coming out from behind the interposing buttress of the bluff, they suddenly confronted the two rebel guns, glaring savagely at them from the redoubt across the stream, not fifty yards away. The rebel gunners evidently failed to recognize in the two "solitary horsemen descending the hill," the heroes of James's novels. They evidently thought that a whole column of the dreaded Yankees was charging on them. Bang! and a load of cannister was fired point blank at our brave Chief Engineer. The iron hail flew whistling around in a perfect storm, tearing up the ground and slashing the bush in all directions. But not a hair of the riders was touched. Being exactly in the line of fire, the missiles had, through that peculiar whirl given them by rifled ordnance, scattered so widely that they received no harm. Had it been a smooth bore that emptied its contents on this occasion, they would have been blown to atoms. Stewart beat a masterly retreat, and at once directed the placing of our artillery.

Lieut. Day's section of Battery B was with the advance. It was planted immediately on the bluff overlooking the redoubt. Depressing the muzzles of its pieces it began to send in bursting shells to the rebel work. The second shot disabled a rebel gun and the other was silenced soon after. The rest of Battery B took position further to the right in line of battle with Amory's and Wessel's brigades, and opened fire on the woods. The 9th New Jersey and 23d Massachusetts now crossed on a mill-dam above the bridge; the 85th Pennsylvania on trees below. Thus flanked the rebels ran and the Stars and Stripes were planted on the redoubt amid great cheering. We captured one 6-pound gun, some munitions of war and prisoners, besides killing and wounding several of the enemy.

The pioneers now came up and repaired the bridge, when a

portion of the army marched on, going into bivouac four miles from Kinston—the rest remaining near the creek.

This was the first taste of war for many of our artillerymen. The first bloody tokens were regarded with curiosity. First the rebels wounded in the first skirmish of the day were passed. Then a man dying on the stoop of a house with his face shot away. Rebel prisoners bleeding and limping went to the rear in charge of guards. A mere boy in rebel uniform lay by the road side dead, with a fearful saber cut in his head. The terrible destructive power of our cannon shot, as shown by the trees in line of our fire, was also noted. These horrors and scenes were all to be repeated on a vastly larger scale next day.

On reaching camp that night, our men were so tired with marching that they fell to the ground under their guns, wrapped in their shaggy but warm blankets, without stopping even for the usual luxury of hard-tack and coffee.

Next morning a hasty ration was snatched at 5 o'clock, and the brigades fell into line for the march. The 9th New Jersey, 3d Cavalry and Day's section of Battery B, 3d New York, felt the way cautiously in advance. The road the army now trod led straight to Kinston, running in a direction at right angles to the general direction of the Neuse River.

Two miles from Kinston bridge our troops suddenly came into the presence of a formidable enemy, 6,000 strong, under Gen. Evans, of Ball's Bluff notoriety, drawn up in line of battle on a hill crossing the road. They were protected on the west by woods, while in their foreground, at the base of the hill, was a great swamp overgrown with thickets and groves of pines. The road to Kinston ran through the heart of the rebel position.

Wessels's regiments, on coming up, deployed into the fields on both sides of the road and a sharp fight commenced. Amory's brigade deployed in the rear as a line of support. The rest of the infantry halted, and opened to the right and left while several batteries went through on a run to the front. Under Gen. Foster's own direction, Batteries B, F and I of the 3d New York, were placed on different sides of the road, supported by Amory, about half a mile in rear of the line of attack. As they came into position, one after the other, and opened with shell on the woods and hill, the action became more earnest, the musketry firing doubled in intensity and the ground trembled with the concussion of the guns.

Under a horrible fire, Wessel's brigade advanced steadily into the swamp at the foot of the hill and pushed through to the open ground beyond after hard fighting. Here the 9th New Jersey

and other regiments emptied their cartridge boxes in an engagement with a heavy line of men in gray on the hill. The 10th Connecticut and 96th New York then replaced them on the advance. The rebels turning the fire of their batteries on the woods, right and left, sought to make them untenable for us, but in vain. One of their shots struck within ten feet of Gen. Foster and his staff.

During the fight, Gen. Foster sent Lieut.-Col. Stewart to the extreme right of our line of battle, just beyond the swamp and woods, as a precautionary measure, to guard against the surprise of our flank. Stewart hied to the end of the woods and kept a vigilant watch. His eye at length caught the flash of musket barrels down on the river road and a moment later he discovered one of the most glorious chances of the day to capture a rich prize. A rebel force that had been guarding the river road, some miles out, was now retreating to the bridge, lest we should get in its rear. Well handled, a couple of regiments and a battery could cut that body all to pieces. Stewart sent an orderly in haste to Gen. Foster. Half an hour later, getting no response, he went himself. Foster directed Gen. Amory to take a portion of his brigade with Battery F, 3d New York, and perform this service. But Amory moved slow and the prize slipped through his fingers without a fight.

The rebels gave way gradually to the top of the hill, occupying in the retreat a church and holding it till it had been riddled like a seive with bullets and cannon balls. A persistent attack of two hours' duration failed to dislodge the enemy from the heights. Then, the 10th Connecticut and 96th New York were ordered to pierce his center at the point of the bayonet. Well they did their work. They went right through the enemy's line with a rush, when Evans' whole army lost its coherence, and, as our victorious columns swept forward with ringing cheers to the summit of the hill, a panic seized his entire center and it fled in confusion. The right wing maintained a semblance of order and made a hard run of it to get to the bridge. But the 10th Connecticut and 96th New York, with other regiments close at their heels, continued their charge and cut off the right wing from that avenue of escape, upon which it turned westward and fled into the woods and retreated up the south bank of the Neuse unmolested. The enemy, nearest the bridge, retreated across it under cover of the fire of a five gun battery, ensconced in a strong redoubt on the north side, and also under the protection afforded by a regiment drawn up in line of battle near the river to temporarily stay our advance. Amory's men at this

juncture got down near the river and Battery F raked it with shell and cannister. The scream of the first Wiard shell made the regiment sway to and fro like a mob and in a moment it broke, threw away muskets and knapsacks and rushed across the bridge in a frightened herd.

Gen. Evans, who, by this time, was beating a rapid retreat to Kinston with his main body, left orders to fire the bridge after the crossing of the last detachment. This was done by Capt. McRae, brother of Duncan McRae, a prominent North Carolina politician. He had a bucket of turpentine, which he spilled in three or four places, and applying a match, in spite of the piteous entreaties of a number of comrades who had fallen on the bridge, he left the structure a sheet of flame. As he turned away from his atrocious work, a Union skirmisher brought his rifle to his shoulder and Capt. McRae tumbled down the bank, pierced through the brain. Burning turpentine dripped down upon him from the bridge and charred his corpse to a cinder.

To save the bridge, Lieut. Dennis's section of Battery F advanced, by order of Gen. Amory, to an advanced position near it and swept the northern bank with heavy blasts of cannister in order to clear it of those who might interfere with our efforts to extinguish the flames. The section worked away with great steadiness and efficacy under a horrible rain of Minie balls from rebel sharp-shooters, losing several wounded, until ordered to cease firing. Meanwhile, Batteries B and K, which had crawled along in rear of the infantry to the top of the hill, had dashed down to near the river and unlimbered their guns on the left of the road, engaging, at point blank range, without intrenchments, the rebel five gun battery, and throwing shot and shell into lingering rebel battalions on the opposite bank. The crashing of our guns increased the consternation of the enemy and they were soon completely silenced.

The men of our Batteries, seconded by the 9th New Jersey and 10th Connecticut lads, then brought water in artillery buckets from the river, and put out the fires on the bridge and saved it. Several rebels, burnt to a crisp, were tumbled over into the water, and Lieut.-Col. Stewart, coming up with his engineers, tore down a house near the bridge, and with the beams and boards thus supplied, repaired the damage that had been done to it.

Batteries B and K captured 44 prisoners in this affair. Unable to reach the bridge, the rebels hid from the fire of our terrible guns by crawling down the river bank, and then raised

a handkerchief on a long pole to signal their desire to surrender. The Batteries ceased firing. Capt. Morrison called to the men to come up, which they did, a melancholy looking crowd, in miserable butternut uniforms. He passed them between his guns to the rear.

The disgusted Confederates retiring to the pleasant village of Kinston, half a mile distant to the northwest, sought to remove a portion of the extensive stores of cotton, turpentine and munitions of war of the place, before we could cross the river. In this they were foiled by the long range guns of Batteries E and I, 3d New York, which, from a commanding situation in rear of the light Batteries B, F and K, threw heavy shot and shell into the very heart of the village. The only removal that was effected by Gen. Evans was, in consequence, that of his army, which hastily departed from the precincts of Kinston, accompanied by a general exodus of the inhabitants.

Evans fell back to Washington hill, west of the town, leaving huge fires burning in the streets, to consume piles of cotton, turpentine, &c. A brigade of infantry crossed the river, as soon as the bridge was in condition, supported by Battery K, 3d New York, and occupied the village. Evans offering fight from the hill, Foster sent a flag of truce, demanding surrender. The lofty Confederate declined "on high military grounds," &c. Battery K from Kinston, then shelled the heights, when the enemy precipitately retreated from those high military grounds, and drew back down behind the hill, out of sight.

Foster bivouacked three brigades in line of battle west of the village, supported by artillery, for the night.

The main body of the artillery bivouacked inside the village, in a public square or park. Many 3d New York lads reposed their tired frames that night, around their camp fires in the square, on feather beds obtained from the houses of the inhabitants.

The loss of the Union army at the battle of Kinston was severe, 38 killed and 185 wounded. Among the dead the army mourned Col. Gray, of the 96th New York, who fell at the head of his regiment, while charging the bridge. The 3d New York Artillery lost 10 wounded, viz:—Battery B, John Hardin, E A. Sanders, David Finger; Battery F, Ezra Wormouth, Charles E. Smith, Thomas P. Johnson, Hiram Sherman, Henry Olrich, Alexander Fullerton, Charles Bowman.

Bowman was wounded by a bullet that would have killed him but for the interposition of a metallic cuirass. When Battery F got down near the bridge, it found a dead rebel there on the

ground. He wore this cuirass, despite of which he was dead. Bowman put it on just in time to arrest a Minie ball which struck him in the breast, inflicting a contusion.

The rebel loss was 250 killed and wounded, 400 prisoners, 500 stand of arms, 11 cannon, 1,000 rounds of heavy ammunition, besides provisions and a railroad monitor, &c., in Kinston. Among the cannon were two that Battery G, 3d New York, had lost at Washington the September previous. The prisoners were paroled.

Among the prisoners was Col. Mollett, of the 68th North Carolina, a stout fighter, who, wounded in the leg below the knee, had fallen near the bridge and was there captured.. Surgeon Dimon, of the 3d New York, dressed his wounds in a house near the bridge, temporarily connected with a hospital, and determined to save his leg. The Medical Director on Foster's staff paid Col. Mollett the deference to call upon him at the hospital. He disagreed, however, with Surgeon Dimon and was for having the leg off. Gen. Foster came in. They appealed to him. Now Foster had himself been wounded in the Mexican war in about the same way and had saved his own leg. He took Surgeon Dimon's view of the matter and made an excuse by means of which the Medical Director was sent away. Mollett was left in Dimon's hands. The leg was saved. Afterwards, at Gettysburg, when Dr. Dimon went down from Auburn as a volunteer Surgeon to care for the wounded of the great battle, he heard of Col. Mollett and his perfect health.

Some of our men looked into the hospital during the evening, but retired with a shudder on stumbling on a ghastly pile of amputated human arms and legs.

After dark, Lieut. Birchmeyer's section of Battery F and Capt. Cole's company of the 3d Cavalry went down the Neuse, to a deserted rebel fort, commanding the river, and brought away four pieces of light artillery, they found there, besides spiking an 8-inch columbiad and a 32-pounder, and blowing up the magazine.

While at Kinston, Gen. Foster obtained information that Burnside had been repulsed bloodily in the assault on Fredericksburg, and Gen. Lee had telegraphed to Gen. G. W. Smith, Confederate commander at Goldsboro, that he could send 30,000 men, if necessary, to resist our advance. He also learned that on the direct road from Kinston to Goldsboro he would have to fight heavy earthworks at several points. It occurred to him, however, that he could yet accomplish the object of the expedition by a rapid march up the south bank of the Neuse, by properly deceiving the enemy. He resolved to go on.

Next morning, under cover of a strong feint on the direct road to Goldsboro, Kinston was cleared of our troops at daylight. Foster recrossed the bridge and made a rapid march up the south bank of the river. Lieut.-Col. Stewart remained to burn a railroad monitor, locomotive, &c., at Kinston, and then burnt the bridge across the Neuse to prevent the rebels from crossing and attacking our rear.

At nightfall, the army bivouacked within three miles and a half of the village of Whitehall.

By order of Gen. Foster, two companies of the 3d Cavalry, under Major Garrard, and one section of Battery F, 3d New York, went up towards Whitehall to burn the bridge over the Neuse and destroy a rebel gunboat in process of construction there. On arriving at the bridge, they found it already in flames, a South Carolina regiment having just retreated across it to the north bank. The river was reconnoitered as well as could be in the gloom of the night. The gun boat was discovered on the north side of the river, on the stocks, her wood work about two-thirds done. She was a powerful, light draught monster, which it would be dangerous to allow ever to be completed. Two thousand barrels of turpentine were set on fire to illuminate the boat. Then, while Battery F opened fire on the dark, dense woods across the stream, Henry Butler of the 3d Cavalry, swam across and tried to set fire to the boat by means of a brand from the bridge. The enemy chased him back and he failed to burn the rebel cruiser, and nothing could be done except to batter the boat with solid shot and riddle it. This was done and the expedition returned.

Next day the army advanced and over the ruins of the burned bridge and the riddled gun-boat, fought the battle of Whitehall.

The battle was delivered by Gen. Foster with the ostensible object of crossing the river, and was a very animated and hard-fought affair. In reality it was but a feint, designed to amuse the enemy while the 3d New York Cavalry, under Maj. Garrard, and Ransom's Battery made a dash at Mt. Olive station, on the Weldon and Wilmington railroad.

The cavalry expedition left camp at daylight. On passing Whitehall, the enemy fired upon it from the north bank of the river. A halt was ordered and the compliment was repaid with interest. When our main body came up, the cavalry drew out of the action and went on.

At Whitehall, gloomy woods clothed both banks of the river, except on the south side, where a large clearing had been made among the trees, forming a sort of ampitheatre. The ground

sloped steeply to the river. The enemy was on the north bank in the woods, 6,000 strong, under Gen. Robertson, with artillery in intrenchments.

Reaching the open ground, Gen. Foster sent several infantry regiments to the river bank to engage the enemy. The rest were halted to allow the passage of the artillery, which, receiving orders to come to the front with all speed, spared neither lash nor spurs, and came thundering into the open ground on a run, battery after battery. As fast as they reported, those having light guns, viz: F, H and K, and Belger's, were ranged along our line of battle, near the base of the slope, the heavy guns, those of E and I, near the top. Battery B was not in the fight. As fast as they came into position, our guns opened fire on the woods, gunboat, and the rebel battery, and for two hours and over poured shot, shell and cannister into them steadily. The cannonading was furious beyond experience. It seemed to be one continuous peal of deafening thunder. The ground trembled under the sound. On our side full thirty cannon were in action, and at least ten on the side of the rebels. The rebels fired heavily and rapidly, directing their batteries chiefly against the guns on the hillside, their musketry against those near the river. Balls and shells ploughed the ground in every direction, and had the rebels exhibited their boasted marksmanship, the slaughter in the Union ranks must have been fearful. As it was the damage was comparatively light.

Our officers and men acted with consummate coolness and courage throughout the fight, and served their guns with precision and steadiness. Maj. Kennedy speaks in the highest terms of them all. Lieuts. Dennis and Richardson, who took, the one a section, the other one gun, to most exposed positions on the river bank, must be especially mentioned for daring and coolness.

Having silenced the enemy's guns and made several demonstrations as if to cross, once so deceiving our own army that several of the 10th Connecticut actually swam across, Gen. Foster gave orders to cease firing and formed his brigades for a resumption of the march to Goldsboro, leaving a body of sharpshooters to keep up the fight.

The loss of our army at Whitehall was seventy-five killed and wounded.

The 3d Artillery lost, viz:

Killed—Peter Hackett and Wm. Ryan, Battery K.

Wounded—Col. Ledlie, Surgeon Dimon and Chaplain Hart, contusions; J. Morrison, James Hinman, Asa Clark, Battery

E; Patrick Lynch, Battery I; Lieut. Kirby, Daniel Grover, Wm. H. Chase, Mandeville Ward, Geo. Crossman, Wm H. Stewart, Battery K.

The regiment also lost one of the steel guns of Jenny's Battery, which burst in action, falling to the ground in four pieces, fortunately without hurting any one. Lieut. Kirby had two horses shot under him. His Battery was in the hottest part of of the field.

The death of Hackett illustrates the splendid stuff of which the 3d Artillery was composed and its magnificent discipline. Battery K was under a terrible fire. The rebel gunners were doing their worst and filled the air with such a torrent of iron missiles that it seemed like the roaring of a storm overhead. Yet Hackett, a driver, stood composedly at his horse's head, holding the bridle in one hand, the other hanging stiffly by the side, in a military attitude, as if on dress parade of the regiment. A cannon shot carried away his head. He stood for a moment in the same military posture and then fell to the ground.

Ryan was behind a large stump. Raising his head to reconnoiter, a cannon ball that moment carried away his head, too. This was when the fight was nearly over and some of the men were laying off.

Lieut. Mercereau's celebrated shot at Whitehall must not be forgotten. The Lieutenant saw a rebel bearer of dispatches mount his horse near a signal station and ride off, and sighting a cannon at him shot him in the head while riding at full speed. Throwing up his arms, he fell from his horse to the ground.

After the battle the army marched on through a heavily wooded country, to within three miles of the goal of the expedition, viz: the railroad bridge crossing the river Neuse near Goldsboro. Gen. Foster had thus far completely deceived and out-generaled the rebels, had evaded the heavy breastworks they had built on the roads north of the Neuse, and was now within easy striking distance of the coveted prize. About midnight the cavalry expedition came in from Mt. Olive station, having destroyed four miles of railroad track and telegraph and burnt a trestle bridge, thus for the first time interrupting both mail and telegraphic communication between Gen. Lee's army in Virginia and those strongholds of treason, Charleston and Wilmington.

The railroad bridge at Goldsboro was a handsome structure of wood, two hundred feet long, which it had taken a year orig-

inally to build. To protect this from our arms, and also the county bridge half a mile above it, the rebels were now concentrating in strong force. And when, at 10 A. M. of the 17th, Gen. Foster's leading brigade came within two miles of Goldsboro, it found a Confederate brigade under Clingman drawn up in line on the embankment of the railroad to receive it. There was also going on a general muster of men and guns on the north bank. Clingman was attacked at once, Capt. Riggs dropping a few shells on his lines, the infantry sending in vollies of musketry. The rebels weakened readily, and left on the double-quick for the county bridge.

Our regiments pushed on, pursuing the line of the railroad, evoking the fire of sharp-shooters, a rebel battery on the north bank of the river, and an iron armored railroad car having a gun aboard, as they drew near the river. Arriving in presence of the bridge, Batteries B, E, H and I, 3d New York, and Belger's Battery came up and took position in the fields. The rebel battery was silenced almost at once.

Distant cheers were heard, and it was discovered that a railroad train had arrived with reinforcements. It was Gen. Pettigrew and his men. The train was promptly shelled with excellent effect. A 24-pound shell from Battery E raked two of the cars, which were platform cars, and burst on the third. The rebels yelled fearfully at this, and the train backed off.

Col. Hickman, of the 9th New Jersey, receiving an order to burn the bridge, advanced with his regiment as far as he could safely go. Volunteers to attempt the hazardous enterprise being then called for, 17th Massachusetts and 9th New Jersey men came forward and tried it, but were wounded and driven back by the enemy, who shot hard and fast at all who approached the bridge. After failures by several, the feat was performed by Lieut.-Geo. W. Graham, of the 23d Battery, acting Aid to Col. Hickman, Battery B, 3d New York, furnishing the port fires used for the purpose. When the bridge was in flames, our artillery directed upon it an over-powering fire, preventing any attempt to save it.

The General gave orders next to tear up the railroad. Two Massachusetts regiments, lying in reserve, stacked arms and rushed upon the track with a yell. They tore it up by hands, raising rods of it at a time. They did their work well, burning the ties and bending the rails for a long distance.

The object of the expedition having been fully accomplished, and rebeldom from Charleston to Richmond beginning to rush in reinforcements to Goldsboro, Foster, at 3 1-2 P. M., ordered

the baggage trains to be reversed, and set out with the reserve troops for Newbern, intent on finding some convenient camping ground for the night. Battery B, 3d New York, and Col. Lee's brigade lingered on the field of battle till nearly sundown, lying lazily on the grass.

The troops started back in the best of spirits, singing patriotic airs, occasionally varied by Old Hundred and plantation songs, while the few bands played their liveliest and most joyous tunes. When the artillery came off the field to take its place in column, the troops greeted it with cheers. Regiment after regiment waved their caps and flags enthusiastically and made the welkin ring with stormy hurrahs. "Here come Thomas's big guns, three cheers," they would shout, as that Battery came by. "Here come Jenny's Wiards—three rousers for him." "Here comes little Ashby, with his big howitzers—give him a good one." "Here's Angel, with the big Napoleons, three more." And so on to the last. No General Orders from headquarters could have better testified to the worth of the services of our artillery in the field, than this spontaneous and cordial outburst on the field of battle. And no knight freshly dubbed ever buckled on his spurs with more pride than the 3d Artillery took the tumultuous ovation thus tendered them by their comrades of the infantry.

The rebels had now collected at Goldsboro, Evans's, Clingman's, Pettigrew's, the Mississippi, and other brigades, outnumbering the army of Foster by thousands. They, therefore, suddenly became inspired to do him harm, and crossing a large force over the county bridge, when they could no longer save the railroad bridge, they attacked his rear guard.

Lee's brigade and Morrison's Battery still remained on the battle field. Morrison was just coming off, when his bugler, a Frenchman, dashed up to him in great agitation and cried excitedly: "You zee! You zee!" pointing back. Morrison turned, and saw a knot of rebels standing on the railroad embankment, not far from the bridge. He supposed they wanted to surrender. Riding down, he called to them to come over and give themselves up. They deigned no reply, but darted down on the other side, out of sight.

At Lieut.-Col. Mix's suggestion, Morrison unlimbered two of his guns and threw a few shells into the woods, whither they had retired, beyond the embankment, to flush the game if there was any there. Nothing came of it, however, and the guns rejoined the Battery. They had no sooner done so than three rebel regiments sprang over the top of the embankment in line of battle,

as though they had risen bodily out of the earth, and advanced steadily and swiftly upon the Battery. They came on in beautiful order, battle flags waving and bayonets shining in the dying light of day. Stern the order rang out, "Attention, Battery B! In action, rear." The six Napoleons were placed in battery, with the speed of thought, unlimbered, and opened a rapid fire with cannister and spherical case, upon the advancing rebels. Volley followed volley into the charging ranks, as fast as the gunners could throw ammunition into the guns and ram it home. The rebels were mowed down like grass in swaths, yet they still came on, exciting admiration by their superb order. No more gallant charge was ever made. The men faced death bravely, and though the deadly blasts of cannister rent opening after opening in their line, they closed up, and still came on steadily, the officers waving their swords frantically, and cheering them forward. They advanced till within two hundred yards of the guns, till we could see the palmetto trees on their flags. Then the Battery began firing double loads of cannister. They could not stand that. The lines wavered, they halted, broke, and in a moment were running in disorder for the shelter of the embankment, while Morrison poured shell into them as long as they were in sight. Had a small force of cavalry been on hand to swoop down on the broken brigade, their battle flags and many prisoners could have been captured. The flags were left on the field in plain sight and Lieut.-Col. Stewart wanted to go and get them; but Foster would not let him. As it was, however, they left over three hundred dead and wounded on the ground, to testify to the disastrous nature of their repulse and the withering fire to which Morrison's well-drilled gunners had subjected them. The charge was repulsed by Morrison's Battery, unaided by the infantry.

While this charge was being made in front, two rebel regiments and a battery were sent to attack our left. They made a strong demonstration. A regiment was faced about to meet them, and Rigg's Battery came up and shelled the woods in which the rebel battery was masked. The attack was soon withdrawn.

The renewal of hostilities caused the whole army at first to halt, and preparations were made for a general engagement. But the attack ceasing, the march was now resumed by all. A short distance from the scene of the battle, a mill stream crossed the road. Our troops had forded it easily that morning in coming up, but now the rebels had dammed the stream and raised the water waist high. It was icy cold, and the men were chilled through and through by it.

The army encamped five miles from Goldsboro.

During the battle, Major Garrard with the 3d Cavalry made a dash at a wagon bridge over the Neuse on our right. He found it in flames. The enemy was on the other side with a battery. Angel's battery was sent for and dispatched four guns to Garrard's assistance, supported by the 43d Massachusetts. Angel engaged the enemy's battery and silenced it. The expedition returned at dark.

This made the third bridge destroyed by our forces near Goldsboro.

During the engagement, a little incident occurred which illustrates the friendly feeling that existed between the 9th New Jersey and the 3d Artillery. A Massachusetts Chaplain asked a wounded Battery B soldier, "If he was supported by Providence in this trying hour."

"No, by G—d," he said, "supported by the 9th New Jersey."

The night following the battle was cold and ice formed in the pools. One of Battery H's men, sleeping on the ground, had his hair frozen to the soil, and he could not get up next day till they chopped him out with an axe.

The march was resumed on the 18th before daylight. The day before, the army had had a trial by water. It now had one by fire. It had to pass through a long piece of burning woods. The smoke was stifling and trees and brands were falling in all directions. Happily the troops got through without serious accident. They marched that day as far as the Whitehall battle ground, and stopped to bury some dead that had been left on the field.

At noon of the 19th, the scene of the Kinston battle was passed. A shocking sight there met our eyes. The rebels had opened the graves of our dead and robbed the soldiers of their clothing, and they now lay there stark and stiff, exposed to the elements. They were reinterred.

The Engineer of the expedition led the way back on this march, with a company of cavalry and a detachment of the Signal Corps under Lieut. David A. Taylor, whose services on this expedition were invaluable.

The march was pushed rapidly over frozen roads, as Foster was anxious to reach his base of supplies. The troops were nearly out of provisions. Hard tack even, and coffee, were so scarce that the men were devoured with hunger. To their joy, a few miles below Kinston, they discovered the welcome sight of a Union gun-boat lying in the river, laden with provisions. A halt was ordered while the wagons were loading up and then af-

ter a short march further on, the army bivouacked and enjoyed a general square meal all around.

On Saturday, the 20th, the artillery reached Newbern by a forced march with part of the infantry. The rest came in next day.

Our total loss in this expedition was, in killed and wounded, less than 400. The rebel loss was about 600 in killed and wounded and 500 prisoners. Their loss in bridges, railroad track and war material was great, and crippled them in North Carolina for many months. Foster's victory was a brilliant one in all respects and it gave to our country great heart in the prosecution of the rebellion. It was a ray of sunshine in a time of profound public gloom caused by the disaster at Fredericksburg.

December 26th, Foster issued his General Order, No. 81, as follows:

"The Commanding General desires to thank the troops in his command for the new proof of their courage and steadiness, afforded by the recent expedition. The veteran brigade of Gen. Wessel's, and the troops of this Department, did their duty as soldiers well."

In his official report, Foster said of the artillery:

"The artillery forces under Col. Ledlie were well placed and well served, and the commanding officers and the batteries, without exception, did most excellent service."

Col. Ledlie's conduct (and of his artillery) on this expedition won for him his Brigadier's star. He received his promotion December 24th.

IX.

NORTH CAROLINA IN '63.

Current Events—Ammon on Recruiting Service—Capt. Howell—Ledlie Promoted—His Order—Stewart in Command of the Regiment—Attack on Newbern—Rebels Repulsed—They Attack Washington—The Siege—Incidents—Enemy Again Foiled—Two Years' Men go Home—Reception in Auburn—Schenck and Howell in New York in the Riots—Col. Stewart on Recruiting Service—Current Events.

Before relating the next passage of arms in North Carolina, a few current events in the department and in the 3d Artillery will claim our attention.

It has been mentioned that in May, 1862, Capt. Ammon went home to New York to recruit for the regiment. He was assisted by a recruiting party detailed from the regiment. He made Auburn his headquarters and published a call asking for 300 three years' men, offering $167 bounty for every recruit. In August, volunteers began to come in. In September he sent to Newbern 210, in October 149, raising the 3d Artillery to the proportions of 1,600 men.

In December, ninety-four marines were assigned to the regiment and scattered around amongst the batteries. They had mutinied and Gen. Foster broke up their organization in consequence. They were, however, withdrawn from the regiment by subsequent orders.

Capt. White having resigned the Captaincy of Battery M, September 30, 1862, Capt. John H. Howell was appointed to the vacancy, November 18th. Capt. Howell was a young man, who left an editorial chair in the office of the Utica *Herald* at

the outbreak of war and enlisted in the 1st New York Artillery. As 1st Lieutenant of Battery H of that regiment he took part in the siege of Yorktown and subsequent battles of McClellan's campaign, and at Fair Oaks, May 31st, 1862, received a severe bullet wound in the right arm while bravely serving his battery in battle. Gen. Naglee gave Howell a high testimonial of appreciation of the latter's service in writing and recommended him for promotion. He was appointed Captain in the 3d Artillery in consequence. He took command of Battery M, then at Hatteras, relieving Capt. Ashcroft, of Battery C, who was at the time commandant of the post. He remained at Hatteras till the latter part of February, 1863, when he was appointed on the staff of Gen. Naglee. He was relieved by Battery C.

The troops in North Carolina were in December, 1862, increased, and on the 24th, by order of the War Department, constituted the 18th Army Corps, under command of Maj.-Gen. Foster. The 3d Artillery, of course, composed part of the Corps.

Col. Ledlie was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General and Chief of Artillery of the 18th Corps, December 24th. On the 31st of the same month, he bade farewell to the regiment he had served with so long and devotedly in the following order:—

"DECEMBER 31ST, 1862.

Special Order, No. 250.—The Colonel commanding the regiment, upon entering upon the duties of his new position to which he has been assigned, desires to express the sincere regret which he feels in parting with those with whom he has been so long and so pleasantly connected. His earnest desire has ever been to promote the welfare of those in his command, and his highest ambition to secure a name for the 3d New York Artillery, of which its members might be proud. Its history has justified this hope. Whatever may be the new honors won by it, the names of Fort Macon, Washington, Kinston, Whitehall and Goldsboro will shine brightly on its banners. Although his long existing connection with the regiment is finally dissolved, the Colonel commanding congratulates himself that it may still be in his power to advance its interests and witness its triumphs, and feels the utmost confidence that its tried and trusty men, under their brave officers, will win still higher renown.

BY ORDER, &c., &c."

The command of the regiment was assumed by Lieut.-Col. Stewart, who was promoted to the Colonelcy from January 1st, 1863. Maj. Stone from the same date became Lieutenant Colonel. Capt. Jenny became Major.

In the latter part of January, 1863, Gen. Foster took 12,000 of his best troops from North Carolina to the army of Gen. Hunter, operating against Charleston. Among them were parts of eight Batteries of the 3d Artillery. But of this another chapter will speak.

On the 6th of March, 1863, an expedition to Onslow county, N. C., left Newbern, composed of the brigades of Gens. Spinola and Jourdan, Riggs's Battery of the 3d Artillery, Battery F, 1st Rhode Island, and 500 cavalry. The expedition was under the command of Gen. Prince. Maj. Stone commanded the artillery. The column was out four days, its advance guard going as far as Swansboro. It came back without a fight, though some skirmishing took place with small patrolling parties of the enemy. The rebels had withdrawn from that section of North Carolina.

Gov. Vance had been insisting to Jeff. Davis and the Confederate Government upon the recall of enough troops from the rebel armies to hold North Carolina against Foster. The demand was granted. In March, hearing that Foster had weakened his forces in North Carolina to reinforce Hunter at Port Royal, Gen. Lee sent Gen. D. H. Hill's whole corps of twenty-three regiments, 20,000 strong, to Gov. Vance, to drive Foster out of the State, if possible.

March 13th, the day before the anniversary of its capture, Hill made an attack upon Newbern. The main body made its appearance on the Trent road, in front of our pickets at Deep Gully, who, being promptly reinforced by Palmer's brigade and Riggs's and Belger's Batteries at Newbern, the rebels did not attack. A second column advanced upon the city on the south side of the Trent, but also refused to attack. Both were waiting for the success of a third column, under Gen. Pettigrew, armed with twenty pieces of artillery, which had been sent to attack Fort Anderson, an unfinished earthwork on the north bank of the Neuse, opposite the city. The Fort had not a single gun on wheels, and was garrisoned only by the 92d New York Volunteers.

At daybreak of the 14th, Pettigrew appeared before the Fort and demanded its surrender. It was declined. He then planted his guns within 100 rods of the Fort in the edge of the woods and bombarded the Fort furiously for three hours, occasionally stopping to demand a surrender, which he did not get. The 92d took the matter coolly. They laid down behind their works and only had two men wounded. The gunboats *Hunchback*, *Massasoit*, *Phœnix* and others opened fire on Pettigrew at the

beginning of the attack, while every field gun that could be spared in Newbern was brought down and ranged along the river side in Newbern and followed their excellent example, with good effect, too, though at long range. Portions of Batteries E, F, H and I of the 3d Artillery, and Lee's and Ransom's Batteries composed the line. An assault was meditated by Pettigrew on the Fort, but it was withheld. The bombardment went on. The rebels now brought batteries down to the river to bombard the gunboats and town; one was nearly a mile above Fort Anderson. The *Hunchback* saw this latter movement, but being aground could not bring her 100 pounders to bear on the battery. Her officers shouted the fact to Gen. Foster, who was on shore. Foster asked Col. Stewart to do something about it, and he accordingly took some of Ransom's Wiards up the river to a point opposite the rebel battery and opened fire on it. He sighted the first gun himself, pointing it with the aid of a pocket level. It was loaded with a solid shot and was so well aimed as to dismount a rebel gun. The shattered wheels and axle were afterwards found on the ground. After a few shots, the rebel battery retired.

Pettigrew's shells came over the river into our position quite frequently during the firing, but exploded harmlessly. One shot spilled over the coffee of one of our batteries. The kettles hung in a row over the camp fire. The shot struck the ground and bounded and raked the whole row of kettles off the pole, to the intense disgust of the cook, who was covered with ashes and coffee from head to foot. Once, while Gen. Foster, Col. Stewart and others were on the shore, watching the operations across the river, a long shell from a Whitworth gun, called from its shape a cucumber shell, struck the smokestack of the *Hunchback*. It lost its rotary axial motion and came on end over end directly over the party of officers, and near their heads, making such a startling flutter in the air that everybody dropped to the ground. No one was hit.

Foster had now reinforced Fort Anderson with infantry. The fire of our batteries was becoming irksome and Mr. Pettigrew had nothing more to say. Three of his guns had exploded. He limbered up the rest and made off on the double quick. The two columns confronting us at Deep Gully and south of the Trent drew off at the same time, and beat an inglorious retreat. The whole attack was a complete failure.

Pettigrew's colored body servant was left behind in the retreat. He was an intelligent and well educated man. Gen. Foster built him a school house and set him to teaching the contrabands.

Baffled at Newbern, Gen. Hill turned with all his force on Washington on the Tar. On the 17th of March, the woods on the south side of the Tar, opposite Washington, suddenly became alive with rebel regiments, constituting his advance guard. They were fired upon by the United States gunboat *Louisiana*. After nearly two weeks' of hesitancy, Hill then brought up his whole corps, with fifty guns, and on the 29th beleagered the place.

Washington is on the north bank of the Tar. The river is three-quarters of a mile wide at that point. A causeway, or bridge, crosses to its south bank and connects with the turnpike to Newbern, thirty-five miles away. In March, '63, the garrison numbered only 2,200 men, viz: Battery G, 3d New York Artillery, Capt. Wall; 27th Massachusetts Volunteers; 44th Massachusetts Volunteers; Capt. Lyon's Company, North Carolina Volunteers; one company 3d New York Cavalry, and two or three hundred contrabands. The defenses of the town were of a sort to give efficiency to a small garrison. A line of entrenchments encircled it from river to river, protected by additional abatti, with block-houses and redoubts at the three roads running out of the town and another, designated as No. 4, on the river side below it. In the center of the line, acting as the key of the whole situation, was Fort Washington, a small, but strong field fort, quadrangular, bastioned, strongly sodded, and surrounded by a ten-foot ditch and a row of heavy abatti. There was also a redoubt, a small one, guarding the causeway, and other of larger size on the river's edge, below block-house No. 4, called Fort Hamilton. The armament of these works was—Block-house No. 1, above the town, one 6-pounder; Block-house No. 2, one 6-pounder; Fort Washington, four 32-pounders, two 6-pound Wiards, two 12-pound Napoleons; Block-house No. 3, one 6-pounder, one 32-pounder; Block-house No. 4, one 12-pounder; Fort Hamilton, two 12-pound Napoleons, one 30-pound Parrot, one 32-pound Rodman; redoubt at the bridge, one 30-pound Parrot, two 6-pounders.

To be considered as forming a part of the south side defenses were the gunboats *Louisiana*, *Eagle* and *Commodore Hull*, and later in the siege the *Ceres*. The 6-pound guns in the block houses belonged to Battery G, 3d New York Artillery.

Learning of the intentions of the enemy, Gen. Foster threw himself into Washington with his staff before the enemy could surround it, coming up on a steamer, leaving orders for Prince's brigade to follow by water, and Spinola's by land. He arrived March 30th, and came at once to Fort Washington, which had

been garrisoned since the previous summer by Battery G, under Capt. Wall. He made the Fort his headquarters. Dispositions to resist an assault were immediately made. By Foster's order, the barracks in Fort Washington were at once torn down and every available man in the whole garrison was ordered out to work in strengthening the lines. Shovels being scarce, shingles from the dismantled barracks and other buildings were used. Traverses to protect guns from cross fire were begun, and the abatti was made thicker in front of all positions exposed to assault. The 44th Massachusetts was disposed along the line of intrenchments west of the Fort; the 27th Massachusetts east of it. Battery G manned the Fort, and also had a detachment at the redoubt at the causeway and at Fort Hamilton.

An assault was expected daily, and the little garrison worked like beavers to prepare for it. But Hill hesitated for three whole days. On the 31st, having planted batteries on the south side of the Tar, at Rodman's point, nearly opposite, but below the town, and at Hill's point, six miles below, so as to command the approaches by water, he showed in force on the hills in front of Fort Washington, and sent down a flag of truce, demanding a surrender, stating that he had completely surrounded the town and it was now in his power. Foster would not allow the flag to come within our lines, but sent out officers to meet it. He was in Fort Washington when Hill's demand was brought to him. Officers of Company G heard him say, "Go back and tell them, if they want Washington, come and get it. We'll fight them as long as we can man a gun." All now made ready to resist the expected assault. Two companies of infantry were brought into the Fort. Two hundred contrabands were armed, and every man that could sight a rifle was stationed at the breastworks.

With his 20,000 men, Hill could have taken Washington with one strong rush, though Battery G and the infantry would have made it a bloody business for him had he tried it. The assault, however, did not come. Hill saw we were ready for him, and it is said that his men, when ordered to advance and storm our works, refused to obey.

The rebel General then decided on a siege. The erection of batteries was, on the 31st, begun on the hills north and east of Fort Washington, in the edge of the woods. The Fort shelled the rebel position to annoy the working parties.

The river side of the town was its vulnerable point. On the 30th, Capt. Lyon's company had been sent to Rodman's point, with orders to entrench, and secure it against the enemy. But he was driven off at daybreak, next day, in spite of the attempts

of the gunboats to drive back the rebels by the fire of their heavy guns. The rebels erected a battery on the point, and April 1st opened fire on the town and on the *Commodore Hull*, which was aground in the river. The boat received a hundred shots, and was completely riddled. Foster was determined to repossess Rodman's point. By his orders a strong detachment sallied across the causeway, supported by two guns of Battery G, and strove to get in the rear of the rebel redoubt. But the road beyond the causeway was obstructed by a barricade, with infantry and artillery, and after a short fight, the sortie returned. On the 4th, under cover of a fog, an attempt was made to storm the point by crossing in boats. But the gunboat *Ceres*, which had the storming party on board, ran aground, and the assault failed. The *Ceres* was well pelted with shot before she could be gotten off.

The bombardment of the town and our river side redoubts by Rodman's point, began on the 1st. The cannonade was mutual and very heavy, but void of especial result. The *Commodore Hull* had several guns dismounted. Block-house No. 4 was riddled, and some damage was inflicted on houses in the town.

The transports bearing Gen. Prince's brigade from Newbern came in sight of the town that day, but were stopped by the rebel batteries on Hill's point. Foster ordered Prince to land and storm the point. He replied, "It is impracticable," and never even made the attempt.

Fearful that the rebels on Rodman's point would destroy the Union gunboats, Foster now had a breastwork built on Castle island, a little island in the middle of the river, to put their guns into it if necessary, and those of the *Commodore Hull* and *Eagle* were landed in the town. The heavy guns in Fort Hamilton were from the *Eagle*. This Fort derived its name, by the way, from Lieut. Hamilton, of Battery G, who with his men garrisoned it.

The bombardment of Fort Washington fairly opened from the batteries east of the town, on the 3d, and lasted with varying intensity for seventeen days.

On the 4th, a new voice was added to the roaring of the rebel batteries, and missiles came flying down towards block house No. 4, from a twelve-pound battery on Blount's plantation, east of the town. The battery was masked behind a hedge fence. As it took the river side redoubts at this point in reverse, the two Wiard guns of Battery G at the causeway redoubt were ordered up to block house No. 4 to engage the battery. After firing two hours, one of the rebel guns was knocked over, and the other

silenced. Two of Battery G's men at Fort Hamilton, Horle and Shaufeller, were injured that day by a premature explosion. Horle had just rammed home the charge, when it went off, the blast carrying him bodily right over the breastwork.

On the 5th, the firing on Fort Washington began to grow heavy. Work after work was thrown up on the hills in front of it. Nearly every day, new guns were mounted in them, until at length eight siege batteries were arrayed against the Fort and rained into it daily a terrific converging fire from ten rifled and four smooth bore guns. The Fort was ploughed in all directions by the shot and fragments of shell, but the garrison went through the appalling ordeal to which it was subjected almost without harm. The ramparts were good and strong and shelter was afforded against cross fire by large traverses built between the guns by the contrabands. Fort Washington answered the batteries on the hills with as heavy a fire as was consistent with economy of ammunition. After three days' firing, the supply of ammunition was nearly exhausted, and it became necessary to fire slowly, paying more attention to accuracy and depending less on silencing the enemy by a torrent of fire. Battery G's gunners in the Fort thus made beautiful shots, and frequently dismounted rebel guns. The only way Foster had of obtaining ammunition was by means of row boats and sail boats running the blockade of the Hill's point batteries in the night. This was successfully done and each night enough was generally secured to carry the garrison through the next day.

On the 9th, the attention of the garrison at Washington was caught by the sounds of battle far away to the south-east. All surmised that relief was at hand and that our troops from Newbern had attacked the rebel rear. But the sounds soon died away and nothing came of the demonstration. The cause of the firing was an attempt by Brig.-Gen. Spinola, with 7,000 infantry, and Riggs's, Ashby's, Howell's, Belgers's and Ransom's Batteries, to break through the rebel circumvallation of Washington and raise the siege. He encountered a strong force of the enemy at Blount's bridge, fifteen miles from Washington, and tried to drive them without success, and then fell back to Newbern.

The bombardment of Fort Washington was very hot on the 10th, and the top mast of the flag staff was shot away. The flag came down on a run. But David Myrick, of Battery G, gallantly climbed the mast under a heavy fire and nailed the flag to its place. Shots struck the pole above and below him while he was up there and one of them jarred him down. The rebels fired

about 200 rounds an hour into the Fort on the 10th, requiring a sharp look out to prevent casualties. Battery G worked its guns steadily in reply and won the admiring comments of Gen. Foster and his staff for its coolness and intrepidity, and for the accuracy of its shots. Fort Hamilton, too, was well served and made some remarkably close shots. One day, one of its gunners sighted the 32-pounder at a man across the river, who was making signals, and shot him.

A hotter fire than ever was rained upon the town on the 12th, but without shaking the steadfastness of the garrison. Our return fire was so well directed that the rebels were kept hard at work repairing their breastworks ploughed up by our shot. During the day, a 10-pound Parrot shell dropped into Fort Washington beside a gun in command of Sergt. Goodrich. The Sergeant instantly picked it up and threw it aside to a place, where, had it burst, it could not endanger the lives of his men. Fortunately it did not burst at all. It may be mentioned here, that Sergt. Goodrich won a proud name during this siege for his cool daring and soldierly conduct. Every time his gun was fired, he exposed himself above the parapet to watch the effect of the shot, and Gen. Potter's attention was so drawn to it that he inquired for Goodrich's name and said, "That's my idea of a perfect soldier."

On the 14th, the steamer *Escort* came up the river, having run the blockade, bringing the 5th Rhode Island Volunteers, with a store of provisions and ammunition. The next day the *Escort* started back again. Gen. Foster was aboard, determined to go to Newbern, and bring a relieving column to the rescue. The *Escort* ran the blockade again in safety, though forty-seven shots were sent into her on passing by the Hill's point batteries. She reached Newbern that evening. Foster immediately ordered the whole force to prepare for action, and at daylight of the 17th started overland for Washington. All the artillery that could be spared from Newbern accompanied it.

Meanwhile, an attempt was made in Washington to create the belief that reinforcements had been received. Troops were shifted from point to point, empty camps were pitched, and batteries of cannon were drawn here and there.

On the night of the 15th, the rebels ingloriously stole away from their lines and retreated. Fort Washington tossed a few shells into the redoubts on the hill in the morning. But the hill was mute. Our pickets then charged up to find the enemy had flown. It is hardly necessary to say that the intelligence was received with hearty cheers and considerable enthusiasm. Our

officers went out to view the rebel works and examine the effect of our firing. The hill was strewn with our shot and the ruin they caused visible everywhere. Hill's point was occupied by a detachment of Battery G and a company of infantry on the 17th.

Foster came up on the 18th. His cavalry attacked and cut up the enemy's rear guard. His forces did not all come on to Washington. Finding the rebels were gone, they were nearly all sent back.

The success of Foster's gallant little band of 2,200 in keeping at bay a whole rebel corps for twenty days, and withstanding an aggressive siege of twelve days, has been justly regarded as unparalleled in the war. The merit of the achievement is prominently and perhaps principally due to Battery G of the 3d New York Artillery.

April 24th, Gen. Foster issued General Orders, No. 63. Enumerating the troops comprising the garrison of Washington during the siege, he says: "They have all incurred by their steadiness, courage and endurance, the honor of inscribing on their banners, "Washington, April, 1863."

Before leaving this subject, an incident worthy of notice, occurring in Riggs's Battery, on the march to Washington, may be related. The section under command of Lieut. Mercer, had halted for dinner. Over a hastily built camp fire, water was soon boiling for the coffee. One of the men, stepping to the limber chest, took out the coffee bag and emptied its contents into the kettle, and then rolling up the bag replaced it in the chest. Corporal Smith was sitting on the chest, which, by the way, contained fifty pounds of powder, when Ben Adams approached and asked permission to look into the chest. This was against regulations, and was refused. But Ben was uneasy, and came back and said to the Corporal, "I must look in that chest." After some chaffing, he was allowed to. Upon raising the lid a cloud of smoke arose. The men, who stood around, forgetful of rations and everything but personal safety, fled in all directions. Ben, however, at the risk of his life, remained. The coffee bag was afire. Ben snatched it out, and threw it on the ground, exclaiming, "There, I knew something was the matter." He never could account for his desire to look into that chest. His presentiment came just in time, for in a few moments more the limber would have exploded, with disastrous consequences.

The time of the original members of the 3d Artillery, veterans of the 19th New York Volunteers, expired in the month of May,

1863. They were accordingly assembled at Newbern, to be sent home for muster out. Battery G came down from Washington May 8th. Detachments of E, I and K, at Port Royal, were brought up, and Battery H was relieved from duty in Fort Rowan, Newbern, and C and D from duty at Fort Totten. Separated from the rest of the regiment, they encamped apart, while their papers were being made out; on the 13th of May they turned out by themselves, with their old regimental colors, tattered and torn by service, and inscribed with regimental victories, for an old 19th dress parade. A week later, Gen. Foster issued the following order:—

"HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA,
18TH ARMY CORPS,
NEWBERN, May 20, 1863.

Special Orders, No. 144:—The term of service of many of the 3d New York Artillery having expired, and they being about to leave the Department, the commanding General feels called upon to express his thanks to them for the past and his best wishes for the future. The commanding General hopes that, after a brief enjoyment of home, the memory of the brave deeds in which they have participated in this Department, and the memory of their friends left behind, will induce many or all of them, officers and men, to return again to the Department of North Carolina. There are few among the parting who cannot recall with pride the siege of Fort Macon, the affairs of Rawles Mills, and the actions of Kinston, Whitehall, Goldsboro, and Washington. The commanding General sympathizes with the companions and families of those brave men who have fallen and whose memory will ever remain recorded in the annals of this Department.

By command of Maj.-Gen. J. G. FOSTER.
SOUTHARD HOFFMAN, A. A. G."

The men sailed for home that same day in two steamers. Batteries E, H, I, K, M, and Breck's section of F, and two companies of the 8th Massachusetts Volunteers, with an immense throng of spectators escorted them to the wharf. They reached New York on the 23d, arriving in Auburn with Gen. Ledlie and Col. Stewart on the 26th, the detachment being as follows:—

Battery A—Capt. White, Lieuts. Tomlison and Potter, and 75 men.

Battery C—Lieut. Randolph, and 83 men.

Battery D—Capt. Gavigan, Lieuts. Boyle, Brannick and Dwyer, and 63 men.

Battery E—Lieut. Dennis, and 80 men.
Battery G—Capt. Wall and Lieut. Thompson, and 56 men.
Battery I—78 men.
Battery K—Lieut. Havens, and 75 men.
Surgeon Dimon.

In all, 524,—all stalwart, manly looking fellows, bronzed like Arabs and magnificently drilled.

Their arrival created an intense excitement in Auburn. A few days before, a public meeting had been called and a committee of the very best citizens appointed to organize a reception. The committee was—Jonas White, Jr., the Mayor, chairman; Wm. E. Beardsley, Theo. M. Pomeroy, Geo. W. Peck, S. Willard, M. D., Nelson Beardsley, E. P. Ross, J. N. Knapp, Chas. P. Wood, John H. Chedell, N. T. Stephens, Col. J. B. Richardson, Capt. Hubbard, C. Morgan, C. E. Barber, T. P. Case, D. P. Wallis, C. C. Dennis, C. H. Merriman, J. Ives Parsons, L. Briggs, M. D., Wm. Hills, Geo. J. Letchworth, Wm. Allen, Thomas Kirkpatrick, D. M. Osborne, Eli Gallup, W. S. Hawley, Kellogg Beach, C. S. Burtis, Chas. Standart, C. G. Briggs, L. H. Baldwin, L. L. Wilkinson, Wm. B. Woodin, Benj. B. Snow, Wm. Robinson, John Porter, M. S. Myers, Geo. Humphreys, John T. Baker, E. T. T. Martin, A. G. Beardsley.

Plans were laid for a grand reception; but the battalion arrived before it was expected, and there was only time to marshal Capts. White's, Swift's, Rhodes's and Barber's military companies under Col. J. B. Richardson, Nos. 1, 3 and 4, fire companies and hook and ladder company to greet the returned heroes at the New York Central Railroad depot and escort them to the Exchange Hotel on Genesee street, where J. N. Knapp, the Provost Marshal, made them an address, and a collation was provided for them. The city was hung with flags in their honor and the populace, proud of them beyond expression, thronged the streets. Two or three days afterwards, the battalion had a dress parade in front of the Court House and was addressed by Secretary Seward. The men were formally mustered out June 2d. They were paid off on the 6th.

Shortly after these events, the returned members of the 3d Artillery were unexpectedly called on, one day, to display their patriotic devotion to the country's welfare by special service in the city of New York. In that metropolis riots had broken out among the foreign born and ignorant classes of the populace in opposition to the conscription ordered by Government. The State happened to be stripped of serviceable troops, nearly everything that could be gleaned, volunteers and militia, having

been sent to Pennsylvania to fight Gen. Lee at Gettysburg. In this emergency, on the 14th of July, Gov. Seymour called on Maj. Giles, then at Auburn, to get together the discharged veterans of the 3d Artillery, and report at once to Gen. Wool in New York city, for the public defense. Maj. Giles promptly repeated the call in Cayuga and Seneca counties, and the disbanded battalion as promptly responded, and began to assemble with alacrity at Seneca Falls and elsewhere, for the purpose of going in a body to the metropolis. The danger, however, had passed before they could be organized. They were publicly thanked and allowed to return to their homes.

Nevertheless, the 3d Artillery was not without efficient representatives in New York during the riots, quite a delegation of its officers being in the city at the time on furlough. Gen. Wool immediately utilized them for the public defense, placing portions of his militia under their experienced and competent direction. Capt. Schenck received command of a battery of artillery, and did good service at the Atlantic docks and elsewhere, in overawing rioters and preventing the destruction of property and sacking of stores.

Capt. Howell was given command of some artillery of the 8th regiment, and used it on Wednesday, the 15th, in a manner that showed how little distinction existed in his patriotic view between rebels in the field and traitors at home. At daylight of the 15th, Gen. Dodge and Col. Mott with a body of infantry, and Capt. Howell and his guns, were sent to 32d street, where the mob was hanging colored men and breaking into and robbing houses and stores. When they arrived on the ground, three colored men had already been slain. The lifeless body of one, Col. Mott himself cut down with his sword. The act aroused the ferocity of the mob, who attacked the detachment with a rain of brick and stones, and, crowding up close, struck those within reach with clubs and slung shot. Col. Mott directed Capt. Howell to come into battery at the corner of 32d Street and 7th Avenue, which he did forthwith, while the infantry and cavalry charged the mob, and with thrust of bayonet and slash of sword drove it a long ways down the street. The rioters rallying again, Capt. Howell approached them alone and warned them to disperse or he would try the virtue of grape and cannister. The caution was repeatedly given; but the crowd lingered, and finally renewed the attack, making a rush to take our guns, prefacing the same with a tremendous volley of stones. Capt. Howell waved his sword and gave the signal to fire, and half a dozen rounds of cannister tore their way through the very

heart of the assailing horde, checking its advance and facing it to the right about in panic terror. The street was cleared almost immediately, the mob leaving the road strewn with bleeding bodies. Nearly twenty expiated their folly and crime in bloody death in this attack, though, doubtless, some of those shot down were innocent parties drawn to the scene from motives of curiosity. The infantry now had easy work and made a large number prisoners.

Two days afterwards, Capt. Howell had a narrow escape from assassination for the part borne by him in this fight. While driving in his private carriage to headquarters, a group of a dozen or more of the rioters, spying his uniform, set up a shout of "There's the man who fired on us on Wednesday," and on the instant poured a shower of stones on the carriage, breaking the windows and panels. The rioters shouted to the driver to stop. Capt. Howell drew his revolver and told the driver to go on. Before that individual had recovered his wits enough to act, the crowd had increased to fifty. A stone now struck Capt. Howell's shoulder on an old wound, for a moment paralyzing the arm. The horses were then lashed into a gallop; the crowd was halted with five shots from the Captain's revolver; and the carriage was soon beyond the reach of danger.

The withdrawal of the two years' men depleted the 3d Artillery to 889 men. In accordance with the orders of the War Department requiring the consolidation of the regiment to eight batteries, the remnants of Batteries A, C, D and G were transferred to E, K and I on May 22d, leaving the constitution of the regiment as follows: Battery B, Capt. Ashcroft, 142 men; Battery E, Capt. Schenck, 105 men; Battery F, Capt. Taylor, 133 men; Battery H, Capt. Riggs, 133 men; Battery I, Capt. Ammon, 113 men; Battery K, Capt. Angel, 125 men; Battery M, Capt. Howell, 131 men; Field and Staff, 7. In all, 889. The battery was L, Capt. Cowan, 1st New York Independent, in the Army of the Potomac. It was still carried along on the rolls at that time as a legitimate portion of the 3d Artillery, Col. Stewart having no authority as yet to drop it. But this history does not include it, or count it, with the 3d Artillery, as it was practically an independent command and was not under the orders of the commander of the 3d.

To bring the regiment back to its proper standard, Col. Stewart applied to Secretary Stanton for permission to recruit. Gen. Foster endorsed the request as follows:—

"I approve the within most cordially, because I believe it

to be for the interest of the service. The 3d New York Artillery, which arrived here fully 1,700 strong, has been the body from which we have drawn the *personale* for all the excellent artillery light batteries we have formed in this department. When the original Burnside expedition landed, it had only a Rhode Island battery (Belger's.) But this excellent battery was the nucleus of the efficient batteries, nine in number, formed from the 3d New York Artillery. Notwithstanding a very large drain of its best material, made to assist the Department of the South in the attack on Charleston, we now have remaining several batteries which are now very efficient. But all the regiment is exhausted in mounting these batteries; and now none are left, since so many more are to be mustered out, to man the forts. To supply this want, at least in part, I earnestly recommend that the requisite authority be granted to fill up the regiment to the original standard."

The application was granted in the course of the summer. In September, Col. Stewart was enabled to go home and begin recruiting. He opened offices in Auburn, Utica, Geneva and other places and made the State ring with his calls for volunteers. In September, eighty-two recruits were obtained in consequence, and in October, 212. Among the latter was the new Battery C, Capt. Wm. E. Mercer, 160 strong. Further recruiting was then arrested temporarily by the efforts in New York State to raise a new regiment of Artillery, the 16th, by Capt. Morrison, Capt. Ammon, Lieut. Prince, and others of the 3d, by consent of Gov. Seymour. The 16th Artillery, by the way, was duly raised and was a splendid regiment. A great many of the men of the 3d mustered out in June went into it and many of the 3d's best line officers.

The summer and fall of 1863, in North Carolina, were distinguished by no hard battles. Several sharp cavalry raids on the Weldon railroad, however, took place, and various dashes at Kinston, Swansboro and other points were made by small expeditions. They were all successful and served to keep the enemy in constant alarm. Detachments of the 3d Artillery generally accompanied them. The raids on the railroad took place on July 3d and 18th. The first struck it at Warsaw. The second struck it at Rocky Mount Station, burning bridges, locomotives, cars and stores there, and, on the way back, burning rebel steamers at Tarboro. Lieut. Clark and his section went with this expedition, had several brushes and did good service, losing four wounded and one prisoner. Lieut. Mercereau went part way with it.

July 18th, Foster assumed command of the joint Departments of Virginia and North Carolina and went to Fortress Monroe.

September 3d, Maj.-Gen. John J. Peck assumed command of the District of North Carolina by Foster's order.

X

BEFORE CHARLESTON.

Foster's Expedition to Charleston—The Artillery Brigade—Hunter Absorbs Foster's Troops—In camp on St. Helena—The Tent with the Barrel in it—Du Pont's Attack on Charleston—Batteries B and F on Folly Island—Return of the other Batteries to Newbern—Capture of Morris Island—Siege of Fort Wagner—B and F on the Lines—Battery B and the Regulars—B Builds a Breastwork at Night—Capture of Wagner—B and F Bombard Sumter at Night—The Two Expeditions to John's Island—Incidents—The 3d Artillery Saves the Army—The Battle of Bloody Bridge.

Foster's expedition to Goldsboro in December, 1862, having seriously disturbed the enemy's communications in North Carolina, nearly isolated Wilmington from the North, and left it very much as Fort Macon was when Burnside took Newbern, Foster proposed to take Wilmington, and, with the full consent and approval of the War Department, began to assemble his 18th Corps at Beaufort, as the first step towards making a dash at the earnestly coveted prize. While intent on this idea, he received orders from Washington, changing the objective point of his new expedition. The *Monitor*, which had been promised him to help in his expected attack on Wilmington, had foundered at sea, and no other iron clad could be spared him. He was directed, therefore, to go at once to South Carolina, and co-operate by land with Du Pont's iron clads, in an assault on Charleston. The project well suited his ambitious and energetic temperament, and as he happened to have been one of

Sumter's garrison, as United States Engineer of the defenses of Charleston, when the rebels took it in 1861, the notion of aiding in its recapture was the more gratifying.

The force which now gathered at Beaufort, N. C., comprised 11,000 hard fighters, under the brave Brigadiers Naglee, Hickman, Ferry, Stephenson and others. There was good material throughout in the corps, but its brightest ornament by far was a magnificent brigade of artillery, composed of thirteen batteries and parts of batteries, light and heavy, with forty guns, all under the command of Gen. Ledlie, Chief of Artillery of the 18th Corps. The 3d Artillery was represented in the brigade by a large battalion, under command of Maj. Kennedy, of splendid appearance in the field, and, thanks to the Major's and their Captains' careful training, most thoroughly and scientifically drilled. A portion of it consisted of details from heavy batteries, which were designed to serve mortars in any siege operations, and to garrison the numerous fortifications, the General confidently expected to capture. Its composition was as follows: Battery B, 102 strong, Capt. Morrison, with six 12-pound Napoleons; Battery F, 94 strong, Capt. Jenny, six 6-pound Wiards; Battery I, 98 strong, Lieut. Thomas, six 12-pound Napoleons; Battery A, 60 strong, Lieut. Laughlin, heavy, armed with rifles; Battery C, 26 men, Lieut. Randolph, same; Battery D, 25 men, Lieut. Brannick, same; Battery E, 90 strong, Capt. Schenck, same. Having in all, 490 men, 22 cannon and 400 horses. All the companies took their camp equipage. Dr. Knight accompaied the battalion as Surgeon. Capt. Morrison was Assistant-Quartermaster on Ledlie's staff.

The expedition, assembling at Beaufort during the last days of January, was, by the 30th, snugly aboard a fleet of about fifty steamers and schooners, lying at anchor under the guns of Fort Macon. The light batteries of the artillery brigade each had two schooners, one for the men and guns, the other for the horses. Batteries A, C, D and E were on the steamer *Spaulding* under command of Capt. Schenck. This was Gen. Foster's headquarters' ship and flew a dark blue flag with a white castle in the center to designate it as such.

The fleet sailed on January 31st. Up to this moment no one but the chiefs of the expedition knew its destination. There was intense curiosity on the subject, but no positive information, until the fleet had sailed forty miles down the coast. Each Captain of a vessel then opened the sealed orders which had been handed him on starting, and found it to direct him to rendezvous at Port Royal. The *Spaulding* reached Hilton Head,

February 2d. The sailing vessels made slower time, the wind being light. February 2d was a gloriously clear and sunny day and the sunset one of unequalled magnificence. But at night, a gale sprang up and the schooners were widely scattered over the face of the ocean. Some of them got in to Hilton Head on the 3d, but of the rest some were out a week before they were able to make the port.

Port Royal is a splendid harbor, ten miles long by four wide, with luxuriantly verdant islands margined by wide sand beaches, on all sides. A noble fleet of iron clads, monitors, steamers and ships lay at anchor on its bosom, their white sails, black hulls and strange shapes, and their innumerable flags and pennants, imparting to the scene a singular interest and beauty.

Gen. Foster reported verbally to Gen. Hunter, commander of the department, to whom the former's advent in his department is said to have been a great surprise. It was agreed that the 18th Corps should encamp for the present on St. Helena island, on the north side of the harbor. The infantry was debarked rapidly. The artillery went ashore on the 7th, 8th, and 9th, camping on the broad smooth beach at the extreme southern end of the island, near the Government dock, and within ten rods of the water's edge. The batteries camped in parallel rows, in Sibley tents, holding fifteen men each.

St. Helena, a long, level island, is covered with fine plantations and elegant mansions. Its soil produces the finest quality of the famous sea island cotton, and that was the chief crop raised by its residents before the war. When the 18th Corps arrived, however, the island was deserted, save by negroes, and its plantations neglected and overrun with weeds and quick-growing tropical vegetation.

Gen. Foster's stay in the Department of the South was short. On arriving at Port Royal, he called on Com. Du Pont to arrange the details of a joint attack on Charleston. Du Pont was not ready, and Foster took a steamer to Fortress Monroe to get some siege guns for land batteries. He did not come back. Hunter disarranged the entire plan of his expedition by taking advantage of his absence and incorporating the whole detachment of 11,000 from the 18th Corps, as reinforcements. Foster's principal officers protesting, Hunter ordered them out of the department, and they left. Gen. Ledlie left among the number. Deprived of some of his batteries by Hunter's order, he protested against it, without avail. He, therefore, applied to be ordered North, and obtained his request. He ploughed the wave for Newbern, March 15th.

Under the sunny skies of St. Helena, among palmettos and and moss-draped live oaks, the 3d Artillery idled away two long months, while Du Pont was getting his iron clads ready, and Hunter, with a powerful corps at his disposal, was doing nothing. One or two grand reviews took place on the island, and the burning of a negro settlement, the distant booming of heavy guns from our gun boats at Savannah or in the blockading squadrons off Charleston, created passing sensations. But, all things considered, it was very dull. Foraging in the orange groves, in the sweet potato patches, and among the flocks and herds of the inhabitants, was about the only entertainment. It was, of course, against orders. But Hunter starved the troops on St. Helena, and the sutlers in Robbers' Row, on Hilton Head, plundered them. What else were they to do? A great many found sport in trapping with snares the gaily-colored grosbecks that peopled the groves. Others had a passion for raking up clams and others from the bottom of the harbor, and sought recreation in so doing. But the ruling furore was for forbidden edibles and the excitement of getting them. It led the men into many exploits. Bound to have something better than hard tack and salt pork, a diet that produced at one time a prevalence of scurvy in the artillery brigade, all who could escape beyond the limits of camp foraged largely. Two months' experience in this line endued some of the more enterprising spirits with a strength of cool impudence that no one could excel but a 10th Corps Quartermaster. One of the many exploits related is told of Battery B. It took place in the camp of the Battery. The General had issued a barrel of commissary whiskey for the sick of B. The Captain placed it in the back part of his tent for safety. One day a certain clique were observed to be growing hilarious. Great was the mystification. No inquiries at first sufficed to discover where or how the potent liquid was obtained. At length the Orderly Sergeant found it out. It was noticed that among toasts offered on the sly among the men one was exceedingly popular and occasioned much covert merriment. "Here's to the tent with the barrel in it." Then the truth came out. One day a few of the men had taken one of the buckets from the guns. A picket went around in front of the Captain's tent. When the Captain dropped asleep, at a signal, a slit was made in the back of the tent. The barrel was tapped with a gimlet, and a pailful of its precious contents drawn off. The hole was plugged and the initiated gathered in an appointed tent to drink the health of their officers and the tent with a barrel in it.

On the 1st of April the troops at St. Helena, including the 3d Artillery, were ordered to embark for the long expected attack on Charleston. Camps were struck in a furore of enthusiasm. The fleet set sail April 3d. After a stormy passage, it rendezvoused in Stono Inlet, clustering behind the south end of Folly Island. A portion of the 3d Artillery, on the schooner *Scout*, did not get in till the 7th, having been driven by the storm down opposite to the coast of Florida.

On the 6th, the iron clads came up from the North Edisto, steamed slowly by the Stono, and collected off Morris Island, for the attack next day. The memorable assault was made by them on the afternoon of the 7th, and lasted three hours. The crashing of the heavy guns seemed to the fleet behind Folly Island like the unceasing muttered roll of the most awful thunder. The troops were in intense excitement, and hung in the riggings of the transports, thick as bees, hoping to catch a glimpse of the fight. They saw only the clouds of the thick, white smoke of battle rising from over beyond the islands high in air. Some thought it was a conflagration.

While the iron clads were attacking, Gen. Hunter landed 4,000 men on Folly Island, with Batteries B and F of the 3d Artillery, under Gen. Seymour, and posted them behind the sand hills and a thicket of scrub pine and palmettos at the upper end of the Island, ready to rush across on pontoons and establish themselves on Morris Island when the proper moment arrived. The Batteries left their horses on shipboard. Getting out the prolonges, they dragged their guns and caissons up the broad, smooth beach to the front, vanishing from the sight of their comrades on the fleet, who were filled with a generous envy of their good fortune. Well might they have been, for the Batteries which landed on Folly Island that day were the only ones in the 3d Artillery that were destined to contribute to the fall of Charleston.

DuPont, as is well known, failed in his assault that day, and retired in rage and disgust to the North Edisto.

Gen. Seymour, though just on the point of dashing across Light House Inlet, on a party of rebels who were firing on his pickets, was ordered to remain where he was. He accordingly encamped his troops and waited for further advices. He was soon after reinforced with 4,000 men, and the Island placed under the command of Gen. Vogdes. On his staff, for a while, Capt. Jenny was Chief of Artillery.

The transport fleet of the 10th Corps lingered in Stono Inlet till the 12th of April. It then returned to Port Royal. The 3d

Artillery was encamped, a portion on St. Helena, the rest under Major Kennedy at Beaufort, S. C. It remained at these places in idleness till May, when, upon the appeal of the commanders of batteries, seconded by Major Kennedy, it was sent back to Newbern, arriving there about the 23d. Hunter compelled it, however, to leave behind its guns.

To strengthen the troops on Seabrook Island, (a brigade under Gen. Stephenson,) Battery B was transferred there a few days after landing on Folly. The Battery put its guns into a line of works around the camp, which was at the south-west corner of the Island. It had one of two opportunities to face some rebel pickets to the right about with shell, but had no regular engagement. In June, it was summoned to Morris Island.

The troops, left on Folly Island April 7th, constituted the advance guard of Hunter's army in its approaches to Charleston. Liable to be raided upon at any moment, Vogdes had out heavy picket parties all around the Island, day and night, and required Battery F to support with its pieces these parties. The Battery, in detached sections, kept many a vigil through that and the following two months, with horses ready hitched, on the edge of the Island, ready to repel meditated assault. The guns were shifted continually from place to place. One day they were brought down to Light House Inlet to fire on a blockade runner that had got on the bar in the Inlet the night before. The Battery sent her a few shots, when some newly made redoubts on Morris Island suddenly woke up into action and began knocking up the sand in the vicinity of the Union guns with heavy missiles, while a rebel ram ran out from behind an island up the Inlet and showed a raging desire to get into a fight. Fortunately Battery F was supported by four 32-pound Parrots, on a low bluff overhanging the beach, facing Morris Island. Both ram and rebel batteries were speedily quieted. The latter, however, did not get over their wrath for many days and shelled Folly Island vindictively day and night. They seemed to suspect that all was not quite right on that innocent looking, bushy bluff. In this they were correct. Early in June, Gen. Gilmore had relieved Hunter in command of the Department of the South, and was now toiling with superhuman energy to erect a line of works on that bluff, which should command the batteries on Morris Island, across the Inlet, not over 400 yards away. Everything was done under cloak of the night, covering the works by day with pine branches and brush to conceal them. Whole regi-

ments were worked every night and all the teams. By the first of July, forty-seven guns and mortars were in position, including those of Battery F. The rebels had an inkling of this. Their shelling was sometimes terrific, and some men were killed in the Union works. But all had holes in the bluff, and in moments of danger dodged into them and were as safe as swallows in a sand bank. The men could feel the ground tremble when the ponderous mortar shells struck, and more than once Battery F's men had bombs burst on the bank above them and cover them thick with sand. Gilmore never allowed our guns to reply, as he wished to conceal our strength from the enemy. Nor did he allow the infantry reinforcements he brought up to show themselves.

Special Orders, No. 2, on July 9th, announced, that "The attack on Morris Island will take place to-morrow morning at break of day, by the opening of our batteries on the north end of Folly Island."

At 5 A. M. of Friday, July 10th, a signal gun from the right opened the ball. Battery F, under command of Lieut. Birchmeyer, instantly opened on the enemy's lines on Morris Island, while the other batteries quickly followed suit. The rebels were startled almost out of their senses. When the peal of the first gun was heard, they sprang up from their redoubts and rifle pits to see where the smoke came from. As other guns opened, they dropped back, and at first opened only a feeble fire. Firing soon grew vigorous, however, and heavy. Presently five monitors came up abreast of Morris Island and aided in the good work for the Union by pouring in an enfilading fire. The duty of Battery F on this occasion was to shell the enemy's rifle pits, which it did so effectually as to keep them quiet. Twenty-four killed and wounded were afterwards found there. The Navy did well in this engagement, but the Army firing was superb. Our shells rolled over the whole Island, some flying as far as Fort Wagner at the upper end of it, materially increasing the panic that soon seized the enemy. After three hours' cannonading, the rebel fire slackened. Gen. Strong's brigade of infantry, which had been awaiting this event, in row boats, then dashed across the Inlet, charged and captured the rebel's works before they had time to spike any of their eleven guns therein. It was an interesting and comforting sight to see our regiments, with bright muskets and waving banners, taking possession of Morris Island, which they now did up to within 600 yards of Fort Wagner, driving the rebels pell mell before them.

We learnt from prisoners taken that day, that the rebels had

intended an attack on Folly Island that very morning. They had sent picked men from Fort Sumter to man their guns. We captured them. They were a fine lot.

The victory, on our part, was almost bloodless. Our trophies were nine cannon, two mortars, a quantity of camp equipage and a large number of prisoners.

On July 11th, Gen. Strong's brigade made an assault on Fort Wagner and nearly carried the works. It reached the parapet but was repulsed with loss.

The following order was issued on the 12th:

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT SOUTH,
MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., July 12, 1863.

Orders:—The Brigadier-General commanding presents his congratulations and thanks to the army, which he has the honor to command, for the brilliant victory of the 10th instant, which places them three miles nearer the rebel stronghold of Sumter, the first among all our country's defenses against foreign foes that felt the polluting hand of traitors. Our labors, however, are not over. They are just begun; and while the spires of the rebel city still loom up in the dim distance, hardships and privations must be endured before our hopes and expectations can find full fruition in victory. Let us emulate the heroic deeds of our brothers in arms at Gettysburg and Vicksburg, and add to that roll of fame which will be transmitted to a grateful posterity. Special thanks are due Brig.-Gen. I. Vodges and his command for the untiring energy and patient endurance displayed by them in creating batteries on Folly Island, under almost every conceivable disadvantage, and to Brig.-Gen. George C. Strong and his command, for the heroic gallantry with which they carried the enemy's batteries on Morris's Island, this being the first instance during the war in which powerful batteries have been successfully assaulted by a column disembarking under a heavy artillery fire.

Q. A. GILLMORE, Brig.-Gen. Commd'g."

Morris Island, a sand spit about three miles in length, reaching from Light House Inlet to Charleston harbor, is of a shape which bears a near resemblance to a bottle. The southern portion of the island is broad, with high wooded sand hills through the center, margined with beautiful broad smooth beaches. The upper end is naked and flat, and suddenly contracts into a long, narrow neck, on which, half a mile apart, the rebels had constructed the monstrous and powerful earthwork known as Fort Wagner, and at the extreme north end of the neck the smaller work, termed Battery Gregg.

Finding Fort Wagner altogether too powerful to be carried by assault, the attempt of the 11th being repeated on the 18th with a like result, nothing was left Gilmore but to besiege. No time was lost. By the 23d, a line of intrenchments was thrown up for a first parallel clear across the island, and eight guns and ten mortars placed in position behind it. On that day a second parallel was opened, six hundred yards in advance, and great guns were mounted therein as soon as possible to bring them up.

About July 13th, a section of Battery F, 3d Artillery, was ordered up from Folly Island and placed in the first—then the only—parallel, near the extreme right. Within a very few days the other section came up, placing its guns in the intrenchments along with the others. It did not require the whole Battery to serve the guns. The rest encamped some distance in the rear on the ocean beach. Battery B, 3d Artillery, also came up from Folly Island, placing its cannon in the intrenchments, two of them on the right of Battery F and two still further to the right on the beach. The main body of the men of the Battery encamped with F back in the rear. The guns of both B and F, new Wiards and Napoleons, were worked by details sent up from camp, from time to time, under command of a Lieutenant. With the two Batteries of the 3d New York, and between them, on the lines, was the regular light Battery E, 3d United States Artillery. These were the three light batteries, spoken of in the official reports of the siege of Fort Wagner as guarding the right flank of the Union intrenchments so long. They were ranged along the breastwork in front of and near some 200-pound guns and other heavy ordnance, set up to batter the rebel forts. It was their duty to defend this flank of the line, and the great guns, from sorties from the fort, against which the latter would have been helpless as they could be depressed enough to bear on a storming party advancing to their capture. The light batteries were also required to keep down the fire of rebel sharpshooters, who lay in battalions on the parapets and traverses and in the rifle trenches of Fort Wagner, and poured upon our great guns and our sappers a wicked fire of well aimed musket balls. The sharp-shooters would set up three sand bags, one across the others, leaving just space enough to point a rifle through. Our infantry was powerless to dislodge them, thus ensconced. When they became too troublesome, the light batteries would open on them with shell and case shot. It seldom took long to clear away both sand bags and marksmen effectually.

When Battery B first went up to the front, one night, the

Lieutenant in command of the regular battery took a fancy to put his guns into the embrasures occupied by the right section of B under Lieut. Day. He ordered Lieut. Day to take his guns out. Day naturally refused. He did not propose to abandon the post he held in the presence of the enemy, at the will of an irresponsible Lieutenant, especially as there were no other embrasures to point his guns through, and the space of a few rods only intervened between the spot where he then stood and that portion of the ocean beach swept by the tides. The regular Lieutenant again commanded him to move, and turning to his men ordered them to come and drag out the guns. Day drew his revolver. He said the first man who laid hand on a gun should die in his tracks. At the same time Battery B's men all drew, and a bloody fight would have been precipitated, had not his pomposity in shoulder straps suddenly comprehended the value of discretion, and desisted.

The change, however, was ordered in the course of the night, by the Chief of Artillery, who told Lieut. Day to make a breastwork on the beach. It was of course necessary to get this done before daylight. So at it Battery B went. The men drew up an old boat which lay on the beach as a foundation, and piled high a parapet of sand on top of it. Sand bags, to revet the back of the parapet and the embrasures, could not be got. But near by was a large pile of small wooden boxes, in which the shells of the 200-pound guns had come. These the men filled with sand and used instead of bags, answering the purpose admirably. The redoubt was finished just at the breaking of dawn, as objects on the Island were becoming visible in the first beams of morning. The men of the Battery, exhausted with their hard night's work, were sitting all around on the parapet, when there was a flash and a puff of smoke curling from the Fort. The rebels had a carronade with which they swept the beach. They used to fire from it half a dozen four-pound balls at a time. All knew what that flash meant. The rebels had discovered the new work. The men tumbled every way into the ditch, behind the parapets, anywhere for shelter, and scarce had they found cover before chuck! chuck! chuck! and the balls came bounding and plunging into the work. Before another shot was fired, every man was in his proper place.

Battery B, supported by three Requa, or "musquito," batteries of rifle barrels, now held the extreme right of the Union lines.

Battery F, during this siege, was always in the extreme advance. It was pushed ahead as the intrenchments were dug, un-

til, by August 14th, it was in the advance parallel within 800 yards of the Fort. Its guns were well served, and were thought so much of that some 30-pound Parrots were removed to make room for them. Two of the guns of B were also advanced to the extreme front, from time to time, and did gallant service. Both were unceasingly under the heavy shelling, which Forts Wagner, Gregg, Sumter in the harbor, and Johnson on James Island inflicted upon the besiegers. At times, this shelling was fast and furious. With our return fire, it filled the whole Island with wild commotion. It was next to impossible for the men on the lines to get the slightest particle of rest in consequence.

During one busy period of the siege, a detachment of Battery F did a brave and true service, that called out the following commendation from Lieut. Birchmeyer, in his otherwise rather barren official report, viz: "This gallant little band, under Lieut. VanHeusen, refused to be relieved for several days, until completely worn out with fatigue and exposure. Through F, the 3d Artillery gained a good reputation in this Department, owing in a great measure to the untiring exertions and distinguished bravery of Lieut. VanHeusen, commanding the section." To that reputation, Battery B also contributed in a high degree.

Several 3d Artillery men were wounded in this advance. Corp. Riley Fancher was touched in the back by a piece of a shell, Jas. H. Kingsley, the same; Lawrence McCarthy was pierced in the right arm with a bullet, August 10th; Darius Stucker received wounds in hands and arms by a premature discharge, while firing in action, August 13th. One day, when the 200-pound guns were firing, a man in Battery B was wounded in the calf of the leg by a large grain of powder from one of them.

George Conway, Riley Fancher and Mathias Thyson distinguished themselves in the trenches for bravery, and were presented with medals therefor, afterwards. Conway ran out under fire and stuck a guidon flag into the ground for the sappers to work towards.

Battery F, in August, was very short of men fit for duty. Lieut. Birchmeyer could only relieve the men in the trenches every third night.

August 22d, Battery B was ordered to garrison Fort Shaw, Morris Island. The Fort was on the ocean front of the island, at the lower end. Heavy 64's and 32's were mounted upon it to command the ship channel leading to Charleston harbor. The Battery parked its light guns in the Fort and camped there.

It will not be necessary to recount here the details of how Gilmore pushed forward the siege of Wagner to a successful

conclusion, spending one week while so doing in pulverizing the walls of Fort Sumter, with his long-range guns, into a mass of ruins. It is not in the province of this volume to consider them. Suffice it to say, on September 6th, our sappers ran their trenches right up on to Fort Wagner, and next morning the rebels had fled and abandoned the Island. Our forces took possession, bringing them over a mile nearer to Fort Sumter and Charleston.

Battery F retired from the lines and took its guns down to camp.

For the remainder of the year nothing was done on Morris Island by the United States forces, except to refortify Forts Wagner and Gregg, and to keep up a steady battering of Fort Sumter till every wall was reduced to a chaotic jumble of debris. The only especial service rendered by the 3d Artillery batteries during this time was to assist in mounting guns and do picket and guard duty; also, to run up at night to the beach on the extreme north end of the Island to fire shell and case shot at Fort Sumter, to prevent the rebels from building up a rampart of sand. A calcium light on Morris Island shot a brilliant ray across the water and illuminated the Fort perfectly, exposing it to the unerring aim of our gunners. Battery B, under Lieuts. Day and Wildt, did much of this duty and caused the rebels serious annoyance. Some nights, Forts Sumter, Johnson, Moultrie, Bee, and the whole circle of rebel works around the harbor, would open on B heavily and force it to suspend operations. At such times the scene was inexpressibly grand. The mortar shells rising in beautiful curves, high in air, could be seen from the time they left the fiery throats of the ordnance that threw them forth, till they burst overhead, or fell to bury themselves in the earth or water. They crossed each other's track and mingled with those shot in return from the Union batteries on shore and sea, filling the heavens with meteoric lines of fire. The flash of the guns and bursting shells illuminated the scene with perpetual play. These magnificent spectacles can never be effaced from the remembrance of those who beheld them.

In the latter part of 1863, Capt. Ashcroft received permission to recruit his command to an eight-gun battery. He had four 12-pound Napoleons. He drew four howitzers and some horses. He then went home to recruit; but the men he obtained were diverted to the regiment, and the effort fell through. Battery F was also in the spring of 1864 an eight-gun battery.

In November, Lieut. Day, of Battery B, was promoted to Captain of F. A thorough overhauling of the Battery followed, everything being badly run down. Tents, harness, horses and

guns were turned over to the Quartermaster and an entire new outfit drawn, four Napoleons now being obtained in place of the Wiards. The new commander now devoted himself to restoring the ancient magnificent discipline of the Battery with eminent success. It encamped on Folly Island and a rapid improvement became visible in its conduct and drill.

In February, 1864, Battery F accompanied an expedition to John's Island, S. C., under Gen. Schimmelfennig.

This island is a large, well wooded tract, south of the Stono, containing, on the banks of the Stono, near the ocean, the settlement of Legareville. It is traversed by good roads, leading among many fine plantations. In February, 1780, the British General, Sir Henry Clinton, landed upon it with an army and marched inland, crossing the Stono at the upper end of the island, by which means he got in the rear of Charleston and captured it. With an eye to a future demonstration in force, of a similar nature to that of Clinton's, Schimmelfennig on Folly Island was sent over in February, 1864, with his brigade and Gen. Ames's, to reconnoiter John's Island and see what there was on it.

The infantry moved on the night of Saturday, February 6th. It crossed the Stono to Kiowah Island, and moved down the ocean beach to Seabrook, the following day and night. Battery F, under command of Capt. Day and Lieuts. Titus and Clark, crossed on the night of Sunday. Remaining at the landing all day, when night came on it made a forced march to join the infantry. At the little creek, separating Kiowah and Seabrook Islands, the teams had to be doubled to get the guns and caissons across the ford. Pushing on, at daylight, Tuesday, the Battery came up with the advance, at Seabrook House, on Seabrook Island, near the bridge connecting that and John's Islands.

After a halt of two hours for rest, a regiment of infantry was thrown out in advance, Battery F following, and the forward movement began, and at 7 A. M. reached the bridge. Here the first skirmish took place. A picket of 150 rebel cavalry, under Major Jenkins, was in a house across the creek and opened a brisk fire. Our advance charged across the bridge with Battery F. The rebels fell back. Capt. Day opened on them with shell. He had his own four guns and two others manned by colored men. The rebels again retired, skirmishing strongly. Some of them were captured. Schimmelfennig directed the artillery to remain near the bridge. His infantry pushed on up the road a ways and also halted. There was considerable skirm-

ishing during the day, the enemy being reinforced by the 26th Virginia, Col. Page. Battery F came into action several times, shelling a piece of woods and a house where the rebels were posted, driving them out in a hurry in both cases, and also shutting up a 12-pound gun that opened fire on us.

Next morning, the 10th, Gov. Wise, in person, with more troops reinforced the enemy, who then became quite demonstrative. Lieut. Clark's and Lieut. Titus's section shelled them at different times during the day. Then, seeing their left flank about to be turned by Schimmelfennig, they fell back to a place called Cocked Hat.

At noon of the 11th, Gen. Schimmelfennig formed his brigades in line of battle, the left flank under Ames resting on Bohicket creek. Lieut. Titus was detached to support the left flank; Lieut. Clark to support the right. At 1 P. M. the army moved forward slowly, a strong line of skirmishers beating up the woods in front. At 3 P. M. the rebels were emboldened by the arrival of Col. Colquitt with 900 men to make a stand. They had two batteries of artillery. One of them, the Marion, six pieces, they placed in a redoubt on the road running near and parallel to Bohicket creek, and opened fire on Ames's infantry. Lieut. Titus's section went to the front on a gallop. The road led through a tract of woods, and on each side of the road were ditches, dug according to Southern custom, to answer for fences. The infantry regiments were in these ditches to keep out of the cannonade. Emerging from the woods, the section came in sight of the rebel redoubt, which straightway directed a rapid fire upon it. Titus took his guns into a field on the left and sent in his warmest compliments in return. Capt. Day soon came up with the other two sections, and an artillery duel ensued of two hours' duration. Our infantry were engaged only in small part. The rebel fire was so poor as to inflict no further damage on our artillery than to kill two horses, although the men could hear the hum of nearly every rebel shot, feel the air of some, and hear them go banging and crashing into the woods behind. One cannoneer was just touched on the hand by a solid shot, which glanced from a gun carriage. Another had a shot pass between his legs. The effects of our fire are not definitely known. The rebels admit a small loss.

About 5 1-2 P. M., an aid-de-camp rode up to Capt. Day, with the astounding news that Schimmelfennig had drawn off his infantry and was marching back to Seabrook. There was not a Union regiment within a mile and a half of the Battery, while the rebels were in force not over half a mile away. Had the

latter been aware of the situation and been in possession of a company of cavalry, Battery F would not have taken back its guns to Folly Island. Capt. Day instantly ordered Titus's section to limber up and go to the rear with all speed. Clark's section was sent off a few minutes later, the colored section still firing rapidly. Then the prolonges were attached to these latter guns. They retired slowly, firing as they went, till they reached the road, and they too went on a gallop in pursuit of Schimmelfennig. As they left the field, they saw in a ditch two Union soldiers, sitting side by side, with muskets over their shoulders, but headless, from a cannon shot. They had not moved. Two other Union infantry men were also killed in the fight.

Our troops were now *en route* for Folly Island. They were not molested, but, being fearful of a rear attack, they marched rapidly, leaving the Seabrook House in flames, and reached Stono Inlet by the same route on which they had come up, on the 12th, about noon.

Battery F on this reconnoissance manifested excellent courage, endurance, and good discipline, and was warmly eulogized by the brigade commander.

After the expedition, the Battery remained quietly on Folly Island till April 22d, when it embarked on the steamer *Dictator* for transportation to Beaufort, S. C. Gen. Gilmore's corps was at this time preparing to go North to join Gen. Butler in an attack on Richmond. So many troops were withdrawn from Port Royal that others had to be sent to hold the posts there. At Beaufort, F encamped, west of the town, on grounds which Capt. Hamilton's artillery had just left. F took his stables and pitched its own tents. At this place the Battery drew new clothing, and was thoroughly drilled and trained. Inspections, reviews, scouts, target firing and firing salutes in honor of National victories, were frequent.

May 30th, Gen. Foster took command of the department. June 30th, at a review before Gen. Saxton, Conway, Fancher and Thyson were presented with medals for soldierly conduct at the siege of Fort Wagner.

John's Island was again invaded by the Union soldiery of the sea islands in July, 1864. This second expedition was made under the direction of Gen. Foster, then commanding the department. It was made in strong force, with the brigades of Hatch from Hilton Head, Davis from Folly Island, Saxton from Beaufort, S. C., and Birney from Florida. A brigade was simultaneously sent up the North Edisto to White Point on the

main land to make a flank attack; while Schimmelfennig, with a section of Battery B, 3d Artillery, under Sergt. Fisher, made a dash at James Island and the rebel fortifications there. Foster hoped to bewilder the enemy and divide his forces, and then push the central column on John's Islandt hrough to the Savannah & Charleston railroad. If not to accomplish this, then at least to alarm the enemy and compel him to withdraw troops from Savannah and other points, menaced at the time by our army.

Saxton's brigade reached Seabrook's Island upon this expedition, July 1st, whither it was followed next day by Battery F of the 3d Artillery, Capt. Day commanding, with Lieuts. Titus and Clark and four Wiard guns, in the steamer *Wyoming*. The Battery debarked and lay on the beach all night, tormented by musquitoes. At day break of the 3d, it marched with Saxton's brigade to John's Island, camping on the battle ground of the previous February. The day was sunny and intensely hot. Dense thickets, overspreading much of the Island, were too low for shade, yet too high to admit a free circulation of air; and the troops found marching very far from being a gala day affair. Gen. Hatch came up that day with his brigade and took command. The troops from Folly Island also joined here, having landed on John's Island just below Legareville and made a forced march. With them was a section of Battery B, 3d Artillery, under Lieuts. Wildt and Crocker.

On the 4th, the expedition moved forward along the road running north-westerly through the center of the Island, leading in the direction of Charleston on the main land. Our advance kept beating back a small force of rebels who skirmished persistently in the front. It was so hot and dusty that the troops could go no farther than five or six miles. Many were sunstruck. A halt was ordered on a large plantation. Faint with thirst, the soldiers made a rush for the well, which, when the artillery came up, had been pumped dry. Battery F could not even get enough water for coffee. Some dismay was felt at the prospect, when relief came from the heavens. Clouds rolled up and a drenching shower descended on the Island. Battery F happened to possess some new, clean, white, water-tight canvas paulins for their guns, in size 16 feet by 12. Capt. Day caused these to be hung on heavy stakes driven in the ground in such a manner that they sagged in the middle, forming impromptu tanks. Water was caught in these by the hogsheads. The artillery men stood guard around them with drawn sabres to keep off the infantry. They watered their horses, filled can-

teens and coffee pots, gave some to the Surgeons for wounded skirmishers, and then turned a large quantity over to the infantry who scooped the paulins dry. This water was a welcome refreshment, for the troops were ready to perish for want of it.

On the morning of the 5th, about six miles more were made. Battery F had got nicely into camp, when word came that part of a colored regiment, the 26th, which had been left behind near the camp of the night before, where a road ran down to a creek on the left, had been attacked. The rebels brought a battery down to the creek and opened fire, killing and wounding several. Battery F was sent back with speed to reinforce them, but the rebels had fled. A breastwork was then built in the road leading to the creek and a gun placed there to command it.

Next day, the 6th, the Battery rejoined the column, which had paused to feel of a considerable force of the enemy that had gathered from Charleston and was now in its front. Col. Davis, 104th Pennsylvania, held the advance with Lieut. Wildt's section of Battery B. There was considerable skirmishing.

The head of the column had now reached a creek, with low, swampy, wooded banks, crossed by an open plank bridge, beyond which, a short distance, on a little eminence, the rebels had planted a battery of four guns in a redoubt. The road after crossing the creek ran through low woods and then forked and curved to the right and left to avoid the hill. To the edge of these woods, on the 7th, the 26th colored regiment, Col. Silliman, was brought to charge the rebel guns. Battery B's two cannon were ordered up and stationed on the left fork of the road to deal with them, while the 26th was forming for the charge. Battery B opened fire with all the fury possible and then Silliman, emerging from the thicket on its left, charged. He was repulsed, but formed again and charged fiercely no less than five times. Upon his brave regiment the rebels turned all their guns and poured a withering fire. They sent it back every time, and it finally drew off with a loss of ninety-seven killed and wounded. It was a useless slaughter, for the assault should have been made in force. When too late, Battery F was ordered up to support it, but the fight was over before it could be brought into action. Our men called this affair "The Battle of Bloody Bridge."

Next morning, Battery F was sent to the front early with discretionary orders to engage the redoubt and keep the enemy and his guns quiet. They took the position occupied by B the day before, and opened a brisk fire. The enemy was silenced. One of their guns was overthrown by a shot from our battery's left

piece. This little action had additional interest from the fact that it was in full view of Charleston, whose spires could be seen by our men. At night, Battery F was withdrawn across the bridge, which was covered with moss to muffle the sound. It took up a position in a cotton field on the right hand side of the road, bordering the creek. B's guns were placed in the road and trained upon the bridge to cover and guard it. Close up to the creek, a line of breastworks was thrown up, with regiments of infantry lying on the ground behind to defend them. The 56th New York, Col. VanWyck, manned that portion of them directly in front of Battery F.

There was not much sleep among the troops at the lines along the creek that night. The 3d Artillery officers were particularly wakeful. That bloody business was on hand for the morrow, few doubted, and many believed it would come in the night. Another source of sleeplessness was the shelling of our position by the rebel Forts Pringle and Pemberton, two or three miles to the eastward on the Stono. They knew about where the Union forces were and all night long, our men, sleeping on their blankets in the field, could see the fiery track of shells come over them and hear them explode here and there.

The whole camp was suddenly awakened, about half-past five next morning, by a loud rattle of musketry in the woods across the creek, where the 144th New York had been stationed the night before on picket. The rebels were attacking under cover of a dense fog. On they came, yelling and firing, driving the 144th in confusion, taking many prisoners. It needed neither drum nor bugle to tell the camp what was the matter. The first volley brought every regiment and battery to its feet. The men sprang to their guns, and the infantry showed a bristling array of musket barrels over the breastworks, and all stood peering through the gray light of the dawn, which straggled through the fog, to catch the first glimpse of the tide of battle, which was filling the woods yonder with discordant din. In a few moments a throng of men in blue, many minus hats and muskets, some without coats, nearly all without knapsacks, came running down the road and poured over the bridge pell mell. And after they had crossed, a dusky mass of rebels filled the roads and woods, charging to secure the bridge. Then Battery B's guns opened with double cannister, and sent into them blast after blast of the deadly hail, which Battery F, in the field on the right of the bridge, supplemented with solid shot and percussion shell, and the infantry with a hot fire of musketry. The rebels were staggered, and fled before the terrible fire, leaving the ground strewn

with dead. They were reinforced, and again they charged. Under the fire of infantry and artillery again were they driven back, and Bloody Bridge was bloodier than when it received its horrid christening two days before.

Foiled in their attempts to take the bridge by storm, the rebels now tried to drive us from it by their old game of posting sharpshooters in trees, to pick off the men working our guns and the men in the breastworks. Battery B then elevated the muzzles of its guns and fired cannister at the tops of the trees, turning the guns here and there. The sharpshooters were silenced very soon. In a short time they tried another method. They brought a piece of artillery to the top of the bank across the creek, and opened fire at three hundred yards distance, but fired too high. Our artillery was now trained upon it, and it was finally toppled over and dismounted by a solid shot from a gun of Battery B, sighted by Lieut. Crocker. Ricochetting, the ball struck the gun on the upward bound, the fog lifting enough so that a clear sight could be had at it.

After this, the rebels persisted in a heavy attack only a short time, drawing off and leaving only a few sharpshooters to maintain appearances while they reformed their battalions. Their loss in the engagement was 250 killed and wounded. Our loss was 82. The artillery escaped almost unscatched from the fight. None were killed and but few wounded.

Our Generals now decided to withdraw from John's Island. When the battle had ceased, they began to send off the troops, and by night fall the last regiment was retracing the roads to the Stono and the North Edisto. It was an unpopular move with the soldiers, who could not bear to turn back, when the steeples of Charleston were in sight, and the army defending it had just been bloodily repulsed. The artillery marched to the Stono at night, having a very difficult time of it, Battery F going with the 144th New York. On reaching the landing, Gen. Foster, who was there on crutches, having been obliged to direct this movement from the deck of a gun-boat, on account of wounds, sent for some of the 3d Artillery officers and complimented the batteries highly. He said they had done terrible execution. Capt. Day, by the way, confidentially remarked to the General, that he thought "Hatch and Saxton were d— fools," and as he was not very sharply reprimanded therefor, it is fair to infer that Foster was not himself oversatisfied with the results of the expedition.

Battery B returned to Folly Island; Battery F to Beaufort, South Carolina.

July 10th, Gen. Hatch, at Beaufort, issued the following General Order:—

"The Brigadier-General commanding, in parting with the troops engaged in the late reconnoissance so successfully accomplished, desires most heartily to thank all, both officers and men, for the fine soldierly conduct displayed by them on that occasion. The most exhausting marches under an intense heat, the necessarily limited supply of rations, and lately fierce attacks of the enemy, have been met with such spirit, cheerful determination and unflinching gallantry, as to secure the appreciation and sincere gratitude of their Commander, and deserve the emulation of all who desire the reputation of good and true soldiers."

The two batteries of the 3d Artillery eminently deserved the good things said in this Order. They certainly saved the army at Bloody Bridge.

XI.

NORTH CAROLINA AGAIN.

North Carolina has Thoughts of Returning to the Old Ways—Jeff. Davis Proposes to Crush that Spirit Out—Gen. Peck's Alarm—Attack on Newbern of February, 1864—Mercereau in the Fight—Capture of the Underwriter—Kirby in a Tight Place—Fate of the Bay Section—To Virginia—Hoke Turns Up Again—The Union Cause Suffers—The Yellow Fever—Death of Lieut.-Col. Stone—Capture of Major Jenny—Arrival of Recruits—Battery A Goes to Plymouth—The Night March—How a Prize was Lost—Battery I Joins Frankle—Chicken Raid—Other Raids.

North Carolina in 1863 was on the very verge of returning to the Union. The Raleigh *Standard* openly pronounced in favor of going to Washington and making terms for a restoration of the original relations to the General Government. The Confederacy was startled and alarmed. As Gov. Vance said, in a public speech, Gen. Lee depended on North Carolina for the support of his army. Should "that State, or its railroads, fail him, he could not remain in Virginia forty-eight hours." The Richmond papers called on Jeff Davis to immediately suppress the Raleigh *Standard*, while Confederate leaders demanded the adoption of such measures as would crush out this rising Union sentiment, which now threatened to paralyze the whole rebellion if not speedily checked. Jeff. Davis consented.

September 3d, 1863, Gen. John J. Peck, who had been assigned by Gen. Foster to the 18th Corps, assumed command of the army and district of North Carolina. During that month he made an inspection of the department and advised Gen.

Butler and Gen. Foster of an iron-clad ram the rebels were building on the Roanoke River below Halifax. He applied for authority to destroy it. A regiment of cavalry could easily have done this. In November, he again called the attention of Butler to this new vessel and other threatening preparations at various points in the State. It was evident to Gen. Peck that a combined land and water attack was being planned to drive the Federals in disgrace from the department. He was able, however, to effect nothing further than to elicit from Butler a tour of inspection to North Carolina. That General, with Rear-Admiral Lee, was at Newbern November 20th, and with Gens. Peck and Palmer and no end of colonels and staff officers, visited the camps and defenses.

Gen. Peck was disturbed. Our fortifications were in great part dependent on our gunboats maintaining possession of the rivers. But these boats were old, wooden, unsuited to the service, and extemporized from New York ferry boats and other steamers in the greatest haste. There was not a Union iron-clad in North Carolina waters. There was ground in this for serious apprehension. Gen. Peck accordingly remodeled the system of defenses. At Newbern he built Fort Chase, north of the Neuse; Fort Stevenson, on the city side of the river and near the river's edge, and two works south of the Trent, adding new faces to some old forts, and, as far as practicable, to the armaments of all. In short, he knew the rebels were going to attack, and, like an approved soldier, he industriously and intelligently prepared for it.

The bolt fell in the spring of 1864. A "convention movement" among repentant rebels, to call a convention to decide upon returning to the Union, was gaining ground in the State. The uncompromising rebels determined to quell it, and brought in a large force of troops to overawe it by their presence and operations.

Just before daybreak of February 1st, 1864, Gen. Palmer, commanding the Post at Newbern, was informed by telegram from the outpost on the Neuse road, west of the city, of an attack upon it. It was at first supposed to be a conflict of pickets, but specific information was soon received that the rebels were coming down from Kinston in considerable strength. "Boots and saddles" rang out from the bugles in the artillery camps, while the long roll roused the infantry to meet impending danger. There was mustering of regiments, and hitching of horses, and standing to guns. In less than ten minutes, Newbern was

under arms. Two brigades of infantry then constituted her garrison, with Light Batteries C, (the new C, Capt. Mercer, which joined October 1, 1863,) E, K and I, of the 3d Artillery, the 5th R. I. Heavy Artillery and 2d Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, supported by a fleet of wooden gunboats in the river.

The outpost attacked was situated on Bachelor's Creek, about nine miles from the city, where the Neuse road crosses it, defended by a block house and heavy line of works. The forces there were the 132d New York, the 12th Cavalry and some companies of the 99th New York and 1st North Carolina, 1,500 in all, under command of Col. Classon of the 132d. Taking advantage of a foggy morning, Gen. Pickett, with the brigades of Clingman and Hoke and two batteries of artillery, made a furious assault. Though surprised, the troops at the outpost fought desperately until a railroad train in the rear was loaded with the officer's wives and such baggage as could be saved, when they fell slowly back contesting the way inch by inch.

In response to Col. Classon's telegrams for aid, Gen. I. B. Palmer, commanding at Newbern, hurried out to him at 3 1-2 A. M. the 17th Massachusetts Volunteers and a section of Battery K, 3d Artillery, Lieut. Mercereau. The detachment pushed out on a trot to within a mile of the outpost, when it met the 132d New York falling back in some confusion across the fields, closely followed by long ranks of men in gray, reaching as far as the woods would permit one to see to the right and left. Mercereau was precipitated into the fight at once. He opened hotly with shot and shell. For a moment he staggered the rebels, but they were in strong force, and they swept forward again, like a tidal wave, loading and firing and cheering, and rolled everything back before them. Mercereau resisted gallantly, retiring slowly. Every little way he wheeled around and opened a rapid fire, and at the place where the railroad crosses the turnpike, he held them in check till the train came down from the outpost and got safely past. The rebels were then swarming all around him and having given them in all seventy-five rounds of good Union iron, he limbered up and fell back to the fortifications at Newbern, arriving at noon. He was the last to leave the field. He served his guns gallantly in the action and all admitted that he saved our troops a total capture.

Early in the day another section of K went to the front. Lieut. McVey came to Col. Stewart with a telegram to Gen. Palmer, saying Col. Classon wanted a section sent to Beech Grove. This was another outpost on Bachelor's creek, a mile and a half north of the one attacked, held by one company of

the 99th New York, Capt. Bailey, and one company of the 1st North Carolina. Stewart hesitated. McVey reiterated Gen. Palmer's verbal orders that two guns should be sent at once, with the assurance that they would be supported. Col. Stewart then ordered Capt. Angel to send out a section, and he detailed that of Lieut. Kirby for the purpose. This was one of the very finest sections in the regiment, with its handsome steel guns and magnificent bay horses. A common toast was to "Kirby and his bay section." The order was obeyed with alacrity. Kirby was speedily on the road. He followed Mercereau out to a place where the road forked. Turning to the right, he moved rapidly to Beech Grove. A few moments later, the tide of battle rolled by on his left, and up to the forks of the road, and he was entirely cut off from Newbern.

The outpost at Deep Gully was driven in simultaneously with that at Bachelor's Creek. The rebels followed it in until they came within the range of the guns of Fort Totten. They then came to a halt, and Pickett threw out a line of pickets from the Trent to the Neuse.

An attack was also made south of the Trent. Our outpost in that quarter was at Brice's creek, a little tributary of the Trent. Col. Amory, of the 17th Massachusetts, was in command. A rebel brigade under Gen. Barton appearing in front of the outpost, a section of Battery I, 3d Artillery, which was in camp south of the Trent, was sent out with some of the 19th Wisconsin, to meet it near our blockhouse. The section was under Lieut. Kelsey. It had been in position but twenty minutes when the Johnnies opened fire with two or three cannon, strongly supported by infantry. Kelsey used case shot and shell, knocked over one of their pieces, and so cut up the infantry that the rebel advance was arrested. The other sections of I coming up, there was desultory firing during the day, but no particular incident. The rebels had no stomach for charging on those unerring guns.

As soon as the heavy firing broke out at the outposts, Newbern, as related, was all excitement. All the troops were at their posts. Expecting momentarily an impetuous attack on the city, Batteries C and E of the 3d Artillery, and K's remaining section, and, after its return, Mercereau's section, with all the infantry available, were stationed at the earthworks defending the city on the west. At intervals they fired a shot at the rebel regiments in the distant woods. It was a gallant sight to see the gay flags, the myriad muskets, the blue battalions, and the grim, quiet cannon, awaiting the enemy behind the earthern

ramparts in proud confidence. To the crowds of officers, field glasses in hand, who viewed the scene from the big traverse of Fort Totten, on the lines, it was a spectacle in a thousand. The gunboats in the river, with their great cannon trained to point up stream, in readiness for a possible rebel ram, added to the confidence, which all felt, that should a heavy combined attack be made the enemy would be almost annihilated.

Pickett, wisely, did not assault. Content with driving in our outposts, he sat down before the city and only gazed longingly at the grand prize he coveted, but did not dare to attempt to gain by honest, straightforward work.

The rebels grew more valiant as night veiled the scene, and a hard rain rendered the darkness Tartarean. They rowed a number of small boats down the Neuse and surprised one of the vessels of our too heedless Navy, the *Underwriter*, which lay moored within a stone's throw of the Newbern shore, under the very muzzles of the guns of Fort Stephenson. She was aground and had no steam up. They set her on fire. The musketry firing at the first onset called our watchful army instantaneously to arms. A short pause, and then a bright glow was seen to light up the murky air on the river. It expanded and in a few moments a writhing, crackling, rolling column of brilliant flame rose from the doomed boat, bearing aloft a torrent of burning sparks and clouds of dense black smoke. It was a magnificent fire. It illuminated the city and country for miles around. Brave hearts beat faster with the joy of battle, as the impressive spectacle suggested that in the natural order of things an assault must now be immediately delivered on the lines. But Pickett refrained and that was the only adventure of the night. One section of Battery E, Lieut. Fuller, was sent to the right of Fort Stephenson to sink the gunboat if possible and save her from the flames. The section perforated her at the water line with solid shot; but she was aground, and of course could not sink. At 4 A. M. she blew up with a tremendous and beautiful explosion. Burning beams, cannon, hundreds of bursting shells and an eruption of embers, leaped high up and flashed brilliantly in the air, dropping sullenly as they spent their impetus, one by one, into the river, when darkness closed down again on the besieged city.

Next day, the 2d, the enemy remained inactive in our front. They engaged our pickets, but showed no fight. The forts and batteries gave them an occasional shot. Lieut. Sherwood, of Battery I, across the Trent, had some sparring with a rebel battery. Ed. Eastham, of I, had his hand blown off by the prema-

ture discharge of a gun. The rebels attacked Newport barracks, towards Beaufort, during the day, and raided the country surrounding Newbern. Flame and smoke in every direction testified to their setting fire to many buildings. The night of the 2d was again a wakeful one. Firemen and citizens aided to do guard duty, and 500 negroes were armed and drilled to reinforce the infantry. At 10 1-2 P. M. the rebel bands in front of Newbern struck up some lively tunes and gave the besieged Yankees a fine serenade, under cover of which they began to make off. Next day their pickets withdrew and the whole rebel force of 12,000 men vanished entirely.

The Federal batteries and troops remained on the lines a day longer. They returned to camp on the 4th and 5th.

But what was the fate of the little outpost at Beech Grove? All Newbern felt a painful anxiety on the subject. Lieut. Kirby, on arriving there, had put his guns into the breastwork, and Capt. Bailey, the commandant, had thrown out a line of pickets around the Grove. Various attempts were made to send men through to our lines without success. The outpost knew that it was cut off, but laid still all through the 1st and 2d, hoping not to attract attention. During the night of the 2d, lights were seen in the direction of the other Bachelor's Creek outpost going towards Kinston. Scouts came in to say that the rebels were retreating. Next morning rebel pickets advanced upon Beech Grove and a four gun battery was brought up and trained on it. Lieut. Kirby and Lieut. Fleming went out with a flag of truce, when, as they went, two rebel regiments rose right up out of the brush not 200 yards away. It was of no use to make a parade of defense. Lieut. Kirby was sent back with word that the Yankees must pack up their traps. Capt. Bailey surrendered without firing a shot, turning over two companies of infantry and thirty-five artillery men, with two guns and caissons complete and twenty-six horses. The "bay section" was only once again seen at Newbern, and then, a few days later, in traitorous hands, the rebels bringing it down to shell a cavalry picket at Beech Grove. After the surrender of the outpost, the prisoners were marched a few miles towards Kinston. The next day, they reached Kinston and were quartered for a week in the Court House under guard. A court martial was ordered for the North Carolina Union prisoners and the pitiless decree of hanging was passed upon them. Twenty-one were hung on one beam.

The remaining prisoners on the 10th were put on cars for Richmond. The officers went to Libby Prison, the men to

Belle Isle. The latter were afterwards sent to Andersonville, where nearly all died. Lieut. Kirby and the officers were sent to Macon, then to Charleston, and then to Columbia. From Columbia, Lieut. Kirby made his escape November 29th, 1864, in company with Col. Sidney Mead of Auburn, N. Y., Col. Butler and Lieut. Oliphant. While outside the prison enclosure, cutting wood, they made off. They traveled by night, helped by negroes, hiding variously in barns, cabins, the woods, the mountains, often meeting large companies of other escaping prisoners in the recesses of the forests, and finally, after a terrible experience of bitter weather and exhausting marches, reached the Union lines at Knoxville, January 13th, 1865. Government honored Lieut. Kirby with appointment to the command of the draft rendezvous at Indianapolis, soon after, but in February he was ordered to rejoin his regiment.

The men of Battery K who were taken prisoners with Lieut. Kirby, were:—Sergeants J. W. Bonta, James Close; Corporals Lafayette Carr, S. H. Taylor; Privates Harrison Blazier, Thos. Clark, Wm. H. Courtney, George Conway, James Campbell, George A. Carr, Henry Genner, S. E. Griswold, Timothy Gorman, Michael Hennessy, James R. Jewell, Joseph Keltenborn, John E. Leopard, Adam Menzie, W. W. Pease, James Redmond, Melville Smith, Samuel J. Straley, Alexander Shaw, Dennis Shehan, O. S. Tripp, Isaac Volmore, John W. Van Buren, Henry Van Buren, George West, James West, Francis Weeks. After long incarceration, all of these men, but five or six, died in Belle Isle and Andersonville prisons, the victims of cruelty and starvation. They were plain men, but brave and true. They did not die, as soldiers love to die, on the field of glory, among white wreaths of smoke, under the blood-red bars of the starry banner of our country. But their death was equally as heroic.

In this descent on Newbern the rebels captured 280 Federals, and killed and wounded 100. They lost 35 killed, 100 wounded, and nearly a thousand deserters, who came into our lines. And they did not capture Newbern. It was a dear expedition for them.

Gen. Peck correctly judged that the rebels had come back to try, by land and water, to repossess North Carolina, and that this first raid on Newbern was not to be the last. The outworks were strengthened without delay. Negroes, soldiers, firemen, and citizens repaired to the lines with shovel and pick. The curtains of earth, between forts and redoubts, were broadened and raised, and new faces and heavier walls were added to the

forts. February 28th, a third each of Batteries K, C, and E, 3d Artillery, were ordered to join in the work. March 1st, the whole of the artillery command, with the exception of park guards only, was called out. The bulk of it went to some new earthworks on the right of the Newbern lines, on the Neuse. The rebels hung around the city all through March and April, exciting a constant apprehension of attack.

In March, the 3d Artillery was reinforced by the arrival of 459 recruits, the fruit of the recruiting services of Major Theodore H. Schenck. The merit of this able officer had been recognized in November, 1863, by promotion to a vacant Majority. He had been immediately sent home to Central New York to recruit, and the result of his efforts was sufficiently gratifying. Amongst the new reinforcement were the new Battery D, Capt. Van Heusen, which joined on the 21st; and new Battery G, Capt. Aberdeen, which joined on the 26th. The regiment was thus raised to ten batteries, 1,500 strong; and that portion of it actually at Newbern, from 450 to 790 strong.

But now two of the best batteries at Newbern, E and K, were ordered to Virginia, whither H and M had been dispatched the previous fall to help Butler in his advance on Richmond. They departed April 15th, taking guns and baggage. On the 18th, the new D and G made requisition for muskets, while waiting for guns, and were assigned a place on the outworks in case of attack.

On April 20th occurred what Gen. Peck had foreseen. The rebel Gen. Hoke with 7,000 men and three batteries assaulted and captured Plymouth, N. C., after three days' fighting, taking Gen. Wessels with 2,000 prisoners. Co-operating in the attack was the celebrated iron-clad rebel ram, *Albemarle*, which drove our gunboats of wood out of the Roanoke and took Wessels in the rear.

April 25th, Gen. Peck was called to Virginia. Gen. I. N. Palmer succeeded him. Three days after, Washington, N. C., was evacuated by Palmer's order, as, had it been attacked by Hoke and the *Albemarle* he could not have held it forty-eight hours. And now the rebels prepared for a fresh raid on Newbern, Hoke to attack by land, the *Albemarle* to come up the Neuse, destroy our fleet, and bombard the town in our rear.

Hoke made his appearance May 4th, and drove in our pickets all around Newbern late at night. This was also done next morning. The heaviest demonstration was south of the Trent on the bank of the Neuse, where, just far enough away to be out of the range of our Fort Spinola's guns, they tried to plant a bat-

tery to command the river in their old earthworks of 1862. A small force of cavalry and the railroad monitor engaged them, and finally our gunboats came up and delivered to them a fire of 100-pound Parrot shell, which drove them back into the woods. Heavy firing took place on various sides. The artillery teams were kept hitched up, ready for a start in any direction.

The rebels did not advance on the city in force, as they were waiting for the formidable *Albemarle*. But that mailed monster never came. On the afternoon of the 5th she started for Newbern, but our wooden navy met her at the entrance of Albemarle Sound, fought her heroically and drove her back up the Roanoke, where she lay quietly all that summer. She was in October sunk by our men with a torpedo in the night.

Hoke, not dreaming of the repulse of his main dependence in this attack, on the morning of the 6th summoned Newbern to surrender. He asserted that the river and sound was blockaded by his ram and wished only to save the effusion of blood. The officers who came in with the flag of truce were boastful, and, in passing Battery I picked out horses they were going to take after the surrender. The flag was sent back with a stern answer, and Hoke immediately slunk off. He left a large number of freshly made graves behind in the woods where we had shelled him.

The operations of Grant and Butler in Virginia now compelled the rebels incontinently to evacuate North Carolina with the larger part of their force. Their late attentions were now returned by Federal raiding parties into the interior, one of them penetrating to Kinston. The latter, June 19th, was attended by two sections of Battery C, Lieuts. Sandford and Starring. It captured seventy-nine prisoners, one of whom was Col. Hoke, brother of the General.

The 3d Artillery still continued to receive recruits through April and May. It reached the 1st of June with an enrollment of 1,700 men. It had ten batteries, all mounted, having fifty-four cannon and over 1,000 horses. The title of the regiment was still the 3d New York Heavy Artillery. Col. Stewart applied to the War Department to have the name changed to Light Artillery, but without success.

July 14th, the 23d and 24th New York Independent Batteries were temporarily attached to the 3d by order.

August 14th, the troops at Newbern attended the execution, near Fort Totten, of six deserters from the 5th Rhode Island, 99th New York and 15th Connecticut. Three only were killed on the first volley. The *coup de grace* was given by a reserve firing party.

The army in North Carolina, in the fall of 1864, was ravaged by an enemy more terrible by far to its gallant warriors, than any to be encountered on the field of battle. July 23d, Surgeon Wilson, of the 3d Artillery, announced to Col. Stewart the appearance in the regiment of a grave type of fever. In August the yellow fever stalked into Newbern. A commissary ship at the lower end of the city was first attacked by the grisly destroyer, and then the fever leaped ashore, followed up the line of the Neuse, then the line of the Trent, and soon extended into nearly every camp at the Post. Over 200 were attacked in the 3d Artillery alone. Col. Stewart, Maj. Kennedy, Lieut.-Col. Stone, and large numbers of the leading officers had it among the rest. Lieut. Hillis died of it September 24th. Lieut.-Col. Stone died of it October 2d. Also sixty men—thirty-seven of the number being in Battery D alone. They were buried in the regimental cemeteries. The regiment at one time alone had three hospitals. An immense panic prevailed in Newbern and hundreds of the residents left the city for safety. Stores were closed and business in every department of trade was abruptly brought to a stand. Drills were also arrested in the camps. The plague was most gallantly and faithfully fought by the Surgeons of the Post and several of them lost their lives by exposing themselves to its attacks. During its prevalence great fires of tar and rosin were burnt in the camps and on the corners of the streets in the city, every night, to disinfect the air. The disease was at last got under control, and on October 9th, a heavy frost came to forbid its further spread. In order to secure the full benefit of this frost, Col. Stewart caused the stores of Newbern to be opened at night so that a draft of air might pass through them all. The owners of some obstinately refused to open them, when the thing was promptly done with an axe. A guard was set over each store to save it from depredation. Another frost two days after finished the plague. By October 29th, there was a general resumption of business.

The death of Lieut.-Col. Stone was deeply mourned in the regiment. He was a brave officer and a gentleman, and exceedingly popular with field, staff and line. He was uniformly kind and considerate of others and yet a disciplinarian. At the time of his death, he was in command of the forts and defenses north of the Neuse. One of the best incentives to good conduct and soldierly appearance was introduced by him to the regiment, in the early days of the old 19th, and was effective in their promotion. In detailing from the regiment each morning, a detachment to do guard duty that day, one man was detailed

more than was necessary. When the guard was inspected, the man whose arms and equipments were in the best order was excused from the guard and had special privileges the entire day. Lieut.-Col. Stone was by profession an editor. He was born in Auburn and located there, and during his professional career, beginning in 1837, he was editor at different times of the *Patriot*, *Cayuga Tocsin* and *Auburn Democrat*. With the latter he was connected at the outbreak of the rebellion. He was also Adjutant of the 49th Regiment, New York State Militia, at that time. After his death at Newbern, resolutions of respect to his memory were adopted by his brother officers. His funeral was attended by an immense throng.

In September, Major Jenny, of the 3d Artillery, was promoted to Colonel of the 185th New York Volunteers. He had been serving for several months with credit as Judge Advocate in the Army in North Carolina. He now ran up to Fortress Munroe to see Gen. Butler. While on his way back, on the steamer *Fannie*, coming through the Dismal canal, the steamer was attacked by guerillas, and he was captured, together with a number of other officers who were on board. The prisoners were marched to Elizabeth, where Jenny made his escape in a small boat. Reaching one of our vessels in the Sound, he was soon safe in Newbern. He soon after went north to take command of his regiment. Capt. Wm. J. Riggs was promoted to Major in his stead.

In October, a piece of good fortune befel the regiment in the form of a fresh accession of recruits, raising it to the magnificent proportions of 2,500 men, or eleven full batteries of artillery, a brigade in itself, one of the most noble commands in the whole Northern army. The 3d Artillery was then in the height of its power. It never had a larger membership than at this time, though in March, 1865, it had more guns, viz: 64.

Among the new recruits was the new Battery A, heavy artillery, under the command of Capt. Russell, a fine looking body of intelligent, sturdy men from Cayuga county, New York. It reached Newbern on the 20th. Drawing Enfield rifles from the Ordnance Department, it became the garrison of Fort Anderson, north of the Neuse, where it was thoroughly drilled and fitted for active service. Battery G had been on duty in the Fort, but on the arrival of A returned to Newbern.

In order to effect a diversion in favor of Gen. Weitzel, who was preparing to attack Fort Fisher, the Union forces in North Carolina were, in December, 1864, ordered to make a demonstration

in the northern part of the State. Plymouth, a pretty village, but her houses now full of shot holes, had again fallen into our hands on October 31st, and here was now gathered together for the purpose of an expedition, the 2d Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, 9th New Jersey, 27th Massachusetts, 12th New York Cavalry, Battery A, 3d New York Artillery, and other organizations, numbering in all some 1,500 men. Gen. Palmer placed them in command of that slow-moving Dutchman, Col. Frankle of the 2d Massachusetts, and sent up a gun boat fleet from Newbern to co-operate.

Battery A, 157 strong, led by Capt. Russell and Lieut. Richardson, was temporarily attached for the expedition to the 27th Massachusetts, Capt. Russell being acting Major of the joint command. Thirty men were detailed from the Battery to work a section of artillery, under Sergeants Edmonds and Watson.

The expedition started out on its raid December 9th, the land force moving on roads leading westwards along the south side of the Roanoke, the gunboats keeping abreast of it in the stream. A rebel picket guard was dispersed at Gardner's bridge after a sharp cracking of rifles for half an hour, and the troops camped that night four miles beyond what was once Jamestown. That village had been fired on a former occasion and nothing then remained of it but chimneys. Blackened and specter like, these still stood in the midst of that scene of desolation. The place was dubbed "chimney town." Next day, Frankle advanced to near Williamston, stopping at Foster's Mills, at a bridge over a creek where the rebels had 200 men and a battery, to dislodge them and send them flying to the rear. Our infantry turned out of the road into the fields right and left, under a cannonade, while our section of artillery came up and gave the rebels a taste of its quality and our skirmishers pressed down to the creek, when the rebels experienced a burning desire to leave as stated.

The gunboats were now in an abundance of trouble from the river being thickly planted with torpedoes. These infernal monsters were many of them safely picked up and disposed of, but the *Otsego* was perforated by one and sunk. At 4 P. M. of the 11th, however, the infantry again advanced. It drove the enemy's pickets, until, about midnight, it came to some cross roads in a forest, where there was a little sanctuary called Spring Green Church, without a house within a mile of it. Here a halt was made. Frankle matured his plans and the soldiers munched persimmons and drank coffee. Then the 9th New Jersey, 27th Massachusetts and Battery A, under command of Col. Stewart of the 9th New Jersey, led off to the right, across lots and along

by-paths in the woods, in deep darkness, while the main force went on, the object of this separation and night march being to surround the enemy's post at Butler's bridge, where there was a redoubt, a battery and a regiment or two of infantry.

A darkey acted as guide to the party, 700 strong, under Stewart. Having sixteen miles to make before daylight, the party marched as fast as possible. Following a rough cart road through the pitchy darkness of the woods, it crossed a stream on a log in single file; and ere long, bending its course rather towards the Roanoke river, it suddenly emerged close upon the formidable and celebrated earthworks known as Fort Branch, built by the rebels on the commanding height at the river side, termed Rainbow Bluff. In the bright starlight, sentinels moving to and fro on the Fort could be distinctly made out and great guns pointing over its parapets. Had it not been that other game was to be flushed before morning, the adventurous little band might have dashed into the Fort and captured one of the most noble prizes in North Carolina. But Frankle was awaiting it at Butler's bridge. The men, therefore, turned the barrels of their muskets down that no gleam from them might alarm the Fort, and they held their canteens and the tin cups strapped to their haversacks tightly so that they might not clatter. They then stole forward in silence and carried their flag audaciously through the rifle pits of the rebel work. At length they were led by their dusky guide out to the road leading down to Butler's bridge, and far in rear of the rebel outpost upon it, towards which Col. Stewart now directed their march.

When within a mile of the bridge, the party passed the house of Col. Hinton, the commandant of Fort Branch. Supposing that it was a reinforcement which had been sent for and was hourly expected, Hinton, overjoyed, mounted his horse, and rode down after it. Coming up, just as a halt had been made to reconnoitre, he approached Capt. Russell. Said he: "Never so glad to see you in all my life. I expect fun down here in the morning." Russell quietly said in reply: "The Colonel wants to see you," pointing to where Col. Bartholomew, of the 27th Massachusetts, was standing. Col. Hinton rode on, and, a few moments after, Col. Bartholomew had a hand on the astonished Confederate's bridle, and was breaking to him the intelligence that he was a prisoner.

It was just dawn. We were so near that we could see the rebel camp fires through the trees, and the log huts in which, 400 strong, they were sleeping. Frankle was by agreement to be at this hour in the rebel front. Stewart displayed his party

in line of battle, and moved rapidly forward through the woods and brush. A rebel picket fired on the line and ran. A volley rang out on the morning air in return, and the lads in blue, struggling through the thicket, charged into the camp. The rebels poured out of their huts in the utmost confusion, and ran precipitately in all directions, without firing a shot. A number of prisoners were taken. Our line was disarranged in the charge, and before it could be formed for a further advance, the rebels had drawn out their battery from the redoubt, which was a short distance beyond the camp, had harnessed the horses, and in a moment later thundered across the bridge in retreat. Surely now their capture was certain, for they must fall a prey to our regiments on that side the creek. But no. The old Dutchman let them go through his lines, and saw them fly by on the frozen road in the direction of Tarboro, without lifting a musket at them. Before he could realize or act upon what had happened, or at least before he did, the panorama was over. The indignation of the party, who had so handsomely flanked the rebel position, and had so nearly bagged the guns, was inexpressible. Had the 2d Massachusetts but shot the horses, nothing could have saved that battery from certain capture. Battery A lost in this affair private Nelson Mosher taken prisoner.

After the dispersal of the rebel outpost, there was a short halt, to consider what to do next. The troops snatched a breakfast, while Frankle was making up his mind. It then appearing from indications in the direction of Fort Branch that the reinforcement Col. Hinton expected had at last arrived, it was decided to retreat. A forced march was made to Williamston, the cavalry covering our rear and fighting all the way. For those who had been tramping all night, this was a terrible march. The roads were frozen and rough, and so cut up their shoes that scores, ready to drop with fatigue, staggered along almost barefoot, and left the road imprinted with blood. Battery A suffered severely; this being its first march, and being already worn out with its previous sixteen hours of arduous exertion. The indignation against Frankle was extreme. No wonder that upon the final return to Plymouth, some of the 9th New Jersey boys put a 100-pound shell under Frankle's quarters, to blow him up, though the attempt was happily frustrated by discovery. The troops reached Williamston, thirty miles from Butler's bridge, at 8 P. M.

Next day, the weary expedition marched to Jamestown, upon reaching which 500 were found to be so disabled by cold,

wounds, frozen extremities and lacerated feet, that they were embarked on gun boats and sent to Plymouth. What remained of the force, including fifty of Battery A; was then taken fifteen miles up the river to Cedar landing. Here the soldiers did heavy guard and picket duty, their labor occasionally spiced with foraging for chickens, while officers and speculators foraged for cotton. Battery A quartered in the large barn of a splendid plantation, and solaced its grief at the stupidity and incompetency that reigned in high places, with a rather more generous fare than the regular commissary provided and by luxuriating at night in corn husks four feet deep on the barn floor.

A few days later the whole expedition went back to Plymouth. There it found reinforcements, among them Battery I from Newbern, four guns, under command of Capt. Clark. Several days of rest ensued, during which the deserted village was nearly pulled down for fire wood. On the 29th, a heavy scout was sent out again to Jamestown, accompanied by Battery I. The boys called it the "chicken raid," as there was no fighting except a brush between the cavalry and some guerrillas, and the distinguishing feature being havoc amongst the poultry. On the 31st, the chickens having been valiantly defeated, back marched the expedition in a torrent of rain. Battery A returned to Newbern, January 7th.

On the 19th of January, Frankle embarked his troops for a demonstration on the Chowan River. A gun from Battery D and one from the 23d Battery came up from Newbern to take part. A landing was made at Point Comfort, four miles below the town of Colerain, on the Chowan, on the 20th. Colerain was occupied that evening. Rams and railroad bridges were the ostensible object of this movement—cotton and tobacco the actual one. The troops remained in the vicinity of Colerain. From time to time a movement was made in the direction of Edwards's Ferry and Winton, and several skirmishes took place with a force of rebels who kept sharp watch of Frankle's proceedings and skirmished with his pickets. Battery I was engaged several times. It won the praise of all officers, and even of the "old Dutchman" himself, for its accurate and effective firing. After parading around the country, without particular result for some weeks, Frankle was finally cooped up at Point Comfort by the enemy and finally retired in disgust to Plymouth.

On the 8th of March, Battery I embarked for Newbern, pursuant to orders from Gen. Palmer. It was preceded thither by the gun of Battery D.

XII.

CO-OPERATING WITH SHERMAN.

Battery F at Jacksonville—Beauties of the Region—Titus's Thanksgiving Dinner—Foster to Co-operate with Gen. Sherman—Getting Ready for the Expedition—At Boyd's Neck—A Day Wasted—Advancing on Grahamville—Battle of Honey Hill—Death of Wildt—B and F in the Fight—Foster Tries Again—Advance to Devaux Neck—F in a Hot Skirmish—Shelling the Railroad—Sherman Heard From—B Comes Up—Evacuation by the Enemy—Sherman's March to the North—Hatch Advances on Charleston—Bringing in Deserted Guns—The 3d Artillery in Charleston—Carrying out Flags of Truce—Capture of Gov. Magrath.

On the 5th of September, 1864, Battery F, 3d Artillery, then lying quietly in camp at Beaufort, S. C., was informed by Gen. Foster that it was relieved of duty in the district of Beaufort, and would proceed at once to join Gen. J. P. Hatch at Hilton Head. On the 13th, the Battery was ordered to Florida as part of the 4th Separate Brigade of the Department of the South. It went aboard the transports *Canonicus* and *Neptune*, leaving behind its tents, and on the 14th entered St. John's river, Florida, a most enchanting stream. Twenty miles from the mouth, it debarked at the once beautiful old town of Jacksonville.

Though boasting a population of 1,500 at the outbreak of the war, several hundred more than any other town in the State, Jacksonville was now in ruins, a desolate place, with but a mere handful of inhabitants. It had been burnt in March, 1863, upon its evacuation by three of our Union regiments, who had been holding it as a recruiting station for negroes. It was again de-

vastated by fire in February, 1864, when Gen. Seymour landed on his expedition into the interior, which ended in the disastrous defeat of Olustee.

Battery F, on landing, went through the town and was assigned a camp ground in the northern suburb near the river, which was just over a knoll from the camp. Here two barracks were soon built, with a stable for the horses, all very comfortable quarters. The guns were parked by the side of the stable.

The scenery of Florida and the climate are proverbially lovely, yet it cannot be said that the 3d Artillery boys fell very powerfully in love with the peculiarities of the region about Jacksonville. Alligators and snakes were unpleasantly numerous. Lizards ran over the men's faces at night and with the snakes invaded their knapsacks. Musquitoes buzzed and stung incessantly. And as for the fleas, the boys used to say, that you might pick up a handful of sand and when the fleas had all run out, you could only see what was left by the aid of a microscope.

In October, Capt. Day left for home on a furlough, leaving Lieut. Titus in command of the Battery. Many recruits were received while here and by November the Battery mustered 167 strong, more than the regulation number. It made a splendid appearance on parade, where its fine discipline and rapidity and accuracy of maneuvre were always the topic of admiring comment. November 20th, the troops at the post united in a review. The brigade was formed, therefor, from right to left, in the following order: Battery F, 3d Artillery; 75th Ohio, 107th Ohio, 3d U. S. Colored Troops, 35th U. S. Colored Troops, 34th U. S. Colored Troops, 4th Massachusetts Cavalry.

The 24th of November was Thanksgiving Day. Lieut. Titus was a favorite at the Post and many courtesies had from time to time been tendered him by the officers there. In return he had invited all the prominent officers at the Post to dine with him on Thanksgiving. The repast was spread in a little mess-house in Battery F's camp, set apart for the commissioned officers. For warriors in the field, the fare provided was of a luxuriant order. It consisted of the traditional Thanksgiving poultry, with beef, hot rolls, soft bread, champagne and an immense pile of oranges at each end of the plain wooden table, which it burdened. It was near sundown. Twenty or more blue-coated, shoulder-strapped soldiers thronged the little mess-house, and, while chatting merrily, strove to conceal the impatience with which they awaited the arrival of the Assistant-Adjutant-General of the Post, who was a little late and alone delayed the onslaught. That dilatory individual at length gal-

loped into the camp, attended by two Orderlies, each of whom had a bunch of mysterious but unmistakably official-looking envelopes under his arm. The company began to chaff the Adjutant-General on his unsoldierly tardiness, when good fare was in question; but the smile died from every face as those mysterious packages were produced and one tossed to every officer commanding a regiment, battalion, or battery. Hastily torn open, they revealed orders from Gen. Foster to march that night, with secrecy and dispatch, and with other injunctions that left no doubt but that serious business was afoot for all. So sudden, so incongruous with the occasion was the news, that a chill fell on the festivities as though the specter of Death had entered upon the scene. One brave fellow, who had faced peril calmly in the hottest of the fight many times before, and who did his duty bravely on that, to him, fatal afternoon a few days later, shuddered as he gazed on the envelope on the table before him, and said, "My God, have I got to go too?" The Thanksgiving dinner was a changed affair. The bounty of Battery F was quickly discussed, and the officers hurried away from it as early as possible to attend to the duty of mustering their commands for the expedition.

About the middle of November, 1864, Gen. Foster, commanding the Department of the South, received intelligence from Washington, that Gen. Sherman had left the city of Atlanta, Ga., with 65,000 men on his great March to the Sea. Nothing had been heard of his whereabouts since November 11th. He was in the heart of rebeldom and making for the coast. It was expected that he would reach the coast about the 30th of the month, in the vicinity of Savannah. Gen. Foster was directed to co-operate in the great campaign. As the city of Savannah, with its treasures of cotton and military stores, was Sherman's real objective point, it was essential that the rebels should be crippled in any attempt they might make to concentrate an army there. Foster was accordingly ordered to collect every man he could spare from the garrisons of his department, to move out to the Savannah and Charleston railroad, take possession, and destroy it, by which means he would be virtually in the rear of Savannah, and Charleston also, and might compel an evacuation of both.

The resources of the Department of the South were at this time very slender, for the bulk of its troops had gone to Virginia, to fight under Gen. Grant. Foster could spare only 5,000 men for the expedition, and half of these were black. But they

were brave, well-trained men, veterans, and ready to encounter the deadliest perils for the beloved cause of the Union.

These troops Gen. Foster secretly assembled on shipboard, at night, at Hilton Head, where they were brigaded under Gens. Hatch and Potter. Among them were two batteries of the 3d New York Artillery, whose good fortune it ever seemed to be to engage in great and honorable campaigns. They were Battery B, Capt. Mercereau, with four 12-pound Napoleon guns, which had been brought down from Fort Shaw, on Morris Island; and Battery F, Lieut. Titus, with four Napoleons, from Jacksonville. The movement began at 2 A. M. November 29th.

Pursuant to orders issued the evening before, captains of vessels were on the alert; and when, at the appointed hour, a red and white light shot a brilliant ray over the silent harbor, that portion of the fleet bearing the infantry hoisted anchor as noiselessly as possible, and immediately moved in single file up the river. The artillery followed at daylight. The fleet rendezvoused at Boyd's Neck, twenty miles from Hilton Head, a long, broad point of land, between two streams, projecting into the river from the western shore, where a good wagon road comes down to the water from the village of Grahamville, ten miles distant, in the interior. When the artillery arrived, the principal part of the infantry had marched into the country. A few regiments still lingered under the mossy live oaks at the landing, and they were joined at night by the artillery, which disembarked at an old dock repaired for the purpose by the soldiers, and went into bivouac for the night.

The first day of the expedition was wasted in an empty march. That morning, when enough troops were ashore, Foster had ordered Gen. Hatch to push forward to the railroad in the vicinity of Grahamville, with all celerity, take and hold it. Mistaking the direction, owing to insufficient knowledge of the topography of the region, Hatch, when he had marched out to the first cross road, which proved to be the direct turnpike between Savannah and Coosawhatchie, turned north. He surveyed the country in that direction for several miles, when he discovered his blunder and hastened back to the junction of the road running to the landing. He was there joined by Gen. Potter. All then marched two miles south, when, turning a corner to the right they entered the correct road and struck out for Grahamville. But it was too late in the day to retrieve the unfortunate error of the forenoon. Night came on, and Hatch fell back to the road junction opposite the landing, for the night. By this day's blunder, Foster's plans were revealed to

the enemy, and they industriously employed the night to his disadvantage.

The advance moved forward again at daylight on the 30th, the first brigade supported by Battery B, 3d Artillery, the second by Battery F.

Passing down the Savannah turnpike, through groves of live oak and pine, and among plantations of cotton, the infantry, artillery and cavalry moved in a splendid pageant in solid column on the road, with a long line of skirmishers on each side in front. About 8 o'clock, the 127th New York in the extreme advance, became briskly engaged with the enemy's picket line. On approaching the corner of the straight road to Grahamville, two guns posted near the junction opened fire across the intervening field with intent to plough our advancing columns in the direction of their depth with 12-pound projectiles. At the same time, a rank growth of grass and vegetation in a cotton field by the side of the road was set on fire. But neither the rebel shot nor the clouds of smoke and sparks that the wind blew down upon us sufficed to stay the army of freedom. Our brave skirmishers went steadily through the burning field; and now the advance section of Battery B, commanded by Lieuts. Wildt and Crocker, came up and took position in the road, under direction of Lieut.-Col. Ames, Chief of Artillery, and sent in twenty well directed shots in return for those with which the Johnnies were complimenting us. The rebels' discretion suddenly overcame their valor. They ceased the combustion of hostile gunpowder, in acknowledgment of the superiority of our Napoleons, and trotted off with great speed. Their infantry now contested the advance of our skirmishers with spirit, but without success. The 127th New York, 144th New York and 32d Colored, fought them bravely and the rebel banners gave ground and retired towards Grahamville, a distance of two or three miles. In this retreat, the rebel battery made one more stand and sent a few wandering shots howling down into our vicinity. Wildt's section again engaged them, working its guns in splendid fashion. A few rounds sufficed to rout them and they beat a hasty exit from the scene through some gloomy woods that enveloped the road in their rear. The celerity with which they were driven off excited the admiration of Gen. Foster, who complimented Battery B for it heartily.

During the artillery duel, Battery B lost that brave and faithful soldier, Lieut. Wildt. A solid 12-pound shot struck him in the left groin, inflicting a terrible wound, and then bounding on, slew a horse and a poor fellow amongst the infantry.

Wildt staggered back as he received his wound and fell down in the road, calling to Lieut. Crocker that he was hit. A stretcher was quickly brought and he was conveyed to a little church in the rear, which the Surgeons had cleared of seats and converted into a hospital.

The rebels, now falling back and being strongly reinforced, made a stand at an eminence just beyond the woods, called Honey Hill. To obtain possession of it, a sanguinary battle was fought, lasting till night fall, the Hill being directly in the path to Grahamville, which lay three miles distant in its rear. It was a position of undoubted military strength. In front it was protected by a wide swamp, overgrown with the inevitable Southern underbrush, giving concealment to a legion of sharp-shooters. A sluggish creek flowed through the swamp and was passable with ease at only one point where there was a rude bridge of wood. The Hill itself was covered with a profuse sprinkling of bushes and trees, and its crest was defended by a redoubt, with long rifle trenches on either flank. These were now manned by a rebel brigade under Gen. Gustavus W. Smith and Gen. Robertson, ready to supplement the advantages of its position with all that could be done with 2,000 muskets and nine pieces of artillery. The artillery was placed in front of the redoubt, owing to some defect in the construction of the work. It was trained so as to rake road and bridge.

Following the enemy sharply through the woods, the brigade of Gen. Hatch formed line of battle along the western border with the right wing thrown out along a rough wagon path that branched from the main road at this point. The 55th Massachusetts, Col. Hartwell, was sent forward to see what there was on the Hill. It was a negro regiment. It performed its loyal devoir in a manner that excited the admiration of every beholder, although its dashing charge ended in disaster. Col. Hartwell brought his banners to the front. "Follow your colors, my men!" he cried. The blacks swept forward with a rousing cheer. Some of the companies made straight for the swamp and floundered through; some rushed across the bridge. Upon all, that terrible battery on the Hill hurled shot and shell and cannister with staggering effect. Scores of brave fellows were bowled down by the iron balls and were left writhing on the ground as the rest of the line ran on. Col. Hartwell's horse was blown to pieces by a load of cannister and fell, pinning the Colonel down in the mire. The gallant blacks wavered not a moment. They dashed on. They were almost in the works. Lookers on, with their hearts in their throats,

gazed breathlessly to see them gain the Hill, when so withering a fire was concentrated upon them that they paused. They lost what little formation they had, broke, and were driven back in confusion to the friendly shelter of the woods. Col. Hartwell was extricated in the retreat. The rebels flocked out of their works and charged after the 55th, but were suddenly driven back by our musketry.

This charge made manifest to our Generals the difficult character of the task before them. If the Charleston and Savannah railroad was to be broken that day, the utmost resources of the army were to be employed to capture the Hill. The first measure was to order into action the artillery. Lieut. Crocker's section of Battery B were the nearest guns at hand. By direction of Gen. Hatch, Lieut.-Col. Ames moved them at once down to the forks of the road, the only place in which artillery could be put. Here, six hundred yards only from the enemy's guns, they were commanded to shell the works and make themselves as useful as possible to our attack. The horses were sent to the rear for safety, the guns were shotted, sighted as accurately as the intervening branches of trees would allow, and then rang out their angry salutation. As their familiar thunder broke out amidst the vollies of musketry, the infantry, which had been fretting under the fire of the Hill, could no longer restrain its enthusiasm. Regiment after regiment charged forward to storm the works, the 127th New York, the 32d Colored, the 35th Colored. One after another, however, they were beaten back. Disordered in forcing a passage through that deadly swamp, which, that day, fought as hard for treason as the traitors themselves, they only got through it to have cruel havoc wrought in their ranks by the rebel guns, and were hurled back with loss, in more or less confusion. The rebels always charged back. Several times they came across the bridge, and through the clouds of smoke could be seen by the men of Battery B, pressing forward on our lines. Crocker, meanwhile, had been joined by Capt. Mercereau's section, and the four guns, rapidly worked, bore a prominent share in repelling the enemy's assaults. These guns were in a very dangerous situation, being under an unremitting fire of the rebel cannon and sharpshooters. Obscured by smoke and shrubbery, their exact position was as difficult to make out, however, as that of the rebel battery on the hill, and they escaped comparatively unscathed, though the rushing hail of bullets slashing the foliage and whistling about their heads, and the great balls that flew crackling through the woods behind every moment threatened to annihilate them. In this

action Privates Dinehart, Branch, Miller, Greening, Criss, Pringle and Heathers received honorable wounds. Lieut. Crocker was also wounded. He was shot in the right eye with a musket ball, but he wrapped a handkerchief around his head and fought his guns for an hour after the hurt. Capt. Mercereau said of him in a report to Col. Stewart: "I never saw one display more cool judgment and bravery than he during the whole engagement."

The battle went on with unrebating energy until 2 P. M. The fighting was all at close quarters, like that of gladiators in the arena, and the firing, with the resounding woods on all sides to reverberate the noise, was terrific. At times, volley after volley would ring along the whole line, the artillery crashing away in the center. Then, for a while, only the sputtering fire of sharpshooters, to be succeeded again by strong steady firing. By 2 P. M. Battery B was in a state of complete exhaustion from its arduous exertion since morning. Ammunition was nearly expended, and one of the guns had recoiled into the ditch by the roadside, whence the men did not have the strength left to extricate it. The Battery was then relieved from duty, Battery F being ordered up to replace it. Its conduct throughout the fight had been all that could be required of daring men, and its officers had been conspicuous for intrepidity.

Battery F, on a little knoll, away to the rear with the reserve infantry, had been momentarily awaiting a summons to come to the front. Orders came at last. The bugle sounded. Gunners scrambled to their places on limbers and caissons, the drivers applied the whip, and the Battery went up two miles and a half on a run, the infantry opening to right and left to let it pass. It was a reckless pace on that rough corduroy road, with deep ditches gaping to receive any stumbling team. But the men held on with all their might to keep their seats, and the drivers guiding their teams true, they arrived safely at the scene of the conflict. Just as they came up, a limber chest of Battery B exexploded, hurling Lieut. Breck roughly to the side of the road, badly burning his face and hands. Only one of B's guns was firing, and that at intervals. The rest were too hot to be serviceable, and Lieut. Titus caused them to be drawn to the rear by means of the prolonges, soldiers and negroes lending a willing hand to the ropes. Titus's pieces were then run up and opened fire on the Hill, which still defied our hardest assaults. Battery F had the satisfaction of perceiving that its attentions were a serious annoyance to the rebels, for they subjected it to a furious fire in return. The first gun discharged drew down

such a storm that nearly every man serving it was wounded. The firing lent renewed vigor to our infantry attack, and every effort that the sagacity of our Generals could suggest, in view of their limited resources and the nature of the ground, was put forth to dislodge the enemy from the Hill. Battery F was worked in a rapid and handsome manner, and, with Battery B, made for the 3d Artillery a brilliant reputation in the Army of the South. Sergt. Harrington and Privates Vandenberg, Griner and McKue were the most seriously wounded.

At nightfall, Gen. Foster relinquished the attack on Honey Hill, finding the resistance opposed to his advance by the rebels too obstinate to be overcome by the forces at his disposal. The troops were ordered back to the vicinity of the landing, and slowly retired. Lieut. Clark, of Battery F, remained with two guns to come on at the same time as the rear guard, and was the last to leave the bloody field. The artillery men were so tired that many, both drivers and cannoneers, fell asleep while marching to the landing.

Gen. Foster lost in this affair 746 men, in killed, wounded and missing. The rebel loss could be scarcely less. In the 3d Artillery, fortunately, there was but one death, but that the death of a brave and loved officer. Lieut. Wildt expired a few hours after the amputation of his leg by the surgeons. Of Lieut. Titus's Thanksgiving party of officers at Jacksonville, few escaped without wound, and some were killed.

For five days Gen. Foster remained on Boyd's Neck. He threw up intrenchments at the junction of the road from the landing with the Savannah and Coosawhatchie road, and manned them with Batteries B and F, and held the position against the enemy who advanced upon it and skirmished strongly for several days. To attract the attention of Gen. Sherman, should his troops be approaching this part of the coast, he sent up rockets and balloons at night and burnt calcium lights. December 3d, he took four regiments and a section of Battery B for a tour of observation to the north toward Coosawhatchie. The enemy was met in small force. Battery B and a section of the 3d Rhode Island routed the opposition, when the reconnoissance returned. On the 5th, an expedition was again started for Coosawhatchie, supported by Battery F, having for its object the breaking of the railroad at that point and the burning of the bridge. Five miles out, some rebel earthworks were encountered. A few shots were thrown into them without drawing out a response. A deserter then came in with information that there was a large force at Coosawhatchie and the expedition fell back to camp.

On the 6th, Gen. Foster renewed his attempts on the railroad. The brigade of Gen. E. E. Potter and Battery F, 3d Artillery, were taken up the river on gunboats to a long, narrow peninsula between Coosawhatchie and Tullifinny rivers, termed Devaux Neck. The brigade landed in the forenoon, surprising some of Gen. Hardee's Georgia troops, capturing the flag of one of the regiments, and driving them a distance of four miles up the peninsula, as far as the wagon road which crosses it running from Coosawhatchie to Charleston. The point was within half a mile of the railroad. Battery F landed in the night, which was rainy and cold. Moving out to the front, in darkness that concealed every vestige of our army entirely from view, it at last came up to a party of officers sitting under a tree. Lieut. Titus, who was in command, hailed them. Gen. Potter was there and was mightily glad to see the artillery; he at once sent it into an open lot on the right of the road, directly in rear of the 56th New York, which lay in the grass asleep. The Battery laid by its guns all night, without unharnessing, and could hear cars running on the railroad every hour.

Early in the morning our position was energetically attacked by a strong force of the enemy, who came up under cover of a fog, to the edge of a heavy piece of timber not sixty yards away, extending nearly to the railroad. The engagement lasted four hours. Half that time the rebels were within point blank rifle range, in the woods, and firing on the Battery, which had no other protection than that which was inherent in its ammunition. The enemy first tried a flank movement on Potter's right. Being repelled, they tried his left, but were driven by the reserve. The Battery was once left without infantry support and had to skirmish for itself, which it did with excellent success, its cannister clearing out every rebel from its front. It did good execution. One of the guns laid low ten of the enemy with one shot, a spherical case, which is a shell filled with bullets. Bossler was slightly wounded during the fight and a horse was killed. These were the only casualties in the Battery. The brigade lost 80. Finding Potter invincible, the men in gray suddenly retired with ranks smaller by 100 killed and wounded for their pains.

Next day, the 8th, Gen. Potter had works made for Battery F's better protection.

It was no part of Gen. Foster's plans to remain so near the railroad and allow the rebels to work it day and night, under his very nose, with impunity. Off towards the left, in the direction of Coosawhatchie bridge, there could be made out, even with the naked eye, some very formidable works, built in the form of

four half moons, interlapping. It would not do to assault these works, but there was a way of rendering the railroad useless to the Confederates and steps were now taken to make it so. On the 9th, Battery F opened fire on the railroad, right and left, giving the guns a good elevation, while a large force of pioneers went forward in front and cut a wide slashing through the woods to unmask the railroad. The Battery fired off a large lot of damaged ammunition and kept at work till sundown, when the slashing was completed. Our pioneers in retiring provoked a charge from the enemy, which was repulsed with great loss. Thenceforward the railroad was under fire from our guns, and whenever a train ventured by, day or night, it was shelled. Several capital shots were made and cars and engines smashed thereby.

On the 10th, the horses of Battery F were unharnessed for the first time since coming on to Devaux Neck. It had not before been deemed safe to take their harness off, lest emergencies might arise requiring a sudden move. The men had slept at their posts. On this day, distant heavy booming of cannon was heard in the south and the army knew that Sherman had come down to the sea. He was indeed before Savannah. Accurate tidings of it reached Boyd's Neck on the 12th and Gen. Foster ran down on a gunboat to open communication with him by water, which he did next day.

About this time, Battery F received an accession of twenty-five recruits.

On the 14th, tidings came of the capture of Fort McAllister at Savannah the day before. All the troops turned out to cheer. The Johnnies answered from their lines with a screech.

As the investment of Savannah was in progress, it was more than ever important to break up all travel on the railroad. Gen. Foster brought two 30-pound Parrots and mounted them in a swamp battery in the Coosawhatchie. With these, and Battery F, 3d Artillery, to use Gen. Sherman's terse expression, he "whaled away" day and night at the railroad and the bridge, and with good effect, for the passage of troops and supplies by rail to the relief of Savannah was stopped and the running of trains for any purpose was rendered more and more infrequent. And withal, the enemy was kept so stirred up with apprehension that 6,000 men were detained in Foster's front from reinforcing Hardee at Savannah.

About the 15th, the remainder of Foster's column was brought up from Boyd's landing. Battery B, Capt. Mercereau commanding, and Battery A, 3d Rhode Island Artillery, immediately re-

lieved Battery F on the lines. The latter went to the rear a short distance for rest and was parked as reserve artillery. On the 17th, the Parrot "swamp angels" were moved to a position nearer Coosawhatchie bridge, and thereafter, with the assistance of Batteries B and F, who were alternately at the lines, the railroad was effectually neutralized and travel broken up. The fact alarmed Gen. Hardee, in command of the garrison at Savannah, as to his safety in retreat, and materially hastened his evacuation of the city. He abandoned it to Sherman on the 20th.

The capture of Savannah was announced on Devaux Neck on the 23d. There was great excitement and cheering in all the camps.

No further forward movement was made by Gen. Foster for several weeks. On the 16th of December, Gen. Halleck had placed him under the command of Gen. Sherman, and as that officer was resting, reclothing and refitting his victorious army in Savannah, preparatory to his great March to the North, no active operations were for a while desirable. Foster's forces quietly held their position on the Neck, improving the opportunity to obtain the rest they too so urgently needed. From time to time, a skirmish took place, and Batteries B and F were both called on, on several occasions to reply to guns the rebels brought down on the opposite side of the Tullifinny to disturb our camps. The Batteries invariably gave the enemy all they wanted, and more too. Rebel deserters came in every day in great numbers. Once, on January 14th, a 1st Lieutenant and Surgeon came in and reported that their Colonel would bring his regiment in, if assured of pardon. A lot of President Lincoln's proclamations of pardon were accordingly tied to a ramrod and fired over by a gun of Battery F. The only reply, however, was a bullet. The regiment had undoubtedly been withdrawn from the rebel lines. The supposition was confirmed at night by the sound of the wagons and artillery of the enemy moving towards Charleston. Next morning no pickets of the enemy were visible. Our pickets were pushed out to reconnoitre. They soon sent back intelligence that the enemy had retreated from our whole front. Several regiments were immediately thrown forward and the enemy's powerful works on the railroad, with the railroad and bridge, were seized and held. A regiment was also sent out on the road to Charleston, and at the little village of Pocotaligo, six miles away, formed a junction with the 17th Corps, under Gen. Blair, which had come up that day from Savannah, by way of Beaufort and Port Royal Island.

Sherman was now mustering his army for his "great next.'

His 17th Corps was at Pocotaligo. The 15th Corps now marched up to Cooswhatchie. The main body lay at Savannah ready to march at the word of warning. January 19th, Sherman wrote to Gen. Foster, turning over to him the city of Savannah and forts dependent, and indicating in general terms the course he intended to pursue, which was to strike out for the heart of South Carolina and smash things generally in the State and then direct his march on Raleigh. Foster was to remain on the coast and advance on that cradle of treason, Charleston, and capture it, a disposition of matters most congenial to his feelings.

Foster prepared at once to enact his part of the drama of the March to the North. A portion of his forces were sent to Morris Island and Bull's Bay under Gen. Potter, to operate from that direction and amuse the enemy with demonstrations. The rest, abandoning Devaux Neck as no longer a position of any use, he concentrated under Gen. Hatch at Pocotaligo. Amongst the former were Battery B and Battery F, 3d New York Artillery.

The grand movement began February 1st. The 17th and 15th Corps advanced from the vicinity of Pocotaligo; the 14th and 20th from Savannah. Gen. Hatch took the wagon road to Charleston and marched to the river Combabee, holding in check the rebel left wing, while Sherman "smashed things" in the interior. Here, by the order of Sherman, he waited till the latter had reached the vicinity of the city of Columbia, meanwhile entertaining the force of rebels on the opposite bank by demonstrations of a desire to cross. About the 17th of February, he pushed his way across the river with two brigades and Lieut. Clark's section of Battery F, and by slow but steady marches advanced to Charleston. He found the city evacuated. The rebels had fled in precipitation without waiting to give him battle.

Lieut. Titus's section of Battery F and Battery B crossed the Combabee on the 20th with Hatch's rear guard. They reached the Ashepo that night, and the Edisto on the 21st, passing through a beautiful region, full of magnificent plantations. The troops foraged freely on the country. Chickens, honey, fresh beef and pork and fruits were the almost daily bill of fare. The day had gone by to be punctilious about subsisting on the enemy, and Sherman's bummers were not more successful in searching out the good things of the land than the men of his Coast Division under Gen. Hatch. "It is a war right old as history," said Sherman to Grant in extenuation of the

practice. The quotation is respectfully referred to Gen. Patterson of the old Army of the Shenandoah for meditation. On the 22d, still on the march, the army passed the house of a rebel paymaster, from which the men obtained $75,000 in Confederate money. On the 23d, coming up with the head of the column at Rantoul's bridge, Battery F was consolidated again.

Next day, Lieut. Titus took twelve teams to Willstown, on the Edisto, escorted by a detachment of the 25th Ohio, to bring in some light artillery found in deserted rebel earthworks there. They had been abandoned hurriedly; not a gun was spiked, a rammer carried off, nor a carriage disabled. Titus brought away four 6-pound rifles and two 24-pound rifles. Several large ones were left for lack of transportation. The enemy had the best and strongest works, facing the Sea Islands in all directions. Lieut. Breck, the same day, visited one of them on the Stono and brought in its guns.

Batteries B and F reached Ashley river on the 27th to find that the infantry had already ferried across. They lay on the bank that night. Next day, towards night, they crossed, Battery B in the advance, and moving down into the city, they camped on the spacious green of a long, imposing, castellated building, called the Citadel, or the Southern Military Academy.

Since landing on Boyd's Neck, the Batteries had been three months in the field without camp or garrison equipage; had fought many battles; fired over 3,000 rounds of ammunition each, and marched two hundred miles in the enemy's country. The men showed the effects of hard campaigning in their sunburned faces and rather ragged uniforms, but were healthy and in the best of spirits, and ready for more fighting at any moment.

It may be interesting to note, that the road over which Gen. Hatch had advanced to the capture of Charleston, was the scene of many hard marches and some hard fights of the Revolution. The British General Patterson came up by this route from Savannah in 1780, to join the siege at Charleston. At Rantoal's Creek, and other places upon it, Tarleton, Marion, and Col. William Washington had fights.

The first artillery in Charleston was a detachment of Battery B, which, by Capt. Mercereau's order, had remained at Fort Shaw, Morris Island, since November, to act as its garrison and to take charge of the camp and garrison equipage of the Battery. During the night of February 17th, the glare of an extensive conflagration caught the attention of our sentinels on Morris Island and the blockading squadron. Soon, tremendous concussions from the city told the tale of exploding gunboats and

the destruction of military stores. About 7 o'clock in the morning, an orderly rode into Fort Shaw to state that the rebels had evacuated, and ordered Battery B to report immediately at the forts at the north end of the island. The men got there at 10 A. M. They embarked on small boats, supplied by blockaders, and were rowed up the harbor to the city. With what thrilling feelings did they now look up to the old flag floating once more over Fort Sumter, as they passed by the sloping heaps of broken masonry that had once been its walls? Reaching the city, the detachment marched to Citadel Green, took possession there and went into camp, and was joined there a few days later by the rest of the Battery.

The desolation of the once proud capital furnished a theme for curious observation and comment to the 3d Artillery boys, who strolled all over it to see its scars and ruins. It was one of the saddest spectacles of the war. A large tract in the wealthiest and handsomest quarter lay in blackened and smoking ruins. Towards the river, in every direction, the buildings were scarred and smashed, and the streets torn up by heavy shells. Grass grew in the streets. Docks were dropping to pieces from decay. Some of the docks, built during a happy peace, once thronged with shipping, were now deserted by commerce and given over to great grim earthworks and engines of war. The population of the city had been reduced in four years from 65,000 to 10,000, principally by the terror inspired by the shells thrown in from our batteries on Morris Island.

Gen. Hatch gave his artillery a short rest only on Citadel Green. In the course of a day or two, he moved it out to a line of intrenchments west of the city, extending across the peninsula on which it was built from the Ashley river to the Cooper. Here, Batteries B and F remained for a long time, their presence on the lines being precautionary only. The men enjoyed a good rest, and had an opportunity to erase the stains of travel from their equipments and armament and restore them to that state of neatness, proverbial with the 3d Artillery in whatever department it served.

April 9th, salutes were fired by the Batteries in honor of the fall of Richmond and Petersburg. The 14th was the day of the formal flag raising on Fort Sumter, the identical flag that Major Anderson had hauled down in 1861, in token of surrender, being hoisted once more with impressive ceremonies, Henry Ward Beecher making an address at the Fort. National salutes were fired by Batteries B and F, as also by the forts around the harbor, under the direction of Col. Stewart L. Woodford of New

York, who was in charge of the details of the celebration. After the salutes, our officers went down to the Fort. A few days later, the mournful minute guns were fired on account of the assassination of the beloved Lincoln.

On the 23d, information having been received of the armistice agreed upon between Gen. Sherman and the rebel Gen. Johnston, Lieut. Breck, with fourteen mounted men of Battery B, carrying twelve days' rations, rode out into the interior with a flag of truce to communicate the fact to the rebel commandants in our front. He got back on the 26th. The unwelcome tidings of a resumption of hostilities came on the 28th. Our Generals being in duty bound to inform the enemy of the fact, Lieut. Titus, with fifteen of Battery F and some staff officers acting as volunteers for the expedition, was sent out with another flag of truce, to announce the fact. He went to within sight of Orangeburg, meeting various parties of rebels on the way, and keeping a sharp eye out for rebel fortifications with a view to gather useful knowledge for future use. He saw none however. The enemy seemed paralyzed by events in the North and were not making efforts to prepare the country for defense. Titus delivered his message and started back at a gait that would have done credit to Tam O'Shanter, having been warned to return rapidly lest the unscrupulous Johnnies should halt and capture his party. The whole eighty miles was made in less than twenty-four hours, forty rebels riding hard after the detachment down to our picket line at Charleston.

May 1st, Lieut. Crocker and Lieut. Clark, in command of sections, accompanied an expedition of two brigades towards Orangeburg to bring in some railroad rolling stock. Several other scouts took place, one of them, attended by Lieut. Breck with fifteen men, who came back May 27th with Gov. Magrath of South Carolina, a close prisoner, having taken him at Columbia.

XIII.

WITH BUTLER.

Generalities—H and M go to Virginia—Butler Wants More Batteries—E and K Sent to Him—Major Schenck—The Advance on Richmond—At Bermuda Hundreds—E Shells Fort Clifton—Tearing up the Railroad—On to Richmond—Fight at Half-Way House—On the Lines Before Drury's Bluff—A Telegraph Put to Good Use—The Army of the James Surprised—Charge on Battery E—A Bloody Fight—Out of Ammunition—Ashby Down—Driven Back—The Losses—Butler "Bottled Up"—M at Fort Powhatan and Wilson's Landing—K at Spring Hill—Has a Fight—Gilmore's Attack on Petersburg—Smith Attacks—K Shelling Batteries No. 11 and No. 12—The 18th Corps Carries the Works.

The reader of these pages will have discovered by this time that there is very little unity of action amongst the component parts of a regiment of artillery, no matter how great its unity of feeling or how distinctive its reputation as a regiment. In the infantry, the regiments fight *en masse*, in compact bodies and under their own several battle flags throughout the war. With rare exceptions, the history of any part of any individual infantry regiment will comprehend the experience of the whole. It is different with artillery. To bring a regiment of artillery—especially one of the magnitude of the 3d New York—into action, would require battles like Gettysburg and campaigns like that of '64 in Virginia. It is never done. A regiment of artillery is too large for the purpose. It is a brigade of itself; and, as in brigades of infantry, regiments go hither and thither at times

away from the main body, on special service; so in artillery, batteries go from the main body continually and share in operations in numerous departments. It is seldom that as many as three or four of the same regiment fight on the same field. The regimental flags are never carried into battle, but remain at headquarters and seldom stir thence except to grace a dress parade. The history of an infantry regiment, considered in all its relations as a part of a whole, may be the history of great campaigns. That of an artillery regiment may be the history of a great war. That of the 3d New York comprehends an important part of the War for the Union. Had we chosen to write it with the copiousness of historians who love to go down to the roots of things and relate all the causes of its campaigns, near and remote, this work would have expanded to twice its present size. Such a treatment of the subject in a regimental history, however, would be inappropriate, and we have made only sufficient explanation of the causes and objects of campaigns, to give the reader of this history a proper understanding of the specific services of the 3d New York.

The connection of this regiment with the campaigns of '61 in Virginia, and of the whole war up to 1865, in North Carolina, with the siege of Charleston and Sherman's great march, has already been told. These pages are yet to relate the important part performed by a battalion of four of its batteries in the siege of Petersburg and capture of Richmond.

And now let us follow the fortunes of the 3d Artillery in Virginia.

In July, 1863, arose the necessity for a General of great vigor to command the Department of (lower) Virginia and North Carolina. Gen. Foster was on the 11th appointed to that command, and at once proceeded to Fortress Monroe, headquarters of the Department, to enter upon the discharge of its duties. He succeeded Gen. Dix. In August, the 18th Corps, comprising the troops in North Carolina, was enlarged by the consolidation with it of the 7th Corps.

Needing more artillery at Fortress Monroe, Gen. Foster ordered a grand review of the 3d New York, at Newbern, before Lieut. Stanley of his staff, Acting Inspector General, so that the latter might be enabled to pick out two of the best Batteries to send him, the purpose of the review, however, remaining a secret. The review came off October 18th. On the 23d, the Adjutant read orders on dress parade, for Battery H, Capt. Riggs, and Battery M, Capt. Howell, six guns each, to go to Fortress Monroe.

The departure of the Batteries, a few days later, with the 3d New York Cavalry, and some infantry, which had also been summoned to Virginia, was the sensation of the hour. Not a man in the regiment failed to envy their good fortune in going to a field where there was a prospect of more active service than North Carolina promised just then.

They took boats to Elizabeth, N. C., and marched overland, *via* the towpath of the Dismal Swamp canal to Portsmouth. Battery H and the 3d Cavalry had two skirmishes with guerrillas on the way, at Camden Court House and in the Swamp. A few shells sent them flying on each occasion. Contrary to expectation, the batteries had no active service for some months. H, reporting at Fortress Munroe, was stationed at Newport News, and remained there till March, when it performed outpost duty at Bowen's hill, Deep Creek, and Getty's Station, and, in May, took position till June 30th, near Fort Hazlitt, on the inner line of fortifications at Portsmouth. M did outpost duty at Currituck, Great Bridge, and around Norfolk, Suffolk and Portsmouth till May, being, in the spring of 1864, reorganized as "Veteran Light Battery M."

November 13th, 1863, Gen. Foster, by order of Gen. Halleck, went to Tennessee to relieve Burnside. He was succeeded at Fortress Munroe by sturdy old Ben Butler, probably one of the best Generals and the worst hated by rebels in the United States Army. Ben always had an irrepressible tendency to make himself disagreeable to rebels, and when, in the spring of 1864, Gen. Grant took command of the Army of the Potomac, for the purpose of inaugurating a campaign against Richmond, this tendency overcame him to an extent that he applied for authority to co-operate in the movement. Nothing better suited the wishes of Government, and he was empowered to organize a column, to be called the Army of the James, to move upon Richmond, in accordance with a plan proposed by himself, by way of the James river.

April, 1864, found Gen. Grant reorganizing the Army of the Potomac on the banks of the Rapidan, and consolidating it into the 2d Corps, Hancock's; 5th Corps, Warren's; 6th Corps, Sedgwick's; and 9th Corps, Burnside's. It found Butler, strengthening and fitting out the 18th Corps, Gen. W. F. (Baldy) Smith's, at Yorktown, and preparing for the arrival of the 10th Corps, Gilmore's, which had been ordered up from South Carolina to reinforce him.

Needing more artillery, Butler sent his Chief of Artillery, in April, to Newbern, to pick out a couple of the best Batteries

there for service in the 18th Corps. A review being held, Battery E, Capt. Ashby, and Battery K, Capt. Angel, arrested attention by their superior discipline, and received orders forthwith to proceed to Virginia. They came up on ocean transports, and on the 16th, by the commanding General's direction, joined the 18th Corps at Yorktown. They pitched their camps amongst the others of the Corps, which were scattered around the town in every direction.

Butler had now a full battalion of four Batteries of the 3d Artillery in Virginia, the best battalion of the regiment, by the way, comprising 500 splendidly drilled veterans, with 22 guns and 450 horses. A field officer to serve with it was wanted. Major Schenck happened along on the 22d, just in the nick of time, then being on his way to Newbern after successful recruiting service at home. Butler stopped him at Fortress Munroe, and sent him to Gen. Smith, and he was assigned to duty as Chief of Artillery on the staff of Gen. W. H. H. Brooks, commanding the 1st Division, 18th Corps. The Major remained on Brooks's staff nearly two months. He was with him in all the battles on the peninsula, until after the Drury's Bluff affair, winning the warm friendship of his confreres by his soldierly and gentlemanly qualities. He was then ordered to report to Gen. Kautz, commanding the Cavalry Division of the Army of the James, and was with Kautz as Assistant Inspector General on his staff, until after the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. At his own request he was then relieved and ordered to duty in the 25th Corps, on the staff of the 1st Division, as Acting Assistant Inspector General, Gen. Kautz commanding. He was afterwards transferred to the staff of the Corps, as Acting Assistant Adjutant General. When the Corps went to Texas, the Major, by order, repaired to Syracuse, N. Y., for muster out of service, July 15, 1863.

The 10th Corps arrived on steamers May 3d, brown as Bedouins from exposure to a Southern sun. The 18th Corps straightway fell to packing up for the expedition.

On the 4th, the Army of the Potomac crossed the Rapidan, 100,000 strong, for the advance on Richmond. Simultaneously, the Army of the James, 25,000 strong, embarked at Yorktown and Newport News, Batteries E and M of the 3d Artillery included. Battery H remained behind as the reserve artillery of the army till an emergency should require it to come to the front. Battery K marched to Newport News, but did not get aboard in time to go with the advance.

A portion of the fleet at first sailed up the York river, to de-

ceive the enemy as to its real destination, while the rest rendezvoused at Newport News. It lay there on the broad bosom of the harbor till night fall, a thunder cloud of war, dark, threatening and portentous, its great black ocean steamers and smaller coasting vessels, ferry boats, barges and sloops, crowded with masses of soldiery—its armored gunboats and fine staunch iron monitors, boding ill things for the enemies of our country.

During the day, Gen. Kautz with 3,000 cavalry marched from Suffolk on a raid against the Weldon railroad, which he eventually struck and broke. Concurrently a smaller cavalry force moved up the Peninsula, on an ostensible expedition against Richmond by that route. This movement gave the enemy the greatest alarm; for twice before, that year, in February, Butler had pushed heavy forces of infantry up the Peninsula on real expeditions, one of them almost reaching the rebel capital. The enemy hurried his forces on the James to meet the threatening column. This was just what Butler wanted.

At night fall, the armored vessels of the fleet rushed up the James.

Next day, the rest of the fleet followed rapidly, having on board the artillery. Passing up the historic stream, at all the points commanding bends the bright parti-colored flag of the Union floated gladly on the banks, conspicuous against the dark green of the trees, showing where a detachment had landed to fortify the captured position. At Fort Powhatan, an old rebel work, a few miles below City Point on the south bank, Battery M landed with a few companies of infantry to become its garrison.

The vessel bearing Battery E pushed straight for the broad, sprangly peninsula between the James and Appomattox, known as Bermuda Hundreds, reaching it at night. Butler was there with 10,000 men. The Battery got its guns ashore as soon as possible and went into bivouac for the night.

While the last of the troops were landing that evening, Butler called a consultation of war of his corps and division commanders, around a camp fire. He proposed to them to go right on to Richmond. Gilmore and Smith, commanding the two corps, opposed it, urging that if the Army of the James went on and received a defeat, it would break up the whole grand campaign. Weitzel favored it, and said if they would give him 10,000 men, he would take the advance and go on. The more cautious counsels prevailed and Smith was ordered to move out next day for the railroad and destroy that first.

Smith marched as ordered and reached the road on the 7th,

which he began to tear up, having meanwhile to fight the rebel Gen. Hill, who attacked him with a small force.

The morning after Battery E landed, it was directed to report to Gen. Weitzel as the reserve artillery of the 18th Corps—its 20-pound Parrots being rather heavy for field service. By Weitzel's order the Battery moved out during the forenoon to Cobb's Hill, on the Appomattox, an eminence which afterwards constituted the extreme left of the Bermuda Hundreds intrenchments. It was half a mile north-east of Port Walthal, where the railroad came down to some heavy coal trestles on the river.

On the high west bank of the river, visible three miles to the southward over the broad, low lying, wooded islands, was a faint brown line on the verdant green. It was the celebrated rebel Fort Clifton, facing the stream, with a heavy battery of guns to dispute the passage of our gunboats up to Petersburg, seven miles away. The gunboats were even now firing at the Fort and Battery E was ordered to supplement their efforts. Giving its guns the requisite elevation, the Battery opened fire and soon its carefully calculated shots were dropping in and around the hostile work. Having received orders to that effect, Capt Ashby indicated to his enemy that he had come to stay, by going into camp. Here the Battery remained three days, having constant target practice at Fort Clifton, and once saving a Union gunboat that was aground in the river by the rapid fire of its guns.

The army meanwhile was making wild work on the line of the railroad, tearing it up for miles and burning bridges while a large force of reserve troops threw up intrenchments across the throat or narrow part of the pennisula, from river to river, along high ground, a distance of six miles.

On the 10th, Butler had to fight Beauregard, who came all the way from Charleston to oppose him, but drove that General to Swift's Creek, within three miles of Petersburg. Then, turning northward, he made for Richmond, working gradually up to Proctor's Creek, within three miles of Drury's Bluff.

May 12th, Battery E joined in the movement. It left Cobb's Hill at daybreak and marched with Weitzel's division towards Richmond, but only got as far as the Petersburg and Richmond turnpike. The roads were obstructed in the advance, so a return to camp for the night became necessary.

A mile beyond Proctor's Creek the army had encountered the southernmost of the defenses of Richmond. A crooked line of intrenchments stretched across the turnpike, extending a mile westward to the railroad, and beyond. Half a mile beyond there

was a second and stronger line, bristling with cannon, connected by rifle pits with the powerful fortification on Drury's Bluff, called Fort Darling, a mile to the eastward and rear.

Next morning, the 13th, the army, deployed in line of battle, the 18th Corps on the right, the 10th away off to the left among ravines and woods, prepared to attack the works. Battery E was ordered up, arriving about noon at a hill just beyond Proctor's Creek, on which, east of the road, stood an old tavern styled the Half-Way House. It had been pretty well rummaged by our men, and was now Butler's headquarters and subsequently Capt. Ashby's. The region was abundantly supplied with woodland, but just north of the hill there was an open space, cleared of trees, the stumps still standing. The rebel works, three-quarters of a mile in advance, were visible where they crossed the road. East of the road a dark grove in their front hid them. Weitzel's regiments were in line in the open ground engaged in a hot skirmish with a heavy force of Confederate infantry.

Battery E halted on the hill, where it lay idle till 3 P. M., though burning to get into the fight, while a stream of wounded constantly poured by to the rear. Orders came at length. The Battery was to shell the rebel redoubt in the road. Lieut. Fuller planted his section in the turnpike, Lieut. Mowers his in the field at the side of the old tavern, the guns being placed just back of the brow of the hill, so that the recoil would carry them down where they could be reloaded without exposing the men. Then the volleying thunder of heavy guns rolled over the field and our shells flew screaming over both armies at the hostile work. The rebels returned the compliment with two 12-pound rifled guns, and shot pretty close, their shot and shell falling all around our guns, though luckily without damage. Their sharpshooters plied the Battery hard with musketry also, but with equally poor success. One man only received a wound, that brave soldier, Sergt. Howe, and he was shot before we began firing. A rifle ball entered his lungs. He was taken to the rear and never rejoined the Battery. The rebel guns fired but a short time. Battery E soon made it so dangerous for them that they ceased firing and were soon hauled off. Under cover of our cannonade, Weitzel's skirmishers advanced to the woods and cleared them of the enemy.

The battle ceased at night fall. The army had gained ground and reposed that night on well earned laurels.

Battery E bivouacked at the Half-Way House, with the horses harnessed, the men sleeping on the ground around the guns.

In accordance with a practice that lasted through the whole of this expedition, the troops rose next morning before sunrise and got under arms without drum or bugle, to foil any attempt at surprise.

At day break, our pickets discovered that the enemy had evacuated their first line of works and fallen back to the second. Our army advanced and took possession. Battery E followed the movement. When near the woods on the right of the road, that have been spoken of, a halt was made to shell the second rebel line. Capt. Horace Fitch, Weitzel's aid, shortly after came down from the extreme front with word that the General wished to see Capt. Ashby. Ashby went forward. Weitzel had been up in a tree reconnoitering the second line with a field glass. He told the Captain to bring his guns up and place them near a little blacksmith shop, on the right hand side of the road, just back of the first line of rebel works. Limbering up, Ashby sent the guns forward on a run, Lieut. Fuller's section first, taking position in the road behind a breastwork of logs and earth. Belger's battery took position on his left and a third battery beyond Belger.

Half a mile in front, confronting us, were the Confederate intrenchments, and ugly looking ones they were with their massive parapets and yawning embrasures. Just to the right of the road, on the line, rose up to view the strong point of their works, a massive bastion, or redoubt, mounting five guns, while over it waved three rebel battle flags. The ground rose toward the fort so that it seemed to look down on us. An open space in front, filled with underbrush, felled trees and stumps, was the lair of thousands of sharpshooters.

Immediately on coming into position, the rebel fort subjected Battery E to a heavy fire of shot, shell and bolts. These heavy missiles tore the ground in all directions, and filled the air with a continual roar. One shell struck the ground in the Battery and exploded. Sergt. Havens was wounded with a fragment, while Capt. Ashby and Simpson were knocked flat by the concussion. By another shell, Patrick Hickey's left leg was shot off and carried thirty feet, the same missile taking off a horse's foot, also. The firing was rapid and hot, and threatened every moment to destroy the Battery, but scientific gunnery proved not to be the rebels' forte, a fact that proved our salvation; though doubtless the superior marksmanship of Battery E had something to do with the wildness of their firing, for we battered their works so well as to greatly interfere with the working of their guns, and finally to shut them up entirely. The large

rebel flag was shot away three times. During the duel, Lieut. Fuller acted with especial coolness and bravery.

The enemy's sharpshooters also devoted much attention to Battery E, and expended an untold quantity of cold lead in an attempt to pick off the gunners. The sharp hiss of their bullets became familiar music before the day was out, but the veterans of the Battery worked on undismayed by them. Capt. Ashby puffed away as composedly at his big pipe amidst the hottest fire, as though there was not a gray-jacket within a hundred miles. Sergt. Ercanbrack's head was grazed by a rifle ball, but this was about the extent of the chivalry's achievements in that direction. Our sharpshooters had better luck. During the day they got so near the rebel lines as to be of material assistance in keeping the guns in it mute. The rebels could only load their guns then by pulling them away from the embrasures. Once they drew a gun back and put a mule in front of it, to conceal it while they loaded. Our skirmishers pierced the unlucky animal as full of holes as a skimmer. That experiment was not tried again.

The tumult of battle subsided towards nightfall into scattering, desultory firing, and ceased as the sun withdrew its beams from the field. On account of the hazard of leaving heavy guns in a position so exposed to assault, Battery E at night withdrew from the lines and bivouacked a safe distance in the rear.

Next day, the 15th, the Battery went to the front early, to the old position, but lay idle all day, under a terrible fire of musketry. The men all lay flat on the ground. The firing was fearful and many narrow escapes occurred. During the day, a wounded rebel, a boy, in front of the lines, was brought in by several of the men, who, with Capt. Horace Fitch, went out and got him. The men cut his buttons off for curiosities.

The army merely held its own that day. Butler not having men enought to assault, deferred it till next morning.

At night the artillery again went to the rear.

The infantry slept on its arms on the lines. Wistar's brigade of Weitzel's Division held the woods on the right of the turnpike, being in the edge of the timber, behind a log and earth breastwork. Weitzel's headquarters were in the woods. Hickman's brigade was on Wistar's right, and beyond, in open ground, a line of cavalry videttes extended to the river, over a mile away. Brooks's Division lay in line of battle west of the turnpike, with Gilmore's Corps on its left.

During the 15th, Beauregard, by a circuitous flank march, came up from Petersburg and reinforced the enemy in our front.

Weitzel expected an attack from him next morning, and made preparations to receive it. By his orders the telegraph on the turnpike was dismantled, and Wistar strung a quantity of the wire across the road and in front of his line, stretching it from stump to stump, about eighteen inches from the ground. Hickman did not do this. He says he never received the order.

Battery E repaired to its breastwork near the blacksmith shop just before daylight. A dense fog shrouded everything in gloom, so that the drivers had to feel their way along carefully. The guns being placed in position, while Belger, as usual, came up and went into battery on the left, the men kindled little camp fires and sat down to fortify themselves for a hard day's work with their morning ration of hot coffee, hard tack and meat. Wistar's men, on the right of the road, engaged in the same agreeable employment.

Suddenly there was a terrible crash of artillery and musketry from the rebel lines. A huge shell tumbled on the ground underneath the limber of the gun of Belger's battery, nearest to Battery E, and bursting, hoisted the chest heavenward, shearing off the tails of the wheel horses attached to it, and wounding some of the men. The affrighted team of the limber swung around and dashed right amongst Capt. Ashby's teams, creating the utmost confusion. One of our teams ran away down the road with its limbers, leaving our left piece without ammunition, while the other horses reared and kicked in consternation. Meanwhile, shells and bullets clove the air in a perfect hurricane, the whole rebel line having opened a heavy fire.

At the first gun the cannoneers of Battery E scrambled to their pieces, regardless of overturned coffee pots and abandoned breakfast, and while the drivers restored order amongst the horses, they opened a rapid fire through the fog in the direction of the enemy. As Weitzel had anticipated, the rebels had resorted to a break of day attack, a favorite plan of theirs, to beat back our lines. Inspired by the presence of President Davis in person, they poured masses of infantry down upon our whole front, though attacking first and heaviest on our right flank, where Hickman was posted. They surprised Hickman and routed him almost at once and then swung around, so as to get in our rear.

Although the rattle of musketry beyond the woods betokened something of this sort to the mind of Capt. Ashby, Battery E kept steadily at work, firing as well as it could in the fog. Presently the artillery fire on our position slackened and to the din of battle that raged along the line was added the unearthly

Confederate yell. An officer cried, "My God, they are charging on us." The guns, loaded with shell, were emptied once more in the direction of the sound, and then double shotted with cannister. Ashby fell to the ground. The fog had lifted a little. He could see along the ground and caught sight of a heavy column of the enemy sweeping down the road in a mad charge to capture the guns. It came on like an avalanche. It reached the telegraph wire. It tripped over the unlooked-for obstruction and fell into disorder. Then shouted Ashby, "Fire," and round after round of hissing cannister hurtled into the ranks of the traitorous column, cutting it all to pieces and piling dead and wounded men on the ground in heaps. In less than two minutes the rebels ran in a disordered drove to the rear, while our men swung their hats and cheered in wild enthusiasm.

But the enemy had only retired to his old first line of works, a few rods away, from which, concealed in the thick fog, rendered more impenetrable than ever by the smoke of our pieces, he now sent in heavy and murderous vollies, showing his great numbers.

The attack on the right of the army was only too successful. Hickman's brigade, driven back in confusion, had fled across the country and towards the turnpike; himself had been taken prisoner. The rebels had pressed forward nearly to the turnpike and a little more needed only to be gained to put them in possession of the chief avenue of our escape. At this juncture, the 112th New York and 9th Maine made a successful stand against them, like the Boetian allies in Demosthenes, night attack on Syracuse, 413 B. C., while Weitzel and his staff officers all tried to rally the 9th New Jersey and other routed Federals and check the retreat. One regular officer ran around with a lath in his hand and used it freely in recalling demoralized soldiers to a sense of their duty.

The sound of heavy firing, in the rear of Battery E and its companion artillery of the 18th Corps, inspired the rebels in its front to attempt a second charge, in the expectation of a sure capture of the guns. This time they were aided by a fearful cross fire from the right, which did no little damage to horses and men. Weitzel's entire division had drawn back, leaving the enemy free to concentrate his fire upon the devoted batteries. Terrible vollies were poured in from front and right, and it was due to nothing in the world but its obscuration in the fog that saved Battery E from instant extermination. The whole vicinity of the blacksmith shop was a perfect hell.

The second charge was delivered with even greater fury than the first. The Battery never quailed a moment. The gunners

worked with all their might, never stopping to sponge the pieces, but firing as fast as they could throw in the ammunition. The demand for ammunition was very great. One limber would be emptied very quickly. Sergeant Miller would take limbers down the road to the rear as fast as emptied and bring them back full. This service exposed him to extreme danger, for the rebels raked the road with projectiles continually. He was faithful to the last moment and did splendid cool work. The Battery again repulsed the charge and sent the broken line flying for earthwork shelter.

Beauregard meanwhile reinforced his left and ordered charges along the whole line.

The artillery at this time was in a most critical situation. Without infantry support, every Union regiment having been driven away from its right, and no effective ones being visible on its left, in the next Confederate advance it was sure to be swooped up. Sergt. Miller was bringing up a fresh limber of ammunition for Battery E, when he heard some one say that the Battery had been ordered to retire, but the orderly charged with a message to that effect to Capt. Ashby was afraid to take it up. Seeing Gen. Smith with his staff in a group in the field, on the left of the road, Miller rode up to him, learned that the Battery had been ordered to retire, and was commissioned by the General to inform Ashby of the fact. He put spurs to his horse and galloped swiftly towards the front, but it was then too late.

The third charge upon the artillery on the turnpike was made with determined fury. All sorts of ammunition was fired at the advancing column. Nothing sufficed this time to check it for a moment. The telegraph wire had evidently been removed and the rebels came right on, resistless and unswerving as an ocean breaker. Battery E had had no orders to retire and fought like heroes as long as there was a cartridge in the limbers. A solid shot only remained. Ashby cried, "Fire that shot, boys, and then get out of this; we can't stand it any longer." As he said this a rebel ball struck him on the head, and he reeled and fell. The rebels were then right on the Battery. A hurried effort was made to draw off the guns. Sergt. Ercanbrack managed to limber up the right piece and escape with it. But the rebels were springing over the breastworks, and shooting down the horses, and the word was to save himself who could. A second gun was limbered up, but the horses were shot in their tracks, and the other guns were so mired by concussion in firing, being so heavy, that they could not have been stirred without the greatest difficulty, even had there been plenty of time. Ashby was helped

upon the limber of one of Belger's guns and carried off in safety, and then the men scattered and ran in the direction of Half-Way House, down the road and across lots, whichever way seemed the most clear, carrying off the rammers and other implements of the guns. The enemy came into the Battery simultaneously on every side. The friendly fog alone prevented the capturing a large number. Lieut. Mowers very narrowly escaped capture, while private Loveland was actually collared by a stout rebel but got away by slipping out of his overcoat.

The whole line fell back in disorder as far as the Half-Way House, where, through the superhuman efforts of the officers the two corps showed a new line of battle. Weitzel drew his sword while forming his regiments, a very unusual thing for him. Some of the commands that were badly cut up were sent to the Bermuda intrenchments at once, Battery E being among the number. The whole army withdrew to the intrenchments at nightfall.

In this sanguinary battle the Army of the James lost 4,000 men, largely prisoners. The Confederates lost 3,000 killed and wounded. It was to them one of the bloodiest combats of the war.

The superb conduct of Battery E in the battle was the theme of admiration of the whole 18th Corps. The unflinching fidelity, with which it maintained its ground till the last moment against the most powerful attacks, was, beyond question, the means of saving the army from a ruinous disaster. Had the rebels gained the turnpike, they could have cut the army to pieces. Gen. Smith said to Ashby, after the fight, "Your Battery fought splendidly, Captain. It did everything that could be asked of it." In his official report to Col. Stewart, Capt. Ashby expresses "satisfaction at the steadiness and determination with which the men of my command stood to their guns until ordered to retire. My thanks are due to Lieuts. Mowers and Fuller, for the efficient manner in which they handled their sections."

Several casualties occurred in the Battery. Frank Reed was shot dead. He was sitting on the trail of his gun, after repulsing a charge, when he was pierced through the head by a Minie ball. Jeff Portingale was wounded and taken prisoner; afterwards exchanged. Nichols received a severe wound in the hip, and was left on the field, and subsequently died. Lieut. Fuller received wounds in the arm and leg. Ashby's wound, at first feared to be fatal, proved to be severe, but not dangerous. A few weeks in hospital in Fortress Munroe restored him to perfect health.

The other losses of the Battery were three guns, two limbers,

and forty-four horses, the latter shot and left on the field. The Richmond newspapers pretended that the Confederates turned these guns on our own men after their capture. This is an utter absurdity. The guns were indeed not spiked, but by Lieut. Fuller's direction, the men trampled the fuses remaining at the time of the retreat into the mire. There was not a cartridge of ammunition left in the Battery, and the rammers were carried off in the retreat.

On the subject of the responsibility for the loss of the guns, the following from a private letter of Gen. Weitzel to the authors will show at least where it does not rest. The General says: "Ashby's Battery was not to blame for the loss of its guns. It was suddenly left without any infantry support, when I in person was checking the enemy's assault on my right with the 9th Maine and 112th New York. Who ordered the infantry to fall back I do not know and never could ascertain. I remember, after I had accomplished what I had intended on my right, meeting Capt. Ashby on the turnpike. He was wounded. I immediately moved my infantry forward again, but it was too late to save Ashby's pieces. It was reported that some staff officer had ordered the infantry to fall back so wrongfully."

The rebels won those three guns at a tremendous sacrifice. Ashby fired during the action 419 rounds and one of the regiments that charged on him nearly suffered annihilation. Several hundred met their death in the mad attempt. They were buried on the west side of the turnpike where they fell. A little enclosure to-day marks the spot.

Battery E received guns to replace those lost, May 21st. They were navy Parrot guns, with holes for a cable, in the cascable, but army guns were finally obtained.

Lieut. Mowers, Lieut. Rider and Sergt. Miller commanded the Battery till Ashby and Fuller recovered from their wounds.

Beauregard, following our army sharply down to Bermuda Hundreds, after the withdrawal from Half Way House, appeared before our intrenchments next day, and brought with him an additional division under Gen. Whiting. Whiting was at Petersburg, the day of Drury's Bluff fight, and had been ordered to attack our rear, but the god of battles fought for Butler that day and Whiting was stupefied with drink and lagged on the road. It was a lucky escape for us. Fighting now ensued on our front for a fortnight. Beauregard was exasperated at the scare Butler had given all rebeldom by his bold advance, and in a spirit of retaliation tried vigorously to expel him from the peninsula. Nearly every day, his troops charged our lines; but they were

routed with slaughter every time they tried it, till it dawned upon them that Butler had come to stay, and they then intrenched strongly, from river to river, in a line parallel to that of the Army of the James, and about a mile distant. The Army of the James meanwhile, working day and night, perfected its defenses and in ten days had a line that could be held by a single corps, reaching from Cobb's Hill on the Appomattox to the James opposite Farrar's Island.

Finding his field of operations circumscribed by the rebel works, Butler wrote rather ruefully to Grant that he was "bottled up" on the peninsula. His advance, however, had been of great service to the Army of the Potomac and its effect was seen and appreciated.

May 30th, the 18th Corps was sent to Grant to take part in the bloody battles at Cold Harbor on the Chickahominy.

On the 31st, Battery E, having received its new guns, moved to the extreme right of the Bermuda lines and occupied a redoubt on the bank of the James, to co-operate with our navy in an expected fight with the rebel rams and fire ships. The preparation we made to receive them kept them from coming, but the Battery remained on the bank of the river.

Our men lay quiet now for several days, listening to the booming of Grant's guns on the Chickahominy, where destructive combats were in progress.

Let us now turn to the doings of Batteries K and M.

Attached to the colored division of Gen. Hinks, Battery M had landed to garrison Fort Powhatan, the day of the ascent of the James, in company with a strong detachment of the division. A few days later, the Battery went with an expedition to Spring Hill, an important and commanding eminence on the left bank of the Appomattox, opposite Port Walthal, and took part in an engagement, which resulted in the capture of the position.

The 21st found the Battery again at Fort Powhatan. On that day, the rebel cavalry from Petersburg swooped down upon the Fort, and the garrison was put to its mettle to drive them off. After a brief but earnest fight, the rebels retired with loss. Battery M received the warmest encomiums of the commandant of the post and enthusiastic cheers from the infantry.

About this time one section of the Battery moved across the river to reinforce two negro regiments under Gen. Wilde, which were defending Wilson's Landing. On the 24th, Gen. Fitz Hugh Lee, of the Confederate forces, made a desperate attack with 2,000 cavalry on that post. Lee had unquestionably been tempted to this enterprise by the prospect of cutting off the

loyal blacks, and earning for himself the same bloody distinction as that acquired by Forrest at Fort Pillow, six weeks before. He summoned Wilde to surrender, intimating, at the same time, if the latter refused that he would not be responsible for the consequences. The force of that threat was perfectly understood. But Wilde bid the rebel bloodhound defiance. Lee instantly charged. The conduct of the negroes was superb. Reserving their fire until it could be delivered point blank, they then poured in a withering volley, emptying a hundred saddles at the first fire. The rebels pressed desperately on, and, though at first repulsed, returned again and again to the attack, and came near overpowering our defense. But the blacks fought them gallantly, and the artillery ploughed their ranks with shot and shell, and finally, after two hours fighting, they drew off their forces and beat a hasty retreat. They lost in this attack 300 men. We lost but 40. The section of Battery M did excellent service throughout the fight, and its fire was most effective.

A few weeks later, Battery M marched to the front before the city of Petersburg. Thereafter, till the 3d of April, 1865, when it entered the city of Richmond, it was constantly on the move or occupying with honor some prominent position exposed to the enemy's fire in the lines of siege of both Richmond and Petersburg.

Battery K came to the front May 16th, by boat from Newport News.

Landing at City Point, a small collection of houses around some docks, where the railroad from Petersburg came down to the river, the Battery joined the colored division of Hinks. In three or four days it moved to Spring Hill, where three regiments of Hink's colored infantry, a six gun negro battery and some cavalry had camped, and were throwing up a fort, facing southwards. The object of this fort was to hold the ground it occupied for future movements of the army. The Hill stood opposite to Cobb's Hill and Point of Rocks, on the north bank, and it was the intention of Butler to connect it with the latter immediately by a pontoon bridge. The engineers built the bridge to Spring Hill very soon afterwards, the highway thus created crossing two small islands in the river on the way.

When the fort had been put in a state of defense, Capt. Angel placed K's guns in it, and hauled up from the landing a 24 and 32-pounder to arm it in addition.

One morning the enemy came up in heavy force with a battery of artillery from Petersburg, and attacked the fort. Planting his guns a mile away, he indulged in the pastime of

bombarding it for a while, his shots bounding all over the fort. But Battery K opened fire and forced him to shift his position several times, and finally drove the guns off the field. The rebel infantry coming to the edge of a belt of timber, on the left of the turnpike that ran straight out southwards from the fort *en route* to Petersburg, simultaneously with the opening of the artillery, had a hot engagement with our infantry and cavalry, which lasted nearly all day. Battery K shelled every detachment of the enemy that came in view, and did efficient service in beating the enemy off. During the day the rebels extended their right to Broadway landing, a short distance below Spring Hill, and forced our men there to take up a pontoon bridge to save it. They also planted a battery under the bank of the river on their left, and tried to riddle one of our gun boats, but the boat sent them back to higher ground with celerity, and they did not dare to face the music of her 50-pounders again. In the course of the action, Battery K entertained a welcome guest, in the person of the brave and beautiful wife of the captain of the gun boat *Gazelle*. She wanted to see the rebels, and came up to the fort to gratify that desire. Capt. Angel pointed out some of their cavalry to her, and had a gun loaded for her, and she fired a shot at them, scattering them in all directions. The presence of a lady in the smoke of battle was an unusual sight, and Battery K's boys were very enthusiastic over it; the beauty and plucky bearing of the one who honored them by a visit on this occasion formed the theme of admiring comment.

The enemy retired at night fall. During the day, Battery K fired 900 rounds of ammunition. No casualties.

June 10th, Butler resolved to capture Petersburg, in order to cut off the great Lynchburg and Weldon railroads, which brought the rebel army in Virginia the bulk of its supplies, and he sent Gen. Gilmore to attack it on the north-east with 3,500 men, while 1,500 cavalry under the dashing Kautz should charge in from the south. Simultaneously, to distract attention, two gunboats and Battery K were to bombard Fort Clifton defending the approaches up the river. The attack failed. Kautz did his share of the work well, driving straight into the city, but Gilmore strangely halted two miles from the prize, and then fell back, when Kautz was obliged to do the same.

But now, Grant, after bloody battles at Cold Harbor, resolved to transfer the whole scene of conflict to Petersburg and bring over the James his whole Army of the Potomac. He returned the 18th Corps to Butler and ordered an immediate renewal of the attack on the Cockade City in force.

June 14th, Battery K at Spring Hill received orders to take four guns and march at daylight with three regiments of Hinks's division. Sergt. Gibbs was left in the fort in command of two guns. Leaving Spring Hill, Capt. Angel, with the other four, marched that night to the road from Broadway landing, and lay in the road till daylight, the horses standing to the guns, the men sleeping on the ground and in the corners of the fences.

About 3 A. M., troops began to cross the pontoon bridge. They belonged to the 18th Corps, which had been directed by Butler to go up and take the city. The crossing was made noiselessly on the hay carpeting of the pontoons. Martindale's division led the advance. After it had passed, Hinks's division fell into column, Battery K accompanying, and took up the march. Brook's division came after. A few miles out, at Friend's fields, we met a small force of the enemy intrenched. K rapidly shelled the opposing works, firing 62 rounds, and Hinks charged. The enemy fled. In the works, we found an abandoned 12-pounder, which the negroes fairly fondled and kissed in their delight. Pressing on, delayed on some roads by trees felled since Gilmore's advance on the 10th, passing the City Point railroad, at mid day the corps faced the outer line of the defenses of Petersburg, a chain of formidable redoubts, connected by rifle pits, two miles and a half from the city, extending from the river in a curving line southward several miles in length. It was built along a crest on the eastern side of Harrison's creek.

The corps formed line of battle—Martindale on the right, Hinks in the center, Brooks on the left.

Battery K halted on Ruffin's farm, in the door-yard of the comely house, while this disposition was being made. The infantry lay in the turnpike. Time passed away and the day began to decline. Kautz had been sent with his cavalry to charge on the extreme left and Smith waited, from hour to hour, hoping every moment for some indication that he had attacked. At length, Battery K received orders to open the ball. Back of the farm house there was a belt of woodland a few rods through, which hid from our view the rebel works. Leaving behind the caissons, the Battery marched through the woods to a wheat field beyond and came out opposite a strong redoubt, built on high ground just south of the railroad track, denominated Battery No. 5. Capt. Angel was directed to train his pieces southward, without regard to the work in his front, and shell two other redoubts on the line almost a mile away, known as Batteries No. 11 and No. 12. The General commanding sought by

this means to draw the enemy's fire from troops in front of those redoubts and ultimately to silence them. K opened fire—the guns in *echelon*. The first shot brought down upon it the attentions of a dozen guns. In two minutes there was firing along the whole line, and a perfect torrent of iron swept over the erst peaceful wheat field, tearing up the soil, bounding into, over and around the Battery, under the horses, and amongst the limbers and guns, threatening every moment to destroy the gallant little band that had provoked the outburst. It was one of the hottest places it ever was in. The rebels had altogether too good a range upon us. When he had emptied his limbers, Capt. Angel ordered "Limber to the rear," and retired from the field. Getting a fresh supply of ammunition, he again marched to the wheat field, and, in a little different position, re-opened fire. A colored battery sent two guns to aid in these operations, and they did good service. After a short time, K returned to the farm house and stayed there till sunset.

Smith, as evening advanced, grew desperate. Nothing yet was heard of Kautz, but the far less welcome sound of railroad trains rushing into Petersburg, did come to his ears, freighted with ill omen. He ordered a general advance along the whole front of the corps. To support it, Battery K went down to within 150 yards of Batteries Nos. 9, 10, 11 and 12. Gen. Smith came along on horseback, with one pantaloon leg in his boot, and wearing a straw hat, and showed Capt. Angel where to go. Evening had come on, and the works in front were then engaged in firing on their own Battery, No. 5, which Martindale's men had just carried at the point of the bayonet. Our guns were planted in position without being discovered, and sighted through the gloom by the aid of the flash of the rebel guns. Presently, a deep murmur in the rear betokened the advance of Brooks's infantry from the woods. Capt. Angel opened with every gun at once, and kept up a perfect rattle on the works. We drove every rebel from the parapets instantly, and silenced their fire on Battery No. 5. For five minutes they seemed paralyzed. Then, two guns flashed angrily at us; but their shells soared screaming overhead, and neither affected us nor the infantry, which now swept on rapidly to the works. A cheer broke out as the line drew near the redoubts, upon which Battery K ceased firing, and the next moment our regiments charged tumultuously in amongst the rebels and drove them out in the greatest confusion. The whole line was ours, and the cheering was tremendous. We had captured 300 prisoners and 16 valuable guns.

Battery K limbered up and went out to the turnpike, and advanced to Battery No. 9, a large redoubt, open in the rear, on the left hand side of the pike, where it rested for a short time to indulge in the general congratulations.

While there, a four mule team attached to a rebel wagon full of ammunition dashed upon the scene. Capt. Angel asked the darkey driver who that was for. "You'se fellows, massa." "Who sent you up?" "Those fellows, massa, "he said; "they tole me to hurry right up." Upon realizing the situation, the amazed contraband grinned and danced about in a transport of delight. Next day he drove a team for Uncle Sam.

Late in the evening, Battery K was ordered back to Ruffin's barn to bivouac for the night. Having fed the horses, it started. On the way it met a reinforcement of troops coming down from City Point. It passed regiment after regiment, until, finally, the men somewhat astonished at the interminable length of the procession, asked what troops those were. The reply came, "Hancock's, the 2d Corps." That was the first our men knew of the movement of the Army of the Potomac. The Battery reached Ruffin's farm, and encamped. Just then a fresh column came along, passing right through our park. It was the 9th Corps, under Burnside. All night long, infantry and cavalry and batteries of artillery and trains of wagons passed by the bivouac, and our men all knew that a new and great campaign had been inaugurated, and they were on the threshhold of great and historic events.

Gen. Smith should have pushed on to Petersburg that night. He could have gone into the city almost unresisted. Wise's brigade only held the town. His failure to make that advance made the taking of Petersburg to depend not on a battle, but a siege. It was a lamentable mistake.

XIV.

SIEGE OF PETERSBURG AND RICHMOND.

The 18th Corps Reinforced by the Army of the Potomac—E and K Shelling the River Batteries—The Walthal House—The Siege Begins—E Throws Shell into Petersburg—Continued Shelling—E and K Fire in Concert—K Moves at Night to the Page House—Arrival of Battery H—E sends a Section to the Hare House—The Daily Battles—The Mine—K Fires the City—M on the Lines—The Batteries Sent Back to Rest—Again at the Front—The Works—The Countermine—Various Bombardments—Capture of Fort Harrison—Rebels Attempt to Retake It—K Saves the Fort—On the Richmond Lines—E's Fight with the Iron Clads—Events of the Winter—The End Near at Hand—Evacuation of Richmond—K's Race—Occupation of Richmond.

There are in every war decisive campaigns, campaigns which if lost would turn the scale irremediably, and perhaps alter the course of empire. In history many such campaigns have occurred. Those culminating in the battles of Marathon, Waterloo, Saratoga, and Sedan, are among the number. The decisive campaign of the war for the preservation of the American Union was now about to occur. Napoleon, in one of his campaigns, is reported to have said to his staff, pointing to St. Jean d'Acre, that the capture of that town would decide the destiny of the world. The progress of events gave to the city of Petersburg in 1864, a similar importance in deciding the destiny of the United States.

June 16th, 1864, the day after the advance of the 18th Corps upon Petersburg, recorded in the last chapter, that corps was

joined by the larger part of the Army of the Potomac. Line of battle was formed during the day, the right of the 18th Corps resting on the Appomattox, Hancock's Corps next on the left, then Burnside's and Warren's and Kautz's cavalry. Meanwhile nearly the whole of the rebel Army of Virginia had come up and confronted us, posted behind a line of intrenchments in rear of the one, from which Smith had expelled a strong rebel force the day before. At 6 P. M., our army assaulted and carried part of the works.

Batteries E and K, 3d Artillery, participated in the fight. E, then in the 10th Corps, as masked battery on the bank of the James, marched at 8 A M. of the 16th. After traveling eighteen miles, it reported to Gen. Brooks, before Petersburg, and went into position on a hill, where the 18th Corps had pitched its headquarters. Towards evening it opened fire on a rebel work across the Appomattox. The enemy threw one single 20-pound shot in reply, when we knocked over his gun, and he had nothing more to say. The section of Battery K, under Sergt. Gibbs, at Spring Hill, advanced a mile and a half up the river to a point on the bluff nearly opposite Fort Clifton, and engaged that work furiously for two hours, firing 180 rounds. Troops were moving down past Spring Hill, along the river road, which ran just in rear of the brow of the bluff, on which the section was posted, and Fort Clifton shelled them. But Sergt. Gibb's guns at once dismounted one of the enemy's and silenced the rest. They were praised therefor, in General Orders.

The four guns of Battery K, under Capt. Angel, left Ruffin's farm at daylight, with Hinks's division, and came to the bluff on the Appomattox at the Walthal house. The reader will refer to a map of Virginia. The channel of the Appomattox, from Port Walthal, runs due south nearly three miles; then west a mile to Fort Clifton; thence directly south again to Petersburg. From Spring Hill, opposite Port Walthal, a bluff extends along the bank of the river to the point where it bends west. The bluff thence continues directly on south, but the river leaving it, there is, between it and the river, a broad low flat, a mile wide, both bluff and flat extending to where the river channel again turns west to go to Petersburg. About three miles from the city, there is a ravine or depression in the bluff, through which the railroad from City Point comes down. Half a mile north of this ravine is the celebrated Walthal house, a fine residence built near the brow of the bluff, on a pleasant but then deserted plantation. The turnpike from Spring Hill is east of it a quarter of a mile. Regiments, brigades and army corps

continually passed up and down this road, and it became essential as the very initial of operations against Petersburg to range batteries along the bluff to keep the batteries the rebels erected across the river quiet, so as not to harass our passing columns. Battery K reached Walthal farm at 9 A. M. It immediately began to throw up a breastwork, which by sunset would resist the impact of heavy balls. Along in the afternoon the Battery flung a few shot into a rebel work on a verdant eminence, called Archer's Hill, across the river, distant a mile and a half, firing over the heads of our infantry pickets down on the flat.

On the 17th, Battery E changed position to a fortification captured from the enemy, and during that and the 18th, both E and K shot hard at the transfluvial forts, keeping them comparatively silent.

With desperate fighting and great mutual slaughter, the Federal army drove the Confederates steadily back both days, and by nightfall of the 18th the latter had retreated to their last line of intrenchments covering Petersburg on the east. It was a powerful line and from it our army failed to dislodge them. Grant then ordered the army to intrench and the siege of Petersburg began.

June 19th, the 18th Corps withdrew temporarily from the lines and marched to Bermuda Hundreds. It had lost heavily in the battles of the last four days and took advantage of a lull in the fighting to reorganize. Battery E, on the 18th, and K, (the whole Battery,) on the 19th, also withdrew and joined the corps on the peninsula.

On the 21st, the corps again took its place on the right of the Petersburg lines, its presence being required to enable Grant to extend his left wing to the Jerusalem plank road. The two batteries attended the movement. E crossed the river at Point of Rocks pontoon bridge, (the regular crossing place,) at sunrise. By command of Gen. Stannard, the Battery went to the Walthal plantation, and at 2 P. M. turned the fire of its long Parrots on the rebel work on Archer's Hill, which was shelling our lines in front of Petersburg.

That work, popularly known as the Chesterfield Battery, stood nearly at right angles to the river, facing southward. Its position enabled it to enfilade our lines of siege adjoining the Appomattox terribly, they being only a mile and a half away, and it was a matter of vital importance to the security of the troops holding them to keep the fire of that battery down to the extreme minimum. Batteries E and K were chosen a large part of the time to do this work, and they did it well. They were

not expected to batter down the target of their attentions, but silence its guns; and though they did at times considerably damage its beauty with the quantities of iron they cast at it, they effected their design more by rapid shelling and quick discharges of solid shot, dismounting thereby the rebel guns and driving the artillerists out of the work. Their position on the Walthal farm enabled them to rake the rebel battery, which was a great help.

But as we were saying, at 2 P. M., Battery E opened fire. Sergt. Miller's section engaged the Chesterfield Battery for two hours. Gen. Smith, who was present, wanted to see if we could fire a shell into the city from this point. So Sergt. Goodrich's section scooped away the earth so as to let down the trails of the guns to get the right elevation; then, 24-pound shells sped through the air on a three mile flight toward the plainly visible spires of the town. Four shells were sent in, dropping in the lower part of the town, being among the first thrown into Petersburg; a few by another battery the day before were their only predecessors. Gen. Smith stood watching the firing, to see what Battery E could do. The gunners did their best and landed their missiles just where they were wanted. The General was highly pleased, and when the rebels across the river, who opened with 10-pounders had been shut up, he ordered the Battery to intrench. A detail of negroes performed this work for it.

Battery K, on reaching the Walthal farm on the 21st, took position on the left of and some little distance from Battery E, being near the ravine that has been spoken of. It was not engaged that day.

On the 22d, however, it opened on the Chesterfield Battery. Four guns replied. Their shells nearly all went over, dropping and bounding into the turnpike traveled by the supply trains, creating consternation amongst the teamsters. Battery K's splendid three-inch Rodmans did no such loose shooting, and its 10-pound missiles flew straight into the enemy's midst, where, supplemented by some 24-pound arguments from Battery E, they raised a cloud of dust that fairly hid the hostile guns from view and soon silenced them. Our pickets by the river said that the rebels ran out of their work in a panic. K fired 227 rounds during the day.

On the 23d, E fired slowly at the town all day; also at Archer's Hill. K received some balls from the latter at breakfast time, which knocked the dirt over the men and spilled some coffee. Nearly a regiment had been strengthening the rebel

work that night, and they now felt disposed to be aggressive. Three hundred and thirty-two rounds from Battery K severely punished them for their temerity, badly disfigured their fortification, and made up for the spilled coffee.

Grant's first attempt to extend his left flank, so as to take possession of the Weldon railroad, was repulsed on the 23d by Gen. Hill. This so elated the rebels that they were on the 24th exceedingly demonstrative along the whole line, particularly on the right. They even charged on the 10th Corps, but were soundly whipped for their pains. Batteries E and K came in for a share of their civilities, and received a hot fire from the Chesterfield battery, and a new work north of it, thrown up to protect the Chesterfield and call off our fire from it. The bombardment was furious, and Wm. Foley was killed in E, with a shell; while in K, Blanchard and Barry were wounded. The rebels had five 10-pounders and two heavy pieces. The 3d Artillery did not take this infliction meekly, by any means, but now showed the Confederates some really scientific shooting. E opened the ball, its four guns firing one after the other in regular succession. When the fourth shot of the second round was fired, K, down by the ravine, took up the rhythm, and its six guns, with beautiful precision, fired twelve shots, one after the other, at the same regular intervals. Then E resumed and fired by sections. K again took up the cadence and sent in its fire by sections. Then a moment's pause, while both Batteries shotted every gun. Then, with a crash that shook the ground, E delivered a full broadside, instantly followed by a broadside from K. It was one of the prettiest things done on our whole intrenched front, and the two Batteries, having a perfect understanding about it, and their wonderful proficiency enabling them to act like clock work, repeated the performance day after day, till it became the theme of the army. Generals, Congressmen, officers of the corps which were encamped around the plantation, and noted visitors came up every day to witness it. The effect was indescribably thrilling. The guns of both Batteries being carefully pointed, not one of these shots was ever thrown away, and the joint effort seldom failed to silence the rebel works in fifteen minutes. On this occasion the duel lasted longer than that, but resulted the same, the rebels hauling off their guns with their prolonges. E fired 500 rounds; K, 232, on that day.

On the 25th, Battery M joined the range of Union guns opposing the Chesterfield, and did good service in all the battles at that part of the lines up to the middle of August. It received the highest praises for its efficiency.

All three Batteries engaged the enemy every day. K fired a great deal at a suburb of Petersburg, on the northern bank, called Pocohontas, filling some large warehouses there full of holes. On the 27th, the Chief of Artillery said that E dismounted seven rebel guns. Privates Remington and Nagle were wounded in E that day by the premature explosion of a piece.

At 8 P. M. of the 27th, K moved to a work on a high bank of the river, overhanging the water, just north of the mouth of Harrison's creek. It bore the title of Battery 5, was within a mile and a quarter of Petersburg, and was supported by the center of the 18th Corps. The rebels had a heavy force of sharpshooters across the river in the fields, in gopher holes and rifle pits. Capt. Regan's 7th New York Battery had been silenced by their fire. So Capt. Angel was ordered in at night to relieve him, his orders being to watch the railroad bridge at Petersburg, and shell any trains. The horses were placed for safety in the deep gully of Harrison's creek. This was the hottest place the Battery had yet seen. Rebel sharpshooters watched it close. A hat held over the parapet would be immediately pierced with a ball, and an embrasure could not be opened without a score of bullets flying in almost on the instant. Luckily no trains attempted to pass the railroad bridge, so Battery K had little to do here.

There now ensued for some weeks after, our failure to capture the Weldon railroad, a comparative lull in the general operations of our army. The time was improved to strengthen the intrenchments and build a military railroad along our rear and running to City Point to transport troops and supplies.

June 29th, Battery K at night relieved some 30-pound and 32-pound artillery at the Page house redoubt, a work directly south of the position on the bank of the river, and about half a mile from it. Emerging from Battery 5 at midnight, it entered the ravine of Harrison's creek, along one side of which ran a rough road. As it marched up the creek, the unavoidable chucking of the wheels was overheard by the rebels across the Appomattox, who fired into the ravine with some guns that happened to be in the right situation therefor. The enemy's shots just swept the opposite bank of the narrow pass. We could see the meteor-like train of sparks of the burning fuse, as the shells flew by, yet, though more than twenty were fired, not one came on our side of the ravine, or did any damage. The Battery got in at daylight. As the work had three embrasures only, three of the guns were temporarily useless, and had to be parked with the

caissons in the ravine, some distance in rear of the work. The other three were run in by hand. The Page house redoubt was a mere nothing at this time to what it was when Battery K left it. It was an important position, for it constituted one of the few places that commanded the city, and it was necessary to have heavy works, on account of the close proximity to the enemy's lines and his heavy guns. Upon taking possession, Battery K went to work nights. Toiling diligently, it strengthened and enlarged the redoubt, cut three new embrasures, built a strong magazine, cut trenches and covered ways, and erected traverses and bomb proofs, the latter being necessary for protection against those furious and disagreeable visitors, the rebel mortar shells. In two weeks, Capt. Angel was able to bring up his other three guns.

June 30th, general firing took place along the lines. K fired 300 shots—some into the city, some at moving bodies, some at rebel works. James Bessy had his right arm shot off by the premature discharge of a piece.

Artillery battles took place every day. The summer was so dry and the roads so dusty, that the movement of a regiment of troops or a train of wagons or artillery, in either of the opposing armies in the day time, was accurately revealed by dense clouds of dust. Johnnies and Yankees both fired at these clouds of dust whenever they made their appearance, provoking a return fire to silence them. July 2d, one of the most furious and exciting of these artillery battles yet took place at 3:30 P. M. The rebels opened with their heaviest guns. We had by this time 100 guns in position in our intrenchments. The rain of shells which they now poured upon the rebel works was something wonderful in warfare. The enemy could not stand it, and after two hours' firing became silent. During the battle, Lieut. Mowers and Sergt. Goodrich, of Battery E, had a narrow escape. A shell passed through a tent in which the latter was writing and the former making his toilet.

The Union artillery at Petersburg was reinforced on the 3d of July by the welcome arrival of four guns of Battery H, 3d Artillery, Capt. Riggs. They had landed at Bermuda Hundreds on the 1st, leaving the other two guns at Wilson's landing. After two days in Butler's reserve artillery camp, they now reported to Gen. Smith and went into the trenches. Birchmeyer's section took position in the bastion next to its comrades of Battery K, on the right of the City Point Railroad, and with solid shot cut down some trees masking a rebel battery. Fay's gallant section was put into the front line, just inside the

old Petersburg race course, only forty rods from the enemy. On the 6th, Fay performed the handsome feat of blowing up a rebel magazine with a spherical case shot at 650 yards. Deserters said that twenty-five men were killed by the explosion.

Next day the rebels made a rush for that part of our lines defended by H and K. Our lookouts saw flags move behind their works. The first thing we knew several regiments jumped out, fired a heavy volley, driving the staves of three battle flags into the parapet, they then fell back out of sight, but we soon had two brigades firing at us hot and hard. In a moment the rebels again jumped out and advanced. Batteries H and K met them with shot, shell and cannister, and tore their line to pieces, while our infantry manning the rifle pits two deep plied it with vollies of musketry. In five minutes the charge was repulsed and the enemy flying for his rifle pits. A second and third attempt met with a similar fate. K's ammunition beginning to fail in the course of the action the men brought a supply from the rear under a galling fire, the ground being highest back of the redoubt, thus exposing them to the sharpshooters. Ordinarily the danger of going out and in to the redoubt in the day time was so great that it was seldom undertaken.

On the 8th, the right section of Battery E, Sergt. Goodrich's, was ordered to report to Turner's Division of the 10th Corps, on the left of the 18th. Col. Burton, Chief of Artillery, on the section reporting, placed it in one of the most dangerous and celebrated positions on the whole Federal line of circumvallation. The Prince George turnpike entering Petersburg from the east, (guarding which was the old rebel Battery 9 which the 18th Corps, supported by Battery K, stormed on June 16th,) when near the city, at a point a mile from the river, turns north at a right angle and runs up, just in rear of our intrenchments, to an intersection with the river road. West of this right angle, on the lines, was a battery, called probably from its proximity to the Hare House, the Hare Battery, though officially known as Fort Stedman. It stood on rising ground, and groves of oaks around made it a beautiful spot. Within 400 yards of the rebel lines, and a commanding position, it was a prize for the possession of which more lives are believed to have been lost than at any other point on our lines. We captured it originally from the rebels. They continually charged on it in return. Before the siege ended they recaptured it, and it was again retaken by us. Goodrich's section, approaching this position on the 8th, unlimbered the guns in the rear and ran them in by hand, sending

the horses back to the rest of the Battery. The section became hotly engaged on the 9th. The enemy opened with heavy volleys of musketry, the first shot we fired. His artillery also opened, and our breastworks being light and insufficient, were nearly knocked down. Three days were now consumed in putting the work in defensive condition, and in rigging up mantelets, or bullet-proof mats of rope, to protect the men. The enemy meanwhile poured in an unremitting fire of small shot and cannon shot. Sometimes not a shot could be given in return. The men had to lay down and take it without reply. But this could not be long endured, for the rebel missiles raked the road in our rear, and did no small damage to our troops. On the 13th, Goodrich was opened on with fury, and returned the compliment so energetically that he shut up the rebel guns in twenty-nine rounds. Our infantry all around cheered at the result, and Gen. Curtis came in to the redoubt, hat off, and sabre in hand, to express his pleasure. In this fight Goodrich again displayed the qualities of a sterling soldier, exposing himself freely to watch the execution of our shot. While looking over the parapet once, his chin upon it, a ball buried itself in the earth just a few inches in front, filling his eyes with dirt. The section engaged the enemy daily until the 22d, when it was relieved by the other section. It returned to the Walthal farm. On the 29th, it again changed places with the left section, the latter returning to Walthal.

July 20th, Battery K got its other three guns into position at the Page house. It was engaged every day. Sometimes it silenced the enemy's batteries, to deter them from shelling our troops. It battered the railroad bridge over the Appomattox, when there was nothing else to do, and severely injured it. Five different times it fired the city of Petersburg and shelled the part that was burning to prevent the flames being extinguished. A large part of the firing was on the city. Conspicuous buildings and spires were made targets of and completely riddled. Capt. Angel visited Petersburg after the capture, and saw the effects of his shot everywhere. An old woman, living in a brick house that he had often fired at, without knowing who he was, told him the experiences she had had when "that terrible battery on the hill," pointing out the exact site of Battery K, opened fire. She had saved two case shot that had dropped on her house without exploding, and Angel recognized them at once as his ammunition. The old woman had a bomb-proof in her garden, of timbers and earth, that she and her household fled to during the shelling.

K continued to pay its compliments to the city in the only legal tender known to it, case shot, fuse shell and percussion shell, until relieved.

On the 27th, Lieut. Scott's section of H came up from Wilson's landing. One gun reinforced each of the other sections.

On the gray dawn of the 30th of July, occurred a terrible tragedy of the siege, the Mine. Batteries E, H, K and M all had notice of the impending event, the afternoon before. A mile and a half from the Appomattox stood, on our lines, the strong Fort Morton, and immediately in front of it the working parties of the 9th Corps, Burnside's, had pushed their trenches up to within 150 yards of the rebel fortifications. Under a massive earthwork, which was the principal stronghold on this part of the rebel line, there had been run a mine, and the work was to be blown into the air at daylight. The Batteries were notified that the explosion was to be the signal for a general artillery engagement. At 3 A. M. every gun was shotted and the gunners waiting. The infantry was under arms. At a quarter to five, the mine was sprung. Our officers felt the earth shudder under their feet, and, looking toward the south, they saw the terrible spectacle. A huge, dense, dark column of earth spouted into the air, bearing with it the guns and garrison of the fort. It rose slowly up, black and awful, and then unfolding, spread out like the smoke of a volcanic eruption. The sullen roar of the detonation came a moment later. Then there leaped out on the instant the peal of 120 guns from the Federal lines, and our bursting shells tore the crest of the rebel works along the whole front, and tossed up clouds of dust, that almost hid them from view. The battle was soon over as far as the infantry was concerned, Ledlie's division charging the crater, but not getting through, and being repulsed with the loss of 4,400 men. But an artillery battle raged nearly all day. The 3d New York Batteries opened on the enemy across the river, the guns of E at the Hare house only excepted. They were hotly answered, but succeeded in reducing their opponents to silence, when they turned some of their guns on the city. Battery K fired the city in three places. We could hear the bells ringing to summon the firemen to the rescue, but K shelled the scene of conflagration vigorously, and it may well be imagined that little was done to stay the progress of the flames. Nearly a whole square burnt down in that fire. K fired 1,000 rounds, and M, H and E each several hundred during the day. In the afternoon the rebels charged on the position occupied by the section of E at the Hare house. They were repulsed by the infantry.

The mine having failed to enable us to capture Cemetery Hill, as was desired, and the artillery being exhausted by the laborious services of the month, such batteries as could be spared were sent to the rear on the 31st, to enjoy a few days rest. Batteries E, H and K of the 3d New York were among the number. E, being first consolidated, went to Spring Hill. It was first ordered to City Point, for the purpose of going to Washington to aid in the operations against Early, the raider, who had burnt Chambersburg, and was raising Ned generally on the upper Potomac. But the order was rescinded. H encamped a mile in rear of the lines. It had been under fire twenty-six days, and had the following casualties: Corp. Tryon, wounded, on the 18th; Throop and Perkins, same, 30th; Craver, same, mortally, 30th. K camped in rear of the lines.

Battery M, with its gallant personnel, remained at the front.

The affair of the mine was a national disaster. In a country like ours, where the prosecution of national enterprises, such as that of a war, depends on public opinion, anything which tends to shock or dismay the country or encourage the opposition party, is a disaster to the cause. Our bloody repulse at the mine deserves, therefore, to be designated by that title, for it dejected the country and so strengthened the peace party of the North as to throw many obstacles in the way of a vigorous prosecution of the war. There was one at the head of the army, however, whom it never swerved for a moment. Brave, hopeful, and determined, he left Government and the loyal men of the North to take care of those opening "fire in the rear," and applied himself afresh to the subjugation of the traitors in arms.

A few days rest only was allowed to those sent to the rear to recuperate after the mine. The three New York Artillery Batteries received orders to resume places in the trenches again, and came back; and all through August and September remained where the battle raged fiercest, being under fire with scarce a day's intermission.

Battery E left Spring Hill for the front, August 2d. Marching down the river road, the right section turned off on reaching the Rushmore house, half a mile north of the old place at the Walthal house, where, on the edge of the bluff, overlooking the fleet, a redoubt had been built, enfilading Fort Clifton.

The left section marched on, and, at 9 P. M., entered the trenches near the Hare house, on the left of the 18th Corps, 400 yards from the enemy's lines. The section went into the uncouth, rough looking, but massive breastwork, with thick, high walls, and so strong that no shot could hope to reach its

defenders in the rear, except by horizontal fire through an embrasure, or by being dropped in from above by a mortar, and that rarely if ever happened. Like all our works before Petersburg, the embrasures were reveted with gabions, and the embankment partially so with plank, while the openings of the embrasures were closed against the shot of the sharpshooting fraternity by mantelets, heavy mats of rope, suspended from a stout stick supported on forked saplings, the mats having an aperture in the center, through which to thrust and aim the small, tapering muzzles of the Battery's Parrots.

The adventurous volunteer, at this time, peeping over the top of this work, to catch a view of the two opposing lines of fortifications, looked upon a scene of singular description. Before him lay trenches, excavations, abattis of trees, embankments, huge hemi-spherical bomb-proofs, lines of rifle pits, forts, and batteries, in what seemed to be inextricable confusion. The whole surface of the earth for 400 yards, westwards, and as far as the eye could reach, north and south, was dug over, and a chaos of holes and ditches, and heaps and parapets of brown earth, covered the green hillsides and valleys in all directions. On close examination, however, the works would assume an appearance of regularity. The principal lines of works could be traced out with considerable distinctness, the eye being assisted therein by the curling clouds of smoke that rose from the mortars and batteries posted at intervals along them. The rest would then appear orderly and systematic. Back of the rebel lines rose the gentle, rounded crest of Cemetery hill, with the spires of the city and groves of trees peering above it.

The section of E at this point, Lieut. Goodrich commanding, had a lively experience on the 4th. It had been definitely known for several days that the rebels were tunneling out towards the large fort, on the hill on the left of the section, to undermine and blow it up, retaliating on us for the destruction of their fort and its garrison of 200 men, July 30th. On the 3d, everything was withdrawn from the hill to the next line in rear. About 5 P. M. of the 4th, the ground shook, a rumbling roar was heard, and a brown cloud of earth founted up one hundred feet in height, almost in front of the section of Battery E. Instantly every gun on the rebel lines awoke to action, and a peculiarly rapid and close fire was poured upon us. Our infantry came up on the double quick, and formed two lines of battle in rear of Battery E's position. Some advanced to the breastworks, and, seconded by the artillery, poured several destructive vollies into the rebels, who were swarming out to make a charge. Per-

ceiving from the derisive cheers from our lines that their mine was a failure, not a pound of dirt having been thrown by it into our lines, and staggered by the iron hail we hurled upon them, they fled incontinently for cover again. In half an hour the firing subsided.

The 6th of August found E consolidated once more, under Capt. Ashby's command, and in occupancy of Battery 5, on the bank of the Appomattox. One gun was placed to bear on Petersburg, 1,500 yards away, the rest on the Chesterfield Battery across the river. With E in position were four 8-inch mortars. The battery across the river had a bad habit of opening on E every night, about midnight, and firing for some hours. We always returned the fire. Both sides bombarded freely now every night, principally with mortars. Sometimes forty were going at once, spanning the heavens with arches of fire of peculiar brilliancy and beauty. In rear of E, on a hill, was mounted the celebrated "Petersburg Express," which on these occasions joined energetically in the fray, firing over Battery E, sending its enormous projectiles into the city.

Battery H came up from the reserve camp on the 9th. Two guns went into works on the right, and four on the left, of the City Point and Petersburg railroad, where they remained incessantly engaged until Sept. 25th. A few casualties occurred during this time, several of the men being wounded.

Battery K relieved M near Friend's house, on the Petersburg road, and did good service there. M afterwards went to the Hare house.

On the 11th of August, the corps of Hancock was taken from the Petersburg lines and sent to the north side of the James, to attack the defenses of Richmond. The 18th Corps was accordingly stretched out along the works to help fill the gap, and, on the night of the 14th, Battery K marched to the Carter road and went into position in some works there, which being poor the men repaired substantially. The Battery remained there under mortar and musketry fire, day and night, until August 22d, sending in well-directed shots at the enemy, wherever they were deemed to be most calculated to do service.

On the 18th, at 1 A. M., simultaneously with a night attack on Hancock's Corps, north of the James, the rebels opened a terrible fire on the Petersburg lines, to cover that attack. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the incongruity of letting loose upon the peaceful scene the horrors of war impressed itself on the men, who, however, answered the rebels steadily, and after two hours' bombardment silenced them.

All the Batteries sustained a furious fire, and were hotly engaged from the 18th to the 21st. Warren's Corps at that time had gained the Weldon railroad on our extreme left, and was fighting to hold it.

The 18th Corps having relieved the 10th Corps on the Bermuda Hundreds lines, Battery K, on the 22d, marched thither, crossing the Appomattox at night. It got in just at daylight and ran four guns into Battery Marshall, at the central point of the lines. Two guns were placed in Fort McConihe, 200 yards in front and to the right of the others. The Battery became engaged at once. Its first shot entered a rebel embrasure; it silenced the guns in fifteen minutes. It remained here till September 28th, in action constantly. To give an idea of the work done by the Battery, it may be stated that in the month of July it fired in action 1,511 rounds of ammunition; in August, 453; consisting of fuze shell, spherical case and percussion shell,—in all, ten and a half tons of metal. The experience of the rest of the 3d New York battalion was similar in every respect.

Battery E after discharging from 50 to 250 rounds at the Chesterfield Battery and the town, until September 1st, withdrew from the lines and went into camp in the rear for rest.

August 23d, M occupied Fort Wilcox, near the crater of the Mine, and engaged the enemy only a few rods distant for two days. On the 25th, it went to Hatcher's farm, on Bermuda Hundreds, sending thence one section to Fort Anderson, in rear of McConihe, and two sections to north of the James, where it took position to defend our workmen employed in digging Butler's Dutch Gap Canal.

Battery E was brought up to the peninsula September 15th, relieving a regular battery at Cobb's Hill, which had been shelled out the day before. The rebels tried that on E next day, but found we had too heavy metal for them and they were discomfitted. Battery H came up to the peninsula from the Petersburg lines on the 25th.

The whole battalion had now concentrated on the Bermuda Hundreds defenses.

Having extended the left flank of his army to the Weldon Railroad by the victories of August, and secured the ground gained by impregnable intrenchments, Gen. Grant resolved on a further extension of that flank and simultaneous extension of the right. To Warren's Corps was committed the duty of the operations on the left. That Corps did its duty bravely and well. To Butler, with his 10th Corps, commanded by Birney,

and the 18th Corps, now under Ord, constituting the Army of the James, was entrusted the work on the right. Butler accordingly crossed the James on the night of September 28th, at Aiken's landing, near the straggling little village of Varina. The following day, the 18th Corps, supported by Batteries H, M and K, 3d New York, with other artillery, advanced up the Varina road, and encountering the outer line of the defenses of Richmond, just below Chapin's Bluff, carried it by storm, including Fort Harrison, its principal work, capturing fifteen guns. The 10th Corps assaulted on the New Market road and gained some trophies, while Kautz on the Charles City road charged nearly into Richmond. It was a day of desperate fighting and deeds of unrivaled valor. Our interest centers in the doings of the 18th Corps.

The artillery brigade followed the infantry of the corps in the road slowly up from the river. Our advance dispossessed the skirmishers of the enemy of four lines of rifle pits, one after another, and pressing on through a heavily wooded, deserted region, at length, three miles from the landing, confronted the main outer rebel line. A hill, commanding the road, was crested with the large work, Fort Harrison, mounting eight guns, and from it ran right and left a chain of intrenchments, running southward a mile and a half to the river, and northward interminably. Forming in the woods, the corps charged under a horrible fire, concentrated upon it not only by the rebel infantry and artillery posted behind the intrenchments, but the rebel rams in the river, which kept up a vigorous shelling. We carried everything. The rebels fled like sheep, leaving many prisoners in our hands. A section of Battery K, under Lieut. Starrin, followed the infantry in to the Fort. It went in on the run through the sally port. Before the pieces had fairly halted, the men sprang off from the limbers, unhitched the horses, and drove them off to a place of safety in the rear. This was a wise precaution, for the rebels had only retired from the Fort, which was open in the rear, to some log barracks, and they now assailed the new comers into the work with their shot. Had the horses remained, there would have been great slaughter amongst them. The guns of the section quickly opened with percussion shell at the barracks. Several of these destructive missiles were sent crackling through their walls. It stampeded the rebels in a moment and they evacuated and ran with singular unanimity and eagerness. The rebel rams and batteries in the enemy's second line of works, on the other side of the gully, in rear of Fort Harrison, were now throwing their iron into our

position, taking many lives among the infantry. Gen. Burnham, among others, was killed, but by a bullet. He was in the act of rejoicing at a shot fired by one of K's guns at a signal officer, visible on Chapin's Bluff, driving him off, when the fatal ball pierced him and he fell lifeless. The two guns of K were then ordered to the rear. At 4 P. M. three of K's guns were then ordered up again.

A detachment of Battery M, under Sergt. Martin, took the works with the infantry and turned some captured guns on the retreating foe, firing seventy-five rounds of ammunition.

Butler attempted to carry the second line of the rebel works, after capturing the first. A gallant charge was made, but it was repulsed by Gen. Field with a loss to us of 300.

The army encamped on the field of battle.

Butler's advance alarmed the Confederate authorities, beyond comparison with any preceding events of the campaign. Gen. Lee at once came up in person, while his Quartermaster rushed reinforcements in from Petersburg by train loads. Gen. Field wished to attack and retake the captured lines that evening, but he was over-ruled by his superiors, who put off the assault till next day.

Next day the enemy found us fully prepared to receive him. When daylight dawned, a breastwork of rails, logs and earth had been thrown up across the open rear of Fort Harrison, and Battery K's six guns were ranged behind it with a strong support of infantry. Battery H was in another part of the intrenchments and the whole corps was judiciously and carefully disposed by Gen. Weitzel at important points.

At 2 P. M., the rebels emerged from some woods opposite the Fort, and formed in three columns, for an assault. They were the men of the divisions of Gens. Hoke and Fields. Fields formed opposite to the Fort, Hoke on his left. Owing to some misunderstanding among the rebel commanders, one brigade charged before the rest were ready, so that their assaults failed to be made simultaneously, and they were accordingly very badly cut up for their pains. As the brigade which charged on the Fort advanced, it had to descend into the gully before mentioned as running in rear of the fort. As it descended the slope, our infantry and Battery K opened a rapid and accurate fire, which mowed the enemy down in swaths. The rebels came to within 200 yards. Their courage oozed out at that point and they ran back, leaving the ravine strewed with dead and wounded. Battery H did equally good service in its front. The rebel assaults, twice renewed, were everywhere repulsed, but

not until they had immolated 2,000 men in the mad attempt on our lines.

Night fell on a bloody field; but Fort Harrison and the intrenchments had been held and saved, and a brilliant victory perched upon the Union banners. For saving the Fort, Battery K deserves to be accorded the principal honor.

Fighting was renewed on the 18th Corps's front the following day, October 1st, and again on the 2d, in which the artillery bore an active part. On the 2d, the rebels opened on Fort Harrison, (now called Fort Burnham,) with a mortar battery, on our working parties trying to throw up works. So many men were brought down by their fire that the survivors could hardly be kept at work. Forty were killed and the floor of a building converted into a hospital was covered with wounded. Battery K was invoked to silence the hostile battery, which it did with a few sharp, quick discharges. The infantry was the wildest lot of men on earth at the result. They commenced to cheer and the cheer went all along the lines. In a short time the mortars began again. K opened once more on them and reduced them to silence a second time. At night four guns of the Battery were moved to camp in rear of the Fort, the place being too exposed to the heavy shells of the rebel rams, which they were continually dropping in the vicinity of the works.

On the 7th, the enemy made a sally from Richmond and attacked Kautz's cavalry on the right flank of the army. After a brisk fight, the assault was repulsed. When the firing commenced, Capt. Angel limbered up the four guns of K in camp and moved at once, without orders, to Fort Burnham and engaged the enemy until the battle on the right was over. The Battery remained in the Fort for a long time, and made itself comfortable quarters, a bomb proof and so on.

Butler's victory was of signal importance to our cause. It gave us the outer line of defenses of Richmond for several miles, which we converted at once into a line of siege, and it placed us within easy striking distance of the city where we could await an opportunity to strike an effective blow. By requiring Lee to detach troops from his forces at Petersburg to defend Richmond, it materially aided Gen. Grant in all his offensive operations thereafter against Petersburg.

There now ensued a lull of three weeks in the larger operations of the department. Mutual bombardment and picket firing alone relieved the monotony.

Ever since the taking of Fort Harrison, our left flank had been annoyed by the shells of a flotilla of rebel iron clad rams and

gunboats in the river. A new fort was built on the bank of the river to surprise these boats and drive them off. It stood a mile above Dutch Gap Canal, on the north side, and was called Fort Brady. Into this, during the night of October 20th, Battery E was ordered from the Bermuda Hundreds lines. The guns were in position by daylight. At that hour the rams and gunboats came out from under a distant bank of the river. Battery E and two large guns in Fort Brady with it opened fire. The rams replied and also the rebel 100-pound Brooks Battery on the south side of the river. Our shot drove the wooden gunboats out of range very soon. The rams stood our fire for an hour and a half, our 20-pound and 30-pound shells crackling on their iron armor like hail. At length the smoke-stack of one was nearly shot away, and one of our shells burst in the afterport of the *Drewry*, disabling seven men, and they all having been struck about twenty times apiece, they fled up stream, one by one, and sought safety beyond the range of our guns. Battery E was subjected to a powerful shelling during the engagement and fought with determined bravery. The only man hurt was Michael Lynch, Capt. Ashby's Orderly, a brave, fine fellow, who, while on horseback, had his foot carried away by a 100-pound shell from the Brooks Battery. His horse was killed by the same missile.

The further services of the 3d New York Batteries in this department are briefly told.

Battery E, October 25th, moved to the vicinity of Fort Burnham. The right section went on to the lines, north of the work; the left section, south of it, in Battery No. 2. November 1st, it marched to Camp Holley, at Spring Hill, on the right of the Darbytown road, on the extreme right of the 10th Army Corps, three miles north-west of Deep Bottom. Here it went into winter quarters. December 10th, the Battery was turned out by picket firing, and found that the rebel Field was making a reconnoissance in force. He came to within 300 yards of our lines. We opened on his picket and other parties wherever they appeared, firing 160 rounds. At night, the enemy retired. After that there were occasional alarms, but no more fighting till the close of the war.

Battery M, after the taking of Fort Harrison, remained on the lines of earthworks, north of the James, all winter. Most of the time it was at the fortified post of Deep Bottom, in an impenetrable swamp on the extreme right of the Union line. In November, the latter part, it was on the Bermuda lines, and was in action several times. Marching thence, December 10th, one

section took position at Camp Holley. Two sections went into Battery No. 8, near by. On the 12th, two sections moved to Batteries No. 1 and No. 2 on the main line of the siege, one section remaining at Battery No. 8. The material of which this command was composed was of the very best quality. Owing to the hardships of the service, the sufferings of the men in this campaign were sometimes severe. Exposed to inclemencies of the weather, through heat of summer and cold of winter, often without tents or shelter, in the trenches, at the outposts, on the march, situations all of them common, indeed, to all, they bore themselves, nevertheless, with peculiar courage, fortitude and devotion. They had a fighting Captain, and always stood by him faithfully and patriotically. They were splendidly disciplined, too, and made one of the best batteries in the service. As evidence of this, it may be mentioned that during the winter of 1864, an order was issued by the corps commander, that a furlough of twenty days would be granted each week, to be given to him, who should be deemed the best soldier of each brigade by a board of three commissioned officers. In the artillery brigade, the prize was given successively for several weeks to Capt. Howell's Battery, until an order from headquarters withdrew that Battery from the lists, that others might have a chance.

Battery H, after shifting its position on the Richmond lines several times, on the 31st of October put four guns in Fort Burnham and two in a battery near Fort Brady. December 4th, the Battery moved to a lunette fort on the main line, on the left of the New Market road, a mile from Fort Burnham, where it remained for the winter. Camp was pitched some distance in rear of the fort.

Battery K about the same time moved to a redoubt on the right of the same road, for the winter, camp being made of log huts in rear of the work, the caissons and horses being quartered at Spring Hill.

The winter slipped away quietly in the Army of the James, only now and then an event happening to create excitement. The 3d New York battalion received a large accession of new recruits, in drilling whom, and in regular camp duties and camp recreations, the time was principally spent.

Offensive operations were resumed in March, the rebels this time taking the initiative. Grant had in contemplation a strong, final effort to extend his left flank so as to surround Petersburg, when a tremendous assault was delivered at daylight of March 25th, on our batteries at the Hare house, by the rebel Gen.

Gordon. It came very near cutting our army in two. Fort Stedman was captured and its guns turned at once on our own lines. But, taking advantage of a moment of hesitancy in the rebel attack, we charged back, drove the enemy out, and even advanced our own lines by the capture of a part of his. Then Grant took up the offensive. The bulk of the 19th Corps was quietly withdrawn from the Richmond lines, and all that could be spared of the whole army was massed on our extreme left. Then Grant struck out on the 29th, and a series of terrific battles raged for four days on our left, while day and night our guns on the Petersburg lines kept up a rapid bombardment.

In our forces north of the James, commanded now by Weitzel, the excitement day by day grew to be intense. All knew that the end was near at hand. The booming of Grant's guns, continuously heard, showed that the army was gaining ground. And though the rebels in our front played bluff to the extent of their power, and strove to keep up an appearance of being present in force, their bands playing on all sides at night, and bodies being constantly marched in plain sight to and fro, yet they could not conceal that they had sent the last man that they dared to, to reinforce Lee in the fight with Grant. Officers and men went out every night to watch the bombardment of Petersburg, one of the most brilliant spectacles ever seen in any war. On the night of Sunday, April 2d, all were on the *qui vive*. The bombardment was unusually brisk. We could see the flash of every gun and the track of every shell. Mysterious signaling went on along the rebel lines continually. Rockets rose from Richmond, and signal lights waved in succession at stations, going south till lost in the distance, with rockets intermingled here and there. Back again the signaling would come, and so till late in the night, and mystery and expectation filled the air. One of the officers of Battery H, 3d New York, while at the redoubt under his command, saw a bright light in the direction of Richmond, and soon after saw a stream of fire shoot into the air, followed by a boom and jar that shook the ground. These explosions continued, and it seems that they came to the vigilant ear of Weitzel. Our pickets were ordered to advance and capture a rebel, and at last by that agency and from contrabands who came in from Richmond, we learnt, with unspeakable rapture, that Richmond and Petersburg had been evacuated. The tidings flew along the lines like wildfire, and the troops cheered and shouted like mad as they learnt the glorious news, and excitement prevailed everywhere.

Capt. Angel, Chief of Artillery on Weitzel's staff, now re-

ceived orders to march at daylight with Battery K and the 5th Pennsylvania Battery, as escort to the 3d Division, 24th Corps, (colored,) by the New Market road to Richmond. Weitzel waited till daylight for fear of rebel torpedoes in the road, and then ordered the advance.

The march into Richmond was a race. The regiments of the 24th Corps strove to outstrip each other on the road and the two batteries did the same. And a pretty adventure it led to, too, on the part of the latter. The batteries plying whip and spur at length got ahead of the infantry and found themselves abreast and going down hill on a lively trot towards a suburb of Richmond, called Rockets. At the foot of the hill, a stream crossed the road, and the bridge over it was not large enough for two. Battery K used the lash freely and made a rush for the bridge, and by dint of exertion managed to crowd the Pennsylvanians away from it so effectually as to capsize one of their guns and caissons with the teams into the creek. The rest of their train came up standing, while Battery K thundered on by them in triumph. Gen. Devon viewed this proceeding, however, with some impatience. He rode up and made a few highly spiced remarks about going into an enemy's city artillery in front, and Battery K was accordingly reined up until the infantry came up and took the advance. It then resumed the march and was the first battery of Federal artillery in Richmond.

The city was on fire as we entered, having been kindled by the rebels previous to evacuation. The main business street was falling in ruins its whole length. Gen. Weitzel had already arrived and the populace thronged the streets and waved their hats and handkerchiefs and cheered a welcome of great friendliness. The colored people's joy knew no bounds and they were very demonstrative.

We cannot here dwell on the particulars of the occupation of Richmond. They are better told in the more pretentious histories of the war. We may say, however, that the city was at once placed under martial law and the artillery did guard duty till order was restored, the flames subdued and the troops from the fortifications brought up to garrison the place. Batteries E, H and M were all brought up as soon as possible and the battalion of the 3d New York thus once more consolidated.

The battalion camped in the city. Here it remained till ordered home for muster out. A portion of the time Battery E and one other battery were stationed in Manchester across the river.

XV.

IN THE ARMY OF THE OHIO.

Schofield in North Carolina—Sherman's Engineers Studying up the Bridge Question—Stewart's Map—Band-Box Artillery—The Movement on Goldsboro—At Wise's Forks—Intrenching in the Woods—The Desperate Assaults of Hoke—The Band-Box Artillery Repulsing a Surprise—In Kinston—Advance to Goldsboro—Foraging—The Signal Guns—Sherman's Bummers—Junction with Sherman—Advance to Raleigh—Surrender of Johnston—The Great Review—Return to Newbern—Schofield's Farewell.

The closing scenes of the war in North Carolina now engage our attention, and our narrative returns to that State. We are now to glance at the brave services of five companies of the 3d Artillery, with the forces of Gen. Schofield, in co-operation with the forces of Gen. Sherman.

And first a few general incidents and remarks. Butler having failed in November, 1864, to capture Fort Fisher, commanding the entrance to the harbor of Wilmington, N. C., Gen. Grant sent Gen. Terry, with the 10th Army Corps, 10,000 strong, to make a second attempt in January, 1865. Terry was entirely successful. He assaulted the fort on January 25th, and carried it, after a bloody and terrible fight. This was the first important incident of the year in North Carolina, and it had a direct bearing on the campaign about to be inaugurated by Gen. Sherman, with the full concurrence of Gen. Grant.

Sherman, then at Savannah, was soon to "dive into the interior again and disappear from view." In a letter to Gen. Palmer, he said, "Goldsboro is the strategetic point I shall aim to

secure in North Carolina." Anticipating that after his march through South Carolina, he would be in need of clothing and subsistence, he desired to establish himself, after reaching North Carolina, at some point where he could have railroads to the coast to supply him with all the articles he needed. At Goldsboro he would have them, two in number, one to Newbern, one to Wilmington, and Terry was sent to Carolina to make the latter sure, by capturing its terminus, and then by advancing at the proper time to Goldsboro, and opening it up to travel. Terry remained quietly at Fort Fisher for some weeks after his victory, waiting for further developments.

The District of North Carolina had been commanded since April 25, 1864, by Gen. Innis N. Palmer. In January, 1865, by order of the War Department, it was separated from Butler's Military Division of the James, and transferred to the Department of the South, under the authority of Sherman. Gen. J. G. Foster took command of North Carolina as part of that department, January 16th. Gen. Palmer, however, retained command of his District, now called District of Beaufort, having under him at Newbern and in the State, about 5,000 men. Among the number were five Batteries of the 3d Artillery, viz: A, C, D, G, and I, each having 180 men, or 900 in all. All were mounted, except Battery A. I, being an old company, had had guns for some time, and C, D, and G had obtained armament through the efforts of Col. Stewart, who, it may be said by the way, had no little difficulty in getting it, especially for D and G. His requisition for guns had been approved by the Generals commanding the district and department, but for some reason it encountered the opposition of Secretary Stanton, and fresh efforts only served to make the iron Secretary obstinate. But Col. Stewart had set his heart on mounting the new batteries, and he very seldom made up his mind to a thing of this sort without effecting his purpose. Horses, picked up here and there, were given to the batteries to learn the riding-school drill, and the Colonel resolved to see the President. Leaves of absence were not granted then. So he managed to be sent to Washington as bearer of dispatches. Arriving in that city, he went first to the arsenal, to assure himself that guns were to be had. He then called on the President. Mr. Lincoln looked on the Colonel's application with favor, and, remembering the early history of the regiment, detained the Colonel for half an hour to hear the recital of its subsequent campaigns and brilliant services. He was profoundly interested, and concluded the interview by writing a few words on a slip of paper, which he asked

the Colonel to hand to Secretary Stanton. The slip was presented the same day. The Secretary looked a little black, and gave the Colonel a look like that of a raging lion, as he discovered that the President had ordered the mounting of the two batteries. After satisfying himself that there were guns to be had in Washington, he then issued an order for their transfer to Col. Stewart, who took it in triumph to the proper authorities, and soon had the precious cannon loaded upon a vessel and on their way to Newbern. Horses were obtained for the batteries then without much difficulty.

As the time approached for Sherman to begin his march from Savannah, the importance of securing Goldsboro as a new base of operations, became more and more apparent. "If Lee lets us get that position," wrote Sherman to Grant, "he is gone up."

Grant now determined to send reinforcements to the army in North Carolina, so that when a demonstration was made, it might be of such magnitude as to put its failure out of question. The 23d Army Corps, known as the Army of the Ohio, 21,000 strong, commanded by Maj. Gen. J. M. Schofield, was selected for the purpose. It was a splendid body of men, had never known defeat, and had served with Sherman before. In conjunction with the Armies of the Tennessee and Cumberland, it had, under that General, aided in the capture of Atlanta, the previous summer. It was now brought around from Tennessee, and, on the 9th of February, Schofield arrived in North Carolina with his advance by boats from Annapolis, Md. He landed at Fort Fisher, and the same day issued an order assuming command of the State. His first object was to capture Wilmington, which lay some twenty miles up from the fort. He entered that city on the 22d. Leaving Terry, with his 10th Corps, in occupation there, he then sent around Gen. J. D. Cox's division of the 23d Corps by boats to Beaufort, and thence by rail to Newbern, preparatory to an advance from that point on Goldsboro.

Meanwhile, Sherman had, on February 1st, started from Savannah and Pocotaligo and was now marching through South Carolina, leaving a track of devastation behind him ten miles in width.

One of his last orders, previous to marching, was directed to Gen. McCallum, chief of his construction and railroad building corps, under date of January 29th. It directed the General to "transport Col. W. W. Wright (second in command to McCallum) and his operators to Newbern, * * * and to prepare timber, iron, cars and locomotives adapted to the road of North Carolina, enough to build out to Goldsboro, when

you can get possession of the road." The order was obeyed, and in due time the General arrived in Newbern with his engineers. Rightly anticipating that the rebels would burn the bridges and destroy the railroad leading up from Newbern to Goldsboro, the one we valued most, as soon as they discovered our intention to advance along the line of it on Goldsboro, he at once applied himself assiduously to gain all information possible, relative to the road, so that, when our army advanced, he might be in a position to restore it as fast as the rebels tore it up. In this, Col. Stewart, who had formerly been Chief Engineer of the Army of North Carolina, and accompanied the grand Foster expedition of '62 in that capacity, had the pleasure of rendering an important service. Stewart had had the rare good fortune to find an engineering treasure, when the 3d Artillery first arrived at Newbern in April, 1862. In a house in the town he discovered the map of a rebel engineer, delineating the whole river country from Morehead city to Raleigh, laying down every bridge in the entire distance. The length of each bridge was given, with its name and exact location. The Colonel laid it carefully aside at the time, knowing that it would be of use some day, and had afterwards established its accuracy, at least in part, by measuring the long railroad bridge over the Trent at Newbern and others toward Morehead city. Measurements in all cases agreed exactly with those stated on the map. It was fair to infer that the figures in relation to bridges towards Goldsboro and Raleigh must also be exact. And this afterwards proved to be the case. The map was of great service on the Foster expedition, but more so now. When McCallum arrived at Newbern, he invited Stewart, as former Engineer, to a private consultation. The Colonel of course complied, and took his map with him. McCallum was delighted with it beyond measure, and said "it was the best thing they had found yet." After a long interview, the results of which one of the General's staff took down in short-hand, the General saw his way perfectly clear and was able to lay out his work for the campaign at once. He accordingly sent men into the woods, and had not only a sufficient quantity of ties cut to rebuild the road, but had timber got out for the bridges and piled up by the side of the road. Then, when we advanced, his men put the timber on railroad trains and sent it to the front, and whenever a bridge was burnt he was able to put it up again with a celerity that perfectly astounded the retreating rebels. It enabled us to keep up a sharp pursuit. After Johnston was captured, he inquired among our officers for "the man who could build bridges faster than he could burn them."

The last days of February were enlivened at Newbern by the sudden advent of a number of rough-looking, weather-beaten, western regiments, with tattered battle flags, from Wilmington, composing the advance brigades of Cox's division of the 23d Army Corps. Cox assumed command at Newbern, and encamped his men just outside the town, to snatch a little rest, preparatory to the grand forward movement, which was now near at hand. There was of course a great deal of fraternization between Palmer's regiments and Cox's, in the meanwhile, and the men visited each other's camps. Attention seems to have been particularly attracted at this time to the natty appearance of the 3d New York. It was a part of the thorough and splendid discipline, infused into that regiment, peculiarly by Col. Stewart and afterwards adopted and maintained by officers of all ranks, to require the utmost attainable neatness throughout in uniforms, arms and equipments. Buttons, buckles, and the iron and brass work of the gun carriages and caissons were always polished, the guns shone like mirrors, the harness was always blacked, and slouchiness in uniforms while on duty was not endured for a moment. The Western men showed a propensity to ridicule this, and considerable was heard at this time about "the band-box artillery." Our men took it good naturedly, and their superb conduct in the field, a few days later, entirely altered the ideas of the Western men; the popular phrase was then "Well, well, these band-box boys *can* fight, after all."

March 1st, the troops, assembled at Newbern, were organized by Gen. Cox for the expedition. He formed them into two District of Beaufort divisions, each about 6,000 strong, and entrusted them to the command of Gen. I. N. Palmer and Gen. S. P. Carter, respectively. To the 1st Division he assigned the following artillery: Battery C, 3d New York, Capt. Mercer commanding, six guns, Rodmans; Battery D, 3d New York, Capt. Van Husen commanding, six guns, Rodmans; a Michigan battery, four guns. To the 2d Division he assigned the following: Battery A, 3d New York, Capt. Russell, serving as heavy artillery, armed with muskets; Battery G, 3d New York, Capt. Wm. H. Kelsey, six 12-pound Napoleons; Battery I, 3d New York, Lieut. Richardson, four 12-pound Napoleons.

Two guns of Battery I were left at Newbern. Also, the 24th New York Independent Battery, which, by the way, on the 6th of March, became incorporated as one of the companies of the 3d Artillery, receiving the designation of Battery L. This Battery was raised in the fall of 1861, in Monroe and Wyoming

counties, N. Y., under the captaincy of Jay E. Lee, mustering in December 6th, as Company B of the Rocket battalion. The battalion being soon after broken up, the company became the 24th New York Battery. Going to North Carolina in 1862, it had done excellently there since, and won distinguished laurels at "Kinston," "Whitehall," and "Goldsboro." "Newbern" and "Plymouth" were also inscribed on its flag. Entering the 3d Artillery at this time, it now filled the place, which, up to this date, had been nominally occupied on the rolls of the regiment by the 1st New York Battery, the latter being now dropped by direction of the War Department.

The forward movement from Newbern began on the 3d of March in obedience to the orders of Gen. Schofield. Several regiments marched at daylight, Battery A being among the first organizations on the road. They went out by the Neuse turnpike and pushed rapidly on to Core Creek, eighteen miles from Newbern, and a little beyond. Various regiments and batteries followed, all rendezvousing at Core Creek at sunset, after a hard, wet march, the roads being so boggy that the men sometimes waded in mud and slush to their knees. By orders of Gen. Cox all were in the lightest marching order possible. No baggage was taken save shelter tents, blankets and extra rations. The troops encamped for the night at Core Creek, and along the sides of the road forking to the left at this point and running diagonally across the upper end of Dover Swamp on its way to an intersection with a highway, leaving the Trent road in a similar manner and running in a direct line to Kinston. Our advance camped near the railroad, about midway between the Neuse and Trent roads.

The day of this advance, Col. Stewart was assigned to duty by Gen. Cox as Chief of Artillery of North Carolina at Newbern.

Troops of all descriptions continued to arrive at Core Creek every hour during the 4th, 5th and 6th, until Palmer's and Carter's divisions had all come up. The 4th was rainy, increasing the bogginess of the roads, and everybody was wet and uncomfortable, the shelter tents of the infantry and the paulins of the artillery affording only a partial protection against the elements. The 5th was a better day and quite endurable.

The army broke camp at daylight of the 6th and moved slowly ahead towards Kinston. The country here was almost a dead level, and so heavily shaded with thick pine woods that the drainage was poor and the roads, which were mere gloomy forest avenues, were muddy beyond description. Besides the

impediment of mud the army encountered in its march a blockade of the roads for miles by trees, which the rebels had not failed to cut down so as to fall across them. Every axe in the army was pressed into the service and men were sent to the front from every regiment and nearly every battery to wield them, constituting a large pioneer brigade, which, moving in the advance, cleared away the trees with all the speed possible. The army made only about six miles, however, during the day, and then encamped in the mud for the night. Heavy picket firing took place after dark at the front.

Next day, the 7th, the two divisions again advanced, meeting with the same experiences of muddy and blockaded roads, and driving back strong parties of the enemy, who skirmished sharply in their front. A few miles out they approached South West creek, a goodly-sized tributary of the Neuse, which ran across our route at right angles. This stream, taking its way through the forest, was, in this part of its course, bridged at two points, about two miles apart, viz: where it was intersected by the Neuse road and the road before referred as coming from the Trent river. Here we found the rebels, prepared to dispute the crossing of both bridges, with infantry and artillery in strong force. Our skirmishers, advancing to the edge of an opening along the side of the creek we were on, engaged the enemy to draw him out, while Lieut. Stevenson's section of Battery D came up to within range of the bridge on the left, and shelled a rebel redoubt thrown up on the other bank. The enemy replied with artillery, with unexpected animation, though without doing any damage beyond breaking the trail of one of Stevenson's pieces, and wounding a horse. The skirmish having developed the strength of the enemy, our army was deployed into line of battle, Palmer on the right, covering the Neuse road and the railroad a mile to the left, our extreme left flank being opposite to the bridge, whose defenders were shelled by the section of Battery D. The locality was known variously by the name of Wise's forks, or British cross roads, deriving its name from two roads that ran across between the Neuse road and the turnpike on our left, crossing each other in so doing like an X. At sundown, Stevenson was recalled from the front, and, having fired a hundred good shots at the enemy, marched through the woods, which covered this whole region, and in which our line of battle was formed, to the extreme right of the line. He then made a new trail; by morning, Battery D had six effective guns again. Upon Stevenson's recall, Battery I supplied his place on the turnpike, but some distance in rear of

the position he had occupied, being supported there by Col. Upham's regiment, the 15th Connecticut, a new and large command, and by Col. Bartholomew's, the 27th Massachusetts, which were posted each side of it in the woods.

Previous to the advance from Newbern, Gen. Sherman had made known to Schofield his wish that this column should advance cautiously and take no great risks. In deference to these instructions, Gen. Cox forebore to attack the rebel intrenchments at South West creek, and instead of that ordered the army to intrench, to await the arrival of Couch, with the 2d Division of the 23d Corps, who was now coming up across the country towards Wise's forks, from Wilmington. At nightfall the work began. A line of works was traced out through the woods, parallel to the creek and a mile or so from it. Every regiment and battery having an axe then sent a stout volunteer with it to the front, and, as the night deepened, the forest rang with the sturdy blows of the woodchoppers along the whole line. The trees at first were all cut so as to be just ready to fall. Those on the extreme right were then toppled over. Falling against their next neighbors, they pushed them down, and so it went along the entire line. Trees were falling for as much as ten minutes. The pioneers then attacked the prostrate trunks, cut them up, and formed a barricade of logs along our whole front, as a foundation for the works. Infantry and artillery then called into requisition spades, tin plates, and bayonets, and covered the barricades with earth three or four feet high. The axe men meanwhile advanced and made a wide slashing, cutting down the timber in front for 200 yards. A clear space was thus created, which could be swept by our fire with telling effect, while the fallen trees made an abattis sure to derange and demoralize any column that might attempt to charge through it. Battery A had twenty or twenty-five axes at work all through the night. Other batteries had a few. By morning the works were done, and the infantry and artillery all either posted in them or in camp at such convenient places in the rear as to be able to reach them on a moment's notice.

The construction of these works, so energetically pushed, was admirably timed. Hard fighting took place on the 8th. Hoke, who had been expelled from Wilmington by Schofield, had now been reinforced by part of Cheatham's Corps from Tennessee, and attacked our position in strong force. The works did excellent service in the battle.

Hearing nothing especial from the enemy on the morning of the 8th, early in the day Gen. Carter sent out the 15th Connec-

ticut, 27th Massachusetts, a squad of the 12th Cavalry, and Lieut. Seymour's section of Battery I, from the breastworks, under command of Col. Upham, to see if the rebels were still at the bridge. Advancing a mile or more, till within 1,000 yards of the bridge, the guns unlimbered and shelled the rebel position and some buildings near by it, called Jackson's mills. Our shots failed to provoke the least reply. Seymour continued firing at intervals for about three hours. Then, without the slightest warning, the din of battle broke out on every side of him in the woods, in the rear, with all the fury of a tropical tornado, and swept rapidly down towards the spot where he was posted. Hoke had brought around three entire brigades of rebels, and interposed them between Col. Upham's little force and our works. Seymour realized the situation the moment he heard the chorus of those unmistakable short, sharp, rebel yells and the sputtering fire of musketry. He instantly limbered up the guns and made a rush to get to the rear. One piece, being in the road, got a good start. It met the rebels coming on down the road and through the woods, in a heavy line, yelling and shooting, and thundered right through their midst, they very discreetly taking themselves out of the way of his unceremonious charge. The piece was saluted with a shower of bullets, however, as it sped through the line, and one of the drivers, named John Bennett, was shot through the body. He retained his seat till the gun reached the works in safety, when, being helped down from his horse, he died instantly. The other piece met with a less fortunate fate. Being out of the road, in a deep thicket, some moments elapsed before it could start, and it had hardly gone twenty yards before the gray coats came pouring through the forest all around it. A hundred rifles emptied their lead upon the horses, and several of the gallant animals bit the dust under that withering fire. The drivers instantly jumped down from the horses' backs, and the cannoneers from the limbers, and ran into the woods. Some escaped; but John Hart, James Hart, John C. Langham, Addison J. Hawks, and Anthony Kellaborn were captured, and soon found themselves presided over by a rebel guard. Our handsome gun was also taken, there being no possible rescue after the shooting of the horses.

Though flanked and surprised, Col. Upham's infantry made a desperate fight. The 27th Massachusetts plied the bayonet and made a resolute and partially successful attempt to break its way out through the rebel line. But the enemy was too strong, and 700 men of that regiment and 15th Connecticut, and 12th

Cavalry were captured. The rest found their way back to the works singly or in squads.

Immediately after the discomfiture of Col. Upham, Hoke made a strong attack on the left and center of our works, occupying the right at different times by demonstrations in some force in that direction. Aware that we expected the arrival of Couch in a few days, he attempted to crush Cox before Couch should come up, in imitation of the strategy of Napoleon. Filling the woods in our front with infantry, he poured a steady fire of musketry into our position, and ever and anon tried to charge with heavy columns through the slashing and abattis of felled trees that strewed its surface upon us. He found every one of our regiments in position, however, and our works crested with gleaming rifle barrels, angrily spitting lead upon his advances, and cannon, vomiting shot, shell, and cannister. The batteries of the 3d New York were at the works, with nearly all their guns, and whenever, amongst the trees across the opening, the gray lines appeared, the thunderous reverberations with which they filled those gloomy woods were not more awful than the carnage inflicted by the storm of iron hurled upon the advancing rebels, whose assaults they invariably checked. The hardest fighting occurred in the center of our long line. We were weakest in that place, and Hoke made a persistent effort to pierce us there. He carried a skirmish line of rifle pits, and pressed the main works hard. Battery C and Battery D, the latter with four guns, were at this point, and the enemy subjected them to a galling fire both of musketry and cannon shot, and at one time it seemed as though we must be driven from our position. But the men behaved in splendid style, and stood to their posts in the hottest of the fray, without faltering for a moment. At the critical juncture, an opportune reinforcement arrived from Newbern, in the shape of Gen. Ruger with a division of infantry from Schofield. Coming up on the turnpike on our left, the new regiments stacked knapsacks hastily by the roadside, and bustled off, one after another, to the threatened center. Their arrival put new strength into our army, and we wreaked ample vengeance on the rebels for the capture of the men of Col. Upham. After a short interval of heavy firing, the enemy desisted from the attack, and soon retired, leaving the slashing and the woods beyond strewn thick with hundreds of his dead and dying men. As he began to yield, Col. Malloy's brigade of Carter's division charged out and retook the lost rifle pits.

Our loss in this affair was slight, owing to the efficient protection afforded by the breastworks. That of the rebels was severe

and amounted to several hundred killed and wouuded. Battery C, of the 3d New York, had Wm. A. Foster killed, and Patrick Quagley, Edgar Kane, DeKalb Hummel, Thomas Welch and John Ackerman wounded; also two horses disabled. Battery D lost five horses.

Battery A, 3d New York, was briskly engaged at various times through the day in the center of our lines. Battery G came into action on the left and silenced two rebel guns at 1,800 yards distance. One of them was possibly the captured gun of Battery I, which the rebels shelled us with at times during the day.

Scattered firing took place through the night of the 8th. The troops slept on their arms in their little shelter tents close behind the works. On the 9th, it rained nearly all day. It was dismal enough for our men in the dripping woods, but they endured all discomforts without a murmur and remained ceaselessly on the alert and were instantly at their posts whenever the rebels showed a disposition to assault. Hoke skirmished sharply from dawn to sunset and towards evening assaulted on the right, but was repulsed. Part of Battery A did picket duty in front of the works to-day and James Griffin was severely wounded in the arm with a bullet while so engaged. On the left of our lines, the rebels limited their attentions to a vigorous shelling. Our artillery was not allowed to reply. We had three batteries there—G and I, of the 3d New York, and the Michigan battery, and Lieut. Richardson, commanding I, ventured to suggest to Gen. Carter, who, with a group of officers, sat on a knoll near by in the rear, in conversation, that our guns could shut the rebels up in short order if he would grant permission. A splendid looking elderly officer in the group spoke up in reply, "You'll all have business enough to-morrow." It was Gen. Schofield, who had just arrived from Newbern. The General was quite correct in his prediction.

Hoke spent the 9th in arranging a little piece of strategy by which he yet hoped to compass the defeat of our forces at South West Creek before the arrival of Couch. The character of it was unfolded in the early forenoon of the 10th.

The breastworks which extended along the front of our position, after crossing the Kinston turnpike on our left flank, turned at a right angle and ran to the rear, parallel to and covering the pike, extending through thick woods a distance of half a mile or more to a road running out westward, on which Couch was expected to come up. For the defense of this part of the line, Batteries G and I and the 6th Michigan were stationed.

Battery I made its own breastwork here, using logs for a foundation and throwing up the dirt with their all-useful tin plates. The front of the work was protected by the same sort of a slashing as in other parts of the position.

Up the westward-running cross road, spoken of above, our officers were beginning to turn anxious eyes hoping to discover the advent of Couch. In his stead, however, on the morning of the 10th, there suddenly and unexpectedly appeared the unwelcome apparition of a whole corps of butternut-coated rebels under the command of Hoke. Under cover of the woods they had managed to creep up almost within easy musket range of us without betraying the magnitude of their movement. They had a dense, deep column on the road, and in the woods on their right a perfect cloud of regiments and brigades. And now, pouring in heavy vollies of musketry, they made a desperate rush at our lines. The peculiar circumstances of our situation, buried as we were in the heart of the forest, from the concealment of whose thickets an enemy was liable to burst at any moment, had, however, prepared our men for just this very contingency. They had been from the first in momentary readiness for action, and scarce had the rebel charge fairly begun before we met it with a withering and demoralizing fire of cannon shot and musketry. One of I's guns was in the pike commanding the cross road. The moment the rebel column came in sight, it opened upon it with every variety of missiles in the calendar. Shot after shot tore its way through the butternut ranks, ploughing them in the direction of their greatest depth with deadly execution, while the infantry plied them hotly with musketry. Under the influence of its own momentum, the column still came on, but more slowly and still more slowly, while the gun kept steadily and pitilessly at work upon it, and great gaps and lanes opened in it, and finally within a few rods of our position it halted. A moment later, it lost all formation and order and ran in every direction in confusion for shelter in the woods. In the road were left scores of prostrate forms, stiffening in death or writhing in pain, and arms and equipments in profusion.

Meanwhile the rebel brigades in the woods had made a simultaneous advance. It can scarcely be called a charge. It was not fast enough. But it came on grand, compact, steady, like a tidal wave. Upon it Battery G, from a knoll in rear of I, now directed its most strenuous fire, seconded by the other guns of I, while the infantry greeted it with a rapid hail of small shot. The rebel line melted under the punishment we

put upon it, and its men were falling by scores; but it pressed on with a courage unsurpassed on any of the battle fields of the war until it reached the abattis. It stood here for a while exchanging rapid and heavy vollies with the Union works. The roar of the battle at this time was terrible. The woods acted with the acoustic force of a mighty sounding board and the varied sounds of the conflict, caught up and reverberated on all sides, made a pandemonium which those who heard it do not particularly long to ever hear again. The defenders of our attacked left flank were reinforced early in the action by several regiments and Battery A from the right of Carter's division. They came into position on the extreme left and added their fire to that to which the rebels were already subjected. As Battery A crossed the turnpike on a double-quick to reach its place in the works, a harmless volley was fired upon it from the woods; but some of the bullets went over and fell among Gen. Carter and his staff officers who were watching the battle, killing two of their horses. After a stubborn fight of about ten minutes duration the rebel line was repulsed and hurled back to a place of safety in the heart of the woods.

As the butternuts retreated, the boys in blue sprang to their feet and gave tremendous cheers. These jubilant shouts were the means of a second Confederate defeat. Hoke had placed a large body of troops opposite to our center, with instructions to lie in ambush and await the moment when he should signify his victory on our left by cheers. They were to charge. When they heard our men shout these rebels came out of their thicket and made the prescribed assault, which, as we were then at liberty to give it all necessary attention, was signally repulsed.

But the battle was not over on the left flank yet. The enemy had reformed his broken lines, and in a few moments charged again, under cover of a heavy fire of sharpshooters. The assault was not so resolute as the first, and was repulsed with heavy slaughter.

The rebels rallied once more, however, and now made the most desperate and persistent assault of the day. They charged into the abattis with the most utter recklessness, and then working their way through, they came raging on, until some of them were actually shot down within six feet of our guns. It was the crisis of the battle, and artillery and infantry toiled at their respective arms to the utmost stretch of their energy. So rapid was the firing that the sound was one continuous roll of thunder. In this assault the enemy met his heaviest loss. The main body of the charging line was at last again hurled back in complete

rout, but nearly a thousand of the men, entangled in the abattis, could not escape, and accordingly fell down on the ground and held up their hands. Slackening our fire at this, a regiment of men charged out of the works and captured the whole lot. They were mostly Alabamians.

Cheer after cheer rent the air and made the forest aisles ring at the glorious result, and comrades sought each other out for enthusiastic congratulations on the victory. All instinctively felt that that was the last of Mr. Hoke for some time to come. As that daring leader's horse had dashed riderless into our lines during the fight, some thought it was the last of him forever. It turned out, however, that Hoke was not killed. He had only been unhorsed and defeated.

The fight, in its severity, was but half an hour's duration altogether. Our loss scarce exceeded 200. The Confederates lost over 2,000. Four hundred of their dead and wounded were found on the cross-road and in the abattis alone. Owing to the protection of the works, although under galling and incessant fire, the 3d Artillery had few casualties. They were Thomas McHenry and James Thompson, Battery G, wounded. Also a few horses killed and wounded. Our army captured in all at South West creek about 2,000 prisoners.

Hoke's punishment unfitted him for further aggressiveness after his repulse, and he quietly withdrew to his works.

The snatching of a victory from what at first threatened to be a terrible disaster to our army in this battle, was largely, if not mainly, due to the heroism, steadiness and thorough discipline of the 3d New York Artillery. This was never acknowledged in official reports, but the army saw it, and knew it, and Schofield's veterans did not withhold their complimentary and cordial expression of it. There was not so much talk about "band-box artillery" after that as there had been.

On the evening of the 10th, Gen. Couch reached Beaver Dam, eight miles from Schofield, and communicated with him. Capt. Russell and some men of Battery A, out on a scout on our left flank, saw his approach, and announced it in camp to the general satisfaction. Next morning the reinforcements marched in to camp, our men cheering them heartily. Their arrival again consolidated the 23d Corps, which was now swelled by the incorporation of the troops of the North Carolina department, and Schofield found himself at the head of a brave, victorious and exultant army of 20,000 men.

Simultaneously with Couch's coming up, Hoke decamped. Our lookouts could see rising from the country in every direc-

tion the smoke of the bridges he burnt behind him. Having rebuilt the bridges, Schofield felt along out to the locality of Kinston bridge on the 13th, and on the 14th advanced in force. At Kinston bridge he encountered two lines of earthworks of the most formidable description, covering all approach. Erected since 1862, they had embrasures for nearly a hundred guns, and were so strong that if well garrisoned they would have resisted 100,000 men. Not a rebel was there to stay our progress, however, and laying a pontoon bridge while the engineers were repairing the half-burnt country bridge, Schofield marched out to it and crossed the river with the division of Gen. Greene (formerly Palmer's.) On the north side there were still heavier works, running in zig-zag lines along the river and out into the country, garnished with bastions and forts, with parapets six feet high and twelve or fifteen through, twelve foot ditches, and covered ways so deep that army trains would be completely hidden in them. These, too, were abandoned, and Schofield, passing on, entered Kinston without opposition, in one of the hardest rain storms of the season. Throwing his troops out all around the town in line of battle, he ordered them to intrench immediately. The rest of the corps came up on the 15th. By working day and night, in two or three days the corps had a respectable line of fortifications along its entire front, sufficiently strong to be held by a slender garrison.

Strong detachments meanwhile were posted in the captured works on the south side of the Neuse, covering the county bridge, and at the railroad bridge, also. Near the former there were many sights of interest. In dense pine woods, west of the works, there was a cavalry camp concealed, a city of barracks and stables. In the river, above the bridge, there remained a rebel iron clad ram, burnt by the retreating rebels, resting on the bottom. The graves of the dead of December, 1862, were found near the little house by the bridge. The rebels and Union men were each buried in a row. In constructing their works the Confederates had dug down nearly to the bodies of the fallen heroes. The elements had worn away the soil still more, so that now rows of skeletons, white and gleaming, protruded above the surface of the ground. On the north side of the river there was a magazine the rebels had tried to explode on our approach. Pouring out six barrels of powder loosely on the floor, they had placed six enormous shells in the midst of it, and laid a train of powder from it in a little gutter in the ground, to several hundred yards distance. Some of the first of

our men across the river fortunately saw the train and scraped away the powder, breaking the connection. Gen. Carter ordered Capt. Russell to clear out the magazine. The delicate and dangerous duty was performed by Sergt. Willis Watson and a small detail of men. Not knowing but that they might at any moment explode a torpedo (the roads, at least, were full of them,) they explored the work carefully, till they found out what was in it, and then threw the contents into the river.

While at Kinston, Schofield received tidings by courier from Gen. Sherman, who had penetrated the State as far as Fayetteville. Writing from that place, under date of Sunday, the 12th, Sherman said: "We reached here yesterday, and will be delayed until Tuesday or Wednesday, putting down pontoons. I will utterly destroy the arsenal and other public property, and I hope to get up some shoes and small stores from Wilmington before we leave. I will then march in compact order straight for the bridge across Neuse river, south of Goldsboro. I expect to make junction with you thereabouts. If I do not find you there, I will feel towards Kinston and Newbern. * * * * Keep your command well concentrated, on the defensive, advancing as fast as the railroad is built; but reach Goldsboro, if possible, and fortify. * * * * Hoping to meet you in ten days, I am your friend, &c." Sherman had had a toilsome march through the mud of South Carolina, but had driven Johnston steadily and swiftly before him, living on the fat of the land. He was now in North Carolina, in the very best of spirits, and only resting to clean his columns of contrabands and refugees, by sending them under escort to Wilmington. The order above quoted from contained another piece of information of a great deal of interest to Schofield. It said: "On making junction with you, I want you to make your command 25,000, and call it the center, thus restoring our old Atlanta organization." The 23d Corps still retained the name of Army of the Ohio, which had distinguished it in the Atlanta campaign, and Schofield contemplated with satisfaction the prospect of being soon united with his old comrades in arms of the 14th, 15th, 17th and 20th Corps, under their beloved commander, Sherman.

Skirmishing took place around Kinston for several days, but the Confederates were not present in any force. Hoke had gone to reinforce Johnston. The principal source of apprehension was the turnpike to Goldsboro being full of torpedoes, a fact that was discovered by a detachment of the 12th Cavalry, which was pushed out on that road toward Mosely Hall on a

scout. These infernal traps were percussion shells set on end in a hole in the ground, covered with a piece of tin and dirt. Horse, man or cannon wheel pressing on the spot where one of them was concealed was certain to be blown to pieces. A horse and rider were blown up by one of them within sight of our intrenchments. A New Hampshire man at length cleared the road of these deadly traps by going out alone and ferreting them out.

The grand movement on Goldsboro now approached its crisis. There were now three Union columns in the field, viz: Schofield's, at Kinston, on the line of the Newbern railroad; Terry's, the 10th Corps, on the railroad coming up from Wilmington; Sherman's, at Fayetteville. Johnston confronted the latter with 45,000 men, covering Goldsboro and Raleigh. Each of the former had in his front a small force.

Gen. Schofield now received by the hands of a scout a dispatch from Sherman to advance from Kinston, as follows: "I am now (the 14th) across Cape Fear river, and to-morrow shall draw out ten miles, and next day, if weather is favorable, will begin to maneuvre on Goldsboro. I shall feign strong on Raleigh. * * * You must push vigorously towards Goldsboro, with the absolute certainty that I will engage the attention of Joe Johnston's army to the west and southwest of Goldsboro. Let the railroad construction party push their work. * * * You must now push boldly as possible straight on Goldsboro, and I will do the same. Joe Johnston may try to interpose, in which case we must strike him as near at the same time as possible. * * * Consolidate your command at once into an army, the center of this. Gen. Howard has the right wing, Gen. Slocum the left. You can have Terry's troops."

Having partially reorganized his army, Schofield detailed the brigade of Harlan, including Batteries A and G, 3d New York, to remain and guard Kinston and the bridges, and on the 20th broke camp and marched with all the rest of his forces straight towards Goldsboro. Batteries C, D and I, the latter of which had now been reinforced by its other section from Newbern, accompanied the movement. Our line of march lay through a more populous region than that before traversed and there were fine farms all along the route. The men foraged liberally. In a letter to Schofield, Sherman had said, "We can go wherever we can live. We can live wherever the people do, and if anybody has to suffer let them suffer." Hence, no sentimental tenderness towards rebels existed at headquarters of the Army of the Ohio. The men were allowed to forage for provisions as

freely as they pleased, and they certainly did ransack the region for chickens, fat turkeys, plump calves, pigs and other choice contraband of war with loving and conscientious thoroughness. The 3d New York displayed good searching qualities during the march and a profusion of poultry, hams and other epicurean temptations, dangling from the gun carriages and caissons by night fall, showed that our boys had secured their share. Personal violence to the people, however, received the sternest reprobation, and the sentiment on this subject is fitly shown by the fact that on reaching Goldsboro, by Gen. Schofield's order, a private of the 12th Cavalry was shot to death with musketry for having ravished a woman.

The army camped at night eighteen miles from Kinston, over half-way to Goldsboro.

Next day, March 21st, the bugles blew for reveille before daylight. At 6 o'clock, we resumed the march. The railroad builders followed close behind, working an immense force of negroes and others in the repair of the road. Heavy skirmishing took place at the head of the army, but Schofield drove everything before him, and in the afternoon entered Goldsboro in triumph. The divisions hurried up as fast as possible and going through the town they formed line of battle and began to fortify at once.

Nothing being heard from Sherman or Terry, Gen. Schofield directed Gen. Carter to post a battery on the river side of the town and signal to Sherman by firing salvos of three guns and single guns at intervals, that we had taken for him the city which was the objective point of his great march. Battery I was ordered out for this purpose. It remained in position, firing signal guns and beautifully executed salvos, nearly all night. Schofield, Carter and other officers of rank set around a camp fire near the battery, listening for a reply, occasionally putting their ears to the ground in the hope of hearing distant cannonading, transmission of the sound of which through the air might be interrupted by woods, &c. Towards morning, we got an answer to our firing, which we then soon after discontinued.

An announcement of his arrival was also sent to Sherman by courier. It reached its destination in the morning, and Sherman wrote to Gens. Howard, Slocum and Kilpatrick, "General Schofield reports this morning from Goldsboro. So our campaign is an *eminent success*."

Joe Johnston did not interpose between Sherman and Schofield as anticipated; but defeated by the former on the 21st near Bentonville, retreated towards Smithfield and Raleigh.

On the 22d, Schofield opened up communication across the river with Terry. He also discovered that "Uncle Billy," as the men loved to call him, was near at hand, by the arrival of straggling parties of those precious fellows — "Sherman's bummers."

Such a looking lot of apparitions never before mingled among men. Sherman, at starting out from Atlanta, had issued an order to the effect that "the army will forage liberally on the country during the march." Every section in the army obeyed the mandate with literal exactness; but there was a class of them which displayed unusual talent in this line, and wandering away from their commands they ran independent lines of foraging of their own, only keeping near enough to the main column to be safe, and often ranging way ahead of it, and these, the bummers par excellence, were the ones who began to come into Goldsboro. Tough as hickory from their 600 mile tramp; brown as nuts; their uniforms torn, patched, stained with mud, and pieced out with astonishing garments appropriated from planters' wardrobes; laden with spoils; some riding on cows; some in carriages drawn by mule and cow teams,—these men presented an appearance that baffles description.

On the morning of the 23d, Sherman rode into the town with his staff. He was received with the wildest enthusiasm. Battery I fired a Major-General's salute in his honor. During the day, Slocum crossed the river by pontoons and other bridges in the vicinity and went into camp north of the town. The regiments were all full of fire and life, but sadly in need of new clothing. Troops continued to arrive for several days until the whole army of 75,000 men had been concentrated around the place. Sherman's first solicitude was to reclothe his army. He required an immense amount of supplies therefor; but these had been collected at Newbern in readiness, and now the railroad and wagon roads were taxed to their utmost capacity to bring them to the front. The troops left at Kinston to guard our communications saw trains of from 200 to 500 wagons come down almost daily, and, loading up from the railroad trains and steamers in the river, return with their valued stores.

March 25th, Sherman ran down to Newbern by rail and took thence a boat to City Point to confer with Grant.

A reorganization of the army was now effected at Goldsboro, and Schofield, receiving the troops of Terry, formed the Army of the Ohio anew, and took his place in the center, in accordance with the programme suggested by Sherman. On the 22d he announced Lieut.-Col. Kennedy, of the 3d New York, as

Chief of Artillery in the Field in his command ; that officer having, at his own request, been relieved as Mustering Officer of the Department of North Carolina and assigned to active service. Kennedy had acted as Mustering Officer since April, 1864. There was now placed under him all the batteries in the field in Schofield's command, thirteen in number.

Sherman returned to Goldsboro on the 30th of March, and resumed the study of "the grand and beautiful game of war." He proposed to make his next move to the support of Gen. Grant. April 30th orders were issued to that effect, the army to march on the 10th northward on the line of the Weldon Railroad to the Roanoke. Schofield prepared therefor and brought up Battery G, from Kinston, the day the order was issued. By his direction, the same day, Batteries C, D, G and I, of the 3d New York, were detached from the District of Beaufort, and constituted the reserve artillery brigade of his Army of the Ohio, under the command of the Chief of Artillery in the Field.

Tidings of the Union victories at Petersburg changed the programme. Grant telegraphed, "Push Johnston and let us finish up this job at once."

Sherman immediately ordered an advance on Smithfield, where Johnston was encamped in force. The march began on the 10th. The Confederates fell back. We occupied Smithfield till the 12th, when, hearing of the surrender of Lee, Sherman made a rush for Raleigh, entering and passing through on the 13th. Johnston still kept out of his way, and fell rapidly back. Our army was rushing eagerly on, on the 14th, extending its flanks to prevent Johnston escaping, when the latter sent in a flag of truce and asked for an armistice. It was granted, and the Union and Confederate armies halted, within striking distance of each other, to permit of negotiations for a surrender. Gen. Schofield encamped at Raleigh. The armistice was protracted till the 26th, Gen. Grant meanwhile coming down to give Sherman his counsel in regard to the situation. On the 26th, the whole army, infantry and artillery, was called under arms for an advance, but Johnston came to terms thereupon at once. The four years' war for the Union was over, and the integrity of the Republic was saved.

There is little further to tell concerning the 3d Artillery's experiences in the field with Sherman. Encamping at Raleigh, the four light Batteries remained there till the 2d of June. During this time there was a grand review of the whole army, lasting three days. It took a whole day to review Schofield's command

alone. Col. Stewart came up to attend this. He stood by the side of Sherman, in the principal street of the city, as the artillery brigade, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Kennedy, passed, and received the General's warm commendation on the soldierly bearing and splendid appearance of the 3d New York Batteries, with their guns gleaming like burnished gold, as they moved by in review. They were by all odds the handsomest in the whole artillery brigade. The General spoke approvingly of Batteries B and F, which he recollected as having seen at Coosawhatchie and Pocotaligo, having heard of their exploits in that department, and, after the review, alluding to C, D, G, and I again, he told Col. Stewart that he had never seen finer looking volunteer artillery than the 3d New York.

June 2d, Gen. Schofield ordered the 3d New York Batteries to proceed at once to Newbern, by easy marches, turn over their guns and get ready to go home. On the 5th, Lieut.-Col. Kennedy was relieved from duty as Chief of Artillery in the Field, and directed to rejoin his regiment.

The light Batteries found Battery A already in Newbern on their arrival. It had been sent thither from Kinston, April 18th.

Gen. Schofield issued the following orders to the troops of the Department of North Carolina, on the 13th of June. He said: "The time has arrived when I must bid farewell to many of my old comrades of the Army of the Ohio, and doubtless the time will soon come when we all must separate. It is a farewell tinged with no feeling of sadness, save for the loss of our brave comrades who have fallen. Our thoughts at parting are of duty faithfully done, of hardships and dangers bravely met, of battles fought and victories won, of our glorious Union saved from destruction and more firmly re-established on the basis of freedom for all, of dear homes and friends to which we are returning, rendered ten-fold more dear by the price it has cost us to preserve them, and of the grateful welcome that awaits us among our friends and countrymen. * * * My comrades, I bid you farewell, and may Almighty God bless and reward you for your patriotism and fidelity in the cause of Liberty and Union."

June 15th, the five Batteries at Newbern, with the field and staff of the regiment, were ordered home for muster out.

XVI.

MUSTERING OUT—GENERAL STATISTICS.

Muster Out Statistics—The Battles of the Regiment—General Reflections.

With the month of May, 1865, ended the necessity for the existence of the larger part of the Army of the Union. The rebel armies had dispersed. Civil government had been re-established in the Southern States. Telegraphic orders were accordingly issued from time to time during May and June, from the War Department, for the muster out of the various classes of volunteer troops. June 19th, orders were issued for the Batteries in the department of North Carolina to go home, and other orders, about the same time, for those in the Military Division of the James and the Department of the South, to do the same. The batteries in Virginia, viz: E, H, K and M, were the first to comply. Their final muster-out rolls having been, at the cost of much overhauling of papers and an immense amount of penmanship, properly made out, they turned over their guns and equipments at Richmond to the United States Quartermaster, and received their honorable discharge from the service. Transportation was furnished them by rail *via* Elmira and Binghamton to Syracuse, N. Y., where they were paid off, and then scattered to their homes. Batteries A, C, D, G, I, and L, turned over their guns and equipments in Newbern, which was the designated depot therefor, and, with the field and staff, took boats thence for New York city. They went on to Albany and Syracuse, and were discharged and paid off in the latter place. Batteries B and F left their guns in Charleston, taking receipts

from the Quartermaster, and went home *via* Washington. They mustered out in Syracuse.

The membership of the regiment at the final winding up of its affairs was 2,200. The total number of men received into it, from first to last, was 4,408. Its membership at the different stages of its career (not counting the 1st New York Battery, the so-called Battery L), was as follows:—

1861—May 22, 742; July 1, 729; August 1, 712; September 1, 639; October 1, 619; November 1, 600; December 1, 542.

1862—January 1, 657; February 1, 681; March 1, 1,093; April 1, 1,336; May 1, 1,317; June 1, 1,314; July 1, 1,303; August 1, 1,293; September 1, 1,271; October 1, 1,475; November 1, 1,600; December 1, 1,604.

1863—January 1, 1,698; February 1, 1,572; March 1, 1,570; April 1, 1,539; May 1, 1,445; June 1, 893; July 1, 873; August 1, 876; September 1, 862; October 1, 860; November 1, 1,048; December 1, 1,048.

1864—January 1, 1,048; February 1, 1,074; March 1, 1,101: April 1, 1,504; May 1, 1,716; June 1, 1,705; July 1, 1,675; August 1, 1,675; September 1, 1,645; October 1, 1,905; November 1, 2,488. December 1, 2,550.

1865—January 1, 2,529; February 1, 2,372; March 1, 2,370; April 1, 2,177; May 1, 2,160; June 1, 2,200.

The regiment lost by disease, 247 men: killed in action, 15; taken prisoners and died in Andersonville, Florence and Richmond prisons, 70; wounded in action, 233; lost by desertions (bounty jumpers, &c.) 347. It also lost 11 guns in action—10 by capture, 1 by explosion.

The regiment fought 64 battles, sieges and skirmishes, participating prominently and with credit in some of the most important and decisive of the war. The names and dates of these are presented for recapitulation herewith. They are as follows:

Martinsburg, Virginia, June 11, 1861.
Lovettsville, Virginia, August 9, 1861.
Fort Macon, North Carolina, April 25, 1862.
Washington, North Carolina, September 6, 1862.
Rawles Mills, North Carolina, November 2, 1862.
South West Creek, North Carolina, December 13, 1862.
Kinston, North Carolina, December 14, 1862.
Whitehall, North Carolina, December 16, 1862.
Goldsboro, North Carolina, December 17, 1862.
Springbank, North Carolina, December 17, 1862.
Newbern, North Carolina, March 14, 1863.
Deep Gully, North Carolina, March 13, 1863.

Blount's Creek, North Carolina, April 9, 1863.
Gum Swamp, North Carolina, May, 1863.
Core Creek, North Carolina, May, 1863.
Bachelor's Creek, North Carolina, May, 1863.
Seabrook Island, South Carolina, June 18, 1863.
Bombardment of Fort Sumter, South Carolina, July, 1863.
Tarboro, North Carolina, July, 1863.
Fort Wagner, South Carolina, July 18, 1863.
Siege of Fort Wagner, South Carolina, July 18 to September 5, 1863.
Morris Island, South Carolina, August 22 to August 30, 1863.
Camden Court House, Virginia, November 3, 1863.
Dismal Swamp, Virginia, November 3, 1863.
Bombardment of Fort Sumter, South Carolina, November 2 to November 5, 1863.
Newbern, North Carolina, February 1 to February 4, 1864.
Bachelor's Creek, North Carolina, February 1, 1864.
Beech Grove, North Carolina, February 2, 1864.
Brice's Creek, North Carolina, February 2, 1864.
Folly Island, South Carolina, February 9, 10, and 11, 1864.
Fort Clifton, Virginia, May 9, 1864.
Harrison's Church, Virginia, May 11, 1864.
Drury's Bluff, Virginia, May 13, 14, 15, and 16, 1864.
Harrison's Plantation, Virginia, May 15, 1864.
Spring Hill, Virginia, May 18, 1864.
Fort Powhatan, Virginia, May 21, 1864.
Wilson's Wharf, Virginia, May 24, 1864.
Siege of Petersburg, Virginia, May, to taking of Petersburg, Virginia, 1864.
Ruffin's farm, Virginia, June 16, 1862.
Petersburg, Virginia, June 16, 1864.
Walthal Farm, Virginia, June, 1864.
Druid's Fields, Virginia, 1864.
Dutch Gap, September, 1864.
Chapin's Farm, Virginia, September 29 and 30, 1864.
Fort Harrison, Virginia, September 29 and 30, 1864.
Fort Burnham, Virginia, October 3, 1864.
Fort Burnham, Virginia, October 7, 1864.
Rebel iron clads, James river, Virginia, October 22, 1864.
Honey Hill, Georgia, November 30, 1864.
Deveaux Neck, Georgia, December 7, 1864.
Camp Holley, Virginia, December 10, 1864.
Gardner's Bridge, North Carolina, December 9, 1864.
Foster's Mills, North Carolina, October 10, 1864.

Butler's Bridge, North Carolina, October 12, 1864.
Point Comfort, North Carolina. February, 1865.
Wise's Forks, North Carolina, March 7, 8, 9, and 10, 1865.
Richmond, Virginia, April 3, 1865.
Plymouth siege, North Carolina, April 20, 1864.
Johns Island, South Carolina, February 1, 1864 and July 9, 1864.
James Island, South Carolina, July 9, 1864.
South Mills, North Carolina, 1864.
Pocotaligo, South Carolina, July 8, 1864.
Camden, South Carolina, April, 1865.
Ashepoo, South Carolina, February 8, 1865.

In view of the number of bloody engagements on this long list, the non-military reader may find himself musing on the slight losses of the regiment in killed and wounded. It is natural to form an opinion of the extent and value of the services of a regiment on the number of its casualties. Thus, we know, as a matter of course, that the 75th New York, the 111th, the 160th and 138th, (all regiments from Cayuga county,) did gallantly in action and were in the thickest of hotly fought battles, because they were so thinned down by bullet and shell. But it would be incorrect in the highest degree to found opinions of that sort, in regard to regiments of artillery, on such a basis. Artillery has a different mission on the battle field and fights in a different way. As a rule, it fights at long range and under the cover of earthworks or crests of hills. Infantry, as a rule, fights at short range and is more exposed. Artillery inflicts terrible injury, but incurs little. So far, in fact, is it from being true that the value or extent of the services of artillery is tested by its losses of men and horses that the reverse is actually the case. It is a military axiom, to use the language of Gen. Barry, the greatest artillerist in our army during the war, that the value of the services of batteries and battery commanders on the field of battle is shown "by their skill and judgment in so covering their batteries, that even under a heavy fire, their losses and expenditures are small," due attention, of course, having been first paid to the securing the greatest efficacy of fire. The fewness of casualties in the 3d Artillery, considering its active participation in great battles and long sieges, is, therefore, a circumstance that stands to its credit.

A better idea of the usefulness of the regiment will be gained by considering what it accomplished. And first, in battle, the execution of its batteries was fearful. It was one of the great characteristics of the regiment that it could not be excelled in

any department in which it served for its intelligence and proficiency in handling its guns and its accuracy of fire. The regiment was famous for it, and at Kinston, Goldsboro, Washington, Johns Island, Honey Hill, Drury's Bluff, Petersburg and Wise's Forks, the slaughter it inflicted will compare favorably with that inflicted by the infantry and in several of these actions was undoubtedly greater. In many of these and other battles, it won the day, and in some it saved the army from disaster.

In the sieges its record is equally good. Nothing that field guns could do could be done any quicker or surer by any batteries in the service than by those of the 3d Artillery. It could shut up a hostile redoubt, clean a parapet of sharpshooters, knock down a signal tower, scatter a working party, or repulse a charge, with a facility that invariably won the admiration of commanders and men. At Macon it did more than all others to obtain that glorious victory. In North Carolina, the posts it garrisoned sustained heavy attacks and sieges, and in all the varying fortunes of war in that State never lost a fort, redoubt, or post. Battery L (the old 24th New York) was at Plymouth in April, 1864, when that place was taken, but that was nearly a year before the battery joined the regiment.

Though less showy, the services of the regiment in building, mounting the armament of, and garrisoning the forts which made our foothold in North Carolina impregnable, and in doing general engineer duty, were not less useful. Its moral power was also great, and subserved two valuable ends. It deterred the rebels from assaulting our fortified posts in anything but strong force, so that when they did set active operations on foot against us, they had to withdraw large bodies of troops from their other armies therefor. It also contributed largely to detain a large force of rebel troops continually in the State to guard the points exposed to the powerful expeditions which our Generals in North Carolina were able at various times, and liable at all times, to send out.

While the regiment was yet an infantry organization it did valuable service, and was one of the most useful regiments in the division to which it was assigned. It was always ready to fight. It did heavy guard and picket duty throughout its whole Virginia and Maryland experience. It did valuable engineering duty at Muddy Branch and Hancock. For a long period, it guarded the supply trains of the division—an important trust. And in the blaze of summer, the rains and mud of fall, and the asperities of winter, it bore the hardships of long marches and almost shelterless bivouacs with readiness and unmurmuring endurance.

We can only add that, in its services, in the standing and ability of its officers, and in the character and morals of its men, the 19th Infantry and 3d Artillery was an honor to the County, in which it took its origin, and to the Empire State, in spite of the cloud that overhangs some of its earlier days.

FINIS.

MUSTER ROLLS

OF THE

19TH NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS

AND

3D NEW YORK ARTILLERY.

MUSTER ROLL.

Names and Final Rank of Every Member of the 19th New York Volunteer Infantry and 3d New York Volunteer Artillery, Except Deserters; With Dates of Rank and Muster Out (or Promotion) of Officers, and Specification of those Who Died in the Service.*

FIELD AND STAFF.

Colonels—John S. Clark, May 17, 1861; resigned Dec. 23, 1861. James H. Ledlie, Nov. 18, 1861; promoted to Brigadier-General Dec. 24, 1862. Charles H. Stewart, Jan. 1, 1863; mustered out July 15, 1865.

Lieutenant-Colonels—Clarence A. Seward, May 17, 1861; resigned Sept. 28, 1861. James H. Ledlie, Sept. 28, 1861; promoted. Charles H. Stewart, Dec. 23, 1861; promoted. Henry M. Stone, Jan. 1, 1863; died of yellow fever at Newbern, May 20, 1864. Terence J. Kennedy, Oct. 2, 1864; mustered out July 15, 1865.

Majors—James H. Ledlie, May 17, 1861; promoted. Charles H. Stewart, Dec. 23, 1861; promoted. Henry M. Stone, Dec. 23, 1861; promoted. Solomon Giles, Jan. 23, 1862; resigned May 22, 1863. Terence J. Kennedy, Jan. 23, 1862; promoted. Edwin S. Jenney, Jan. 1, 1863; mustered out Sept. 22, 1864. Theodore H. Schenck, Sept. 30, 1863; mustered out with the regiment July 15, 1865. William S. Bull, Nov. 30, 1864; never joined regiment. Wm. J. Riggs, Sept. 23, 1864; mustered out July 15, 1865. James R. Angel, appointed Brevet-Major by the President to rank from March 13, 1865.

Adjutants—Henry M. Stone, May 17, 1861; promoted. J. Fred. Dennis, Dec. 23, 1861; returned to Battery E Nov. 18, 1862; mustered out June 2, 1863. Alex. H. Davis, Nov. 18, 1862; promoted to Captain and A. A. G. on Gen. Ledlie's staff Dec. 24, 1862. James S. Fuller, returned to Battery E. Geo. W. Leonard, 2d, Dec. 24, 1863; relieved at his own request March 9, 1865. Jay E. Storke, April 14, 1865; mustered out with regiment.

Surgeons—Theodore Dimon, May 17, 1861; mustered out June 3, 1863. Wm. W. Knight, June 3, 1863; resigned June 1, 1864. Alfred D. Wilson, May 24, 1864; mustered out with regiment.

Assistant-Surgeons—Benj. W. Howard, May 17, 1861; appointed Surgeon in regular army Sept. 11, 1861. Wm. W. Knight, Oct. 17, 1861; promoted. Bradford S. Manly, June 30, 1863; appointed Surgeon 1st U. S. Cavalry Dec. 11, 1863. Archibald E. Mudie, March 22, 1864; resigned May 6, 1865. Francis W. Benjamin, Sept. 15, 1864; mustered out with regiment.

Chaplains—Henry W. Fowler, June 1, 1861; resigned Sept. 30, 1861. William Hart, Oct. 17, 1861; resigned May 20, 1863.

* The names of the men of the 19th are taken from the Muster-In Rolls of the regiment and from the regimental descriptive book. Those of the 3d Artillery from the Final Muster Out Rolls.

Quartermasters—John Chedell, May 17, 1861; resigned July 31, 1862. Fred. W. Prince, Aug. 1, 1862; resigned Feb. 24, 1863. Samuel B. Tobey, Jr., April 25, 1863; relieved at his own request Dec. 31, 1863. Paul Fay, Dec. 3, 1863; same, May 17, 1864. Wm. A. Kelsey, May 17, 1864; promoted Sept. 23, 1864. Ogilvie D. Ball, Feb. 25, 1865; mustered out with regiment.

Commissary—George E. Ashby, July 1, 1861; promoted March 10, 1862.

State Paymaster—Paul B. Woodruff, May 17, 1861.

Sergeant-Majors—F. G. Smith, May 22, 1861; reduced Oct. 31, 1861. James Fuller, Nov. 1, 1861; promoted. George E. Sherwood, April 10, 1862; mustered out June 2, 1863. Milan B. Goodrich, June 20, 1863; promoted March 8, 1864. Jay E. Storke, May 3, 1864; promoted Dec. 26. Charles E. Waldron, March 4, 1865; mustered out with regiment.

Commissary-Sergeants—George Humphrey, July 12, 1861; reduced July 23, 1862. E. C. Manning, July 23, 1862; promoted to 1st Lieutenant 1st Union N. C. Vols. April 26, 1863; mustered out June 2. James VanVleck, Aug. 1, 1863; promoted Sept. 14. E. Barton Wood, Oct. 13, 1863; appointed Quartermaster-Sergeant Dec. 16. Albert C. Devendorf, Dec. 16, 1863; promoted Oct. 2, 1864. Amos H. Dean, Jan. 20, 1865; appointed Quartermaster-Sergeant April 4. Geo. H. Wright, April 4, 1865; mustered out with regiment.

Quartermaster-Sergeants—Samuel Tobey, Aug. 12, 1851; promoted March 10, 1862. Paul Jay, March 10, 1862; promoted Jan. 1. Geo. W. Leonard, April 25, 1863; promoted July 3. Burton S. Mills, Oct. 12, 1864; appointed 1st Lieutenant in 1st N. C. Col. Art. Feb. 22, 1865. Amos H. Dean, April 4, 1865; promoted April 25.

Hospital Stewards—Charles A. Caulkins, May 22, 1861; discharged by order McClellan March 4, 1862. Reuben R. Worth, March 4, 1862; reduced Dec. 9. Ulysses Jeffrey, Dec. 9, 1862; mustered out June 2, 1863. Geo. F. Liebman, June 3, 1863; mustered out Oct. 8, 1864. Wm. F. Eldridge, Jan. 28, 1865; mustered July 15, 1865. J. Rowland Brownell, Oct. 7, 1864; reduced Dec. 17.

Drum Majors—C. Higgenbotham; transferred to band. Andrew Hollenbeck, Jan. 1, 1862; mustered out Jan. 1, 1863.

Fife Major—Hiram C. Adle, May 22, 1861; reduced Sept. 29, 1862.

THE BAND.

[Enlisted by Major Giles, Nov. 19, 1861. Mustered out as a Band, May 2, 1862, by order of Gen. Burnside, and consolidated.]

Sherwood S. Ball, Oran D. Bates,* Ashbel W. Carr, Henry C. Carr,* Geo. E. Carr, Robert A. Dyer, Calvin F. Daggett,* Thomas Egan, Benj. V. Fowler, Henry F. Funk; James C. Gould, died at Hancock, March 1, 1862, of fever; Henry L. Hall, Charles H. Herberner, Thomas W. Judson,* Wilbur F. Leete, Lester Martin, Lemuel Peabody, Erastus H. Pierre, Edward M. Parmelee.

COMPANY "A," 19TH INFANTRY.

[Consolidated May 22, 1863, and two years' men mustered out June 2d.]

Captains—John T. Baker, April 25, 1861; resigned Nov. 7. Charles White, Nov. 5, 1861; June 2, 1863.

First Lieutenants—Charles Tomlinson, Nov. 5, 1861; mustered out with company. John T. Potter, April 10, 1862; same.

Sergeants—David McCreery, Barnett Nagle, Edgar B. Warren, David F. Bottewell, Robert Haynes, Van Buren Wilkinson, Wm. Ferguson, Wm. H. Hurd.

Corporals—Bradford W. Doud, Bishop E. Ames, Murray Chatfield, Orson Clark, Peter V. Greenman, Frank W. Payne, George W. Monroe, David Thompson, James Clark, Frank Putnam, E. H. Spencer.

Drummer—Frederick D. Wright.

Fifer—Charles Anthony.

* Discharged May 2, 1862.

Privates—Wm. Ashton, Charles W. Bancroft, Chester D. Barnes, Charles Beitz, Andrew Bower, Wm. H. Boynton, David F. Bothwell, Charles W. Brokaw, Orange E. Birch, Henry Brown, Charles A. Caulkins, Willis Collier, Myron B. Cranson, Isaac Cordon, Fayette Choate, John B. Coyle, Henry C. Cobb, Wm. H. Crosier, Jas. R. Dady, John H. Davidson, Wm. Dresser, Lorenzo Daniels, John J. Duratt, James Dyer, David Everts, Robert E. Firth, Wm. Frair, Daniel W. Goodridge, John Frost, Thomas H. Furness, Rollin S. Giffin, Moses Grant, Charles Grover, Fayette Hungerford, Lyman T. Haines, Franklin O. Hayden, Peter E. Hummel, Charles T. Higgenbotham, Frederick Hitchcock, Danniel H. Hopping; Henry Hoagland, died Dec. 15, 1861; Wm. H. Hopping, Jasper Howe, Ulysses F. Jeffries, Jotham Jayne, Horace S. Johnson, George W. Johnson, Charles H. Kirkpatrick, Henry C. King, Joseph Kennedy, John W. Law, Henry Loveland, John Lynd, James M. Law, Orlando Lillie, John F. Lowe, Abner Livingston, Thomas H. Marks, George A. Mosher, Albert W. Moulton, Henry McNab, James Marks, Charles S. Nelson, Dwight Powers, Charles Patten, James Peterson, John H. Pomeroy, Thomas E. Post, Esquire C. Pollock; Charles E. Quigley, died at Hancock, Feb. 18, 1862; David Ray, Charles H. Richardson, Joseph Rundle, H. J. E. Roffee, Frank G. Smith, Wm. Spinner, Marcellus S. Slater, Alfred Spoor, Joseph Spoor, Wm. C. Smith, Ralton B. Stalker, David W. Stowart, George H. Stringham, Wm. E. Sandford, Wm. Swetland, Judah N. Taylor, Giles Taylor, John Theurer, Samuel B. Tobey, Jr., Major Truax, Oscar E. Van Buskirk, Frank O. Vanderheyden, Wm. H. Van Tassel, Charles C. Whipple, Myron Watts, T. D. Walker, Wm. Whipple, Daniel Wilcox, John Wall, Henry L. Warner, Edward D. Wheaton, Richard S. White, Elijah White.

BATTERY "A," 3D ARTILLERY.

[Mustered out July 3, 1865.]

Captain—Samuel P. Russell, Sept. 23, 1864; mustered out with Battery.

First Lieutenants—Wm. Richardson, Sept. 3, 1864; and Charles H. Davis, mustered out with Battery.

Second Lieutenants—Edwin C. Rockwell, Sept. 23, '64; and Edward Cunningham, Sept. 22, 1864; mustered out with Battery.

Sergeants—James W. Sunderlin, George H. Battams, Willis G. Watson, Samuel Edmonds, David Thompson, Philip A. Faatz, John I. Brinkerhoff, Nelson Johnson, Nathaniel A. Pike, Wm. Ferguson.

Corporals—Josiah B. Brinkerhoff, Erastus W. Allen, George H. Stringham, Edward Eeles, Bowen B. Harkness, Erastus Smith, Theo. Kelsey, John E. Bidwell, Artemus W. Bodman, Wm. E. Dedrick, Demerick Pease, Alex. Metlack, David Thompson, Charles P. White, Edward A. Ladue.

Buglers—Wm. Blakely, Charles P. Wilkins, Jr.

Privates—John Able, Wm. A. Appleton, Charles Applegate, Jr., James B. Annin, Englebert Addis, Jos. A. Adams, Hamilton Applegate, Eli P. Babcock, John Brennan, Edwd. Brennan, Albert Bruce, Jr., Thos. G. Bell, Jos. Bulhand, A. S. Bostwick, A. R. Boynton, Wm. Brown, Martin J. Balliet, David Bulkley, Wm. L. Brannan, M. Bohan, Robert O. Burgess, Francis R. Bourell, John Brady, Charles B. Bonta, Sam'l E. Bevier, Jas. V. Butts, Alva B. Botsford, John C. Brown, Mason L. Butts, Charles H. Bristol, Francis W. Barnard, Wm. Bascom, J. B. Berry, Patrick Buckley, Chester Bills, Hiram Blalsdell, Wm. Breckenridge, Darwin F. Brinsdale; Charles L. Brown, died at Newbern, Oct. 28, 1864, of yellow fever; John S. Cummings, Ransom Clark, Cuyler W. Coates, Bradford Cleaveland, Charles Carter, John Clark, Thomas Carlin, Eugene Conklin, Henry Cook, Andrew A. Coe, Almon Case, John H. Conklin, Andrew Copp, Justice A. Chaffee, Jas. Castler, David Crayton, Anson Collison, John Crayton, Edwin H. Carpenter, Martin V. Covert, Jos. M. Cooley, James McConnell; Jerome S. Chaffee, died at Newbern, April 29, 1865, of inflammation of the lungs; Wm. O. Duvall, Jr., Hulbert Duratt, John M. Dawson, David Demell, Levi Decker; Martin Douglass, died at Roanoke Island, Nov. 27, 1864, of fever; Florence Donahue; Charles S. Dexter, died at Newbern, Oct. 28, 1864, of yellow fever; James Dunn, died at Newbern, Jan. 19, 1865; George J. Easterbrooks, Jos. S. Elston, Lewis R. Ellis, Moses Ewins, Wm. T. Eldridge, Wm. Ferguson, John Flattery, Hiram Follett, Henry W. Fay, Thomas Ferguson, John Frost, Thomas Foley, James P. Fanning, Levi Fuller, Wm. Fiero, Moses R. Gilbert, Ephraim Godfrey, Rollin S. Giffin, James Griffin, George D. Gillett, Squire E. Hopper, Sylvester S. Hubbard, Jos. W. Hammonds, John Hunter, Corydon Haines, Hiram Harknell, Da-

vid Hibbard, Martin H. Hompe, Lyman Hawes, Henry D. Hurley, Patrick Hallan, Fred. Hitchcock, John W. Hallett, Delos Harring, Amos Holcomb, Wm. H. Harknell, Benj. F. Hatch; George Henderson, died May 7, 1865, of typhoid fever; James Kerns, Andrew G. Kemp, John Kelley, Ambrose J. Knapp, Samuel Kemp, Charles E. Knapp, Edward A. Ladue, James Lantice, Wm. Lyddon, Cassius M. Lince, John Ladue, Joseph Landin, Daniel Lane, Charles W. Lebanon, Adelbert Lawrence, David Lee, Thomas R. Ladue, Charles W. Lewis, John M. W. Mattoon; Nelson Mosher, missing in action near Butler's bridge, N. C., Dec. 12, 1864; Perry N. Miles, Robert Mack, Peter McGovern, John H. Merritt, Wellington W. McIntyre, John McConnell, Andrew J. Mason, Marcus O. Morris, James McConnell, Theo. S. McKissick, Patrick Mesket, Wm. H. Mulloy, Thomas Murray, John McKeon, James S. McKissick; Jas. A. Morrison, died at Newbern, Nov. 16, 1864, of typhoid fever; Cornelius W. Mattoon, died at New York, April 24, 1865; James H. Nelson, Volney S. Nelson, Michael Nolan, Alba Naracon, James Prime, John Page, George H. Phillips, Asa B. Pidge, John E. Rice, John Rattigan, Lee Rusco, L. A. Ransier, Frank Raines, Jas. A. Randall, John H. Smith, Andrew H. Smith, Thomas H. Strong, John Sutcliffe, Samuel Sperrin, David D. Sheldon, David, B. Sturgis, Henry D. Squires, Edwin M. Scott, John G. Slawson, John Seeley, Patrick Smith, Hiram Stewart, George A. Swan, Delancey D. Stone, Henry M. Selover, Wm. A. Stone, John L. Selover, Dexter Smith, Squire O. Stockwell, James Sperl, Charles A. Turnier, Jos. Thompson, John M. Thomas, Ausmer O. Titus, Simon Townsend, Jos. B. Turner, Andrew J. Tuttle, Wm. A. Tuttle, John Van Alstyne, Fred. Van Alstyne; Wm. H. Van Wagner, died at Newbern, Oct. 5, 1864, of fever; Charles R. White, Alex. Wallace, Milo Webster, John M. West, Franklin Whalen, John Wright, Albert D. Wheeler, John Williams; George W. Werner, died in the service; Horatio Yates.

COMPANY "B," 19TH INFANTRY.

[Consolidated February 22, 1862.]

Captain—Terence J. Kennedy, April 24, 1861; promoted to Major 3d Artillery, Jan. 23, 1862.

First Lieutenant—John Polson, resigned Jan: 24, 1862.

Second Lieutenant—Henry C. Day, resigned Feb. 6, 1862.

Sergeants—Andrew J. Cowan, Wm. H. Gault, David C. Hutchinson, William H. Barnes.

Corporals—Walter H. Rodgers, George Burt, Albert F. Adle, Edgar H. Titus.

Drummer—Theo. M. Brown.

Fifer—Hiram C. Adle.

Privates—Wm. H. Baxter, Howard Beardsley, James H. Betts, James Blackman, John L. Blowers, Nicholas C. Bradt, Cornelius Bradt; Thomas Burns, died Feb. 28, 1863; George Brill, Jonathan Bush, Van Buren Carlton, Wm. P. Culver, Thomas S. Devoe, Jervis E. Daniels, Adelbert Dady, John Dunn, Lycurgus Ellis, Edwin Evans, Charles H. Fowler, James Frazee, Charles Green, Theodore Goff, John Groves, Wm. H. Garrett, Geo. Hicks, Edwin Hall, George Hall, Isaac S. Hall, Healey G. Harmon, Charles Harris, Henry L. Hall, Edwin A. Havens, Edward Howard, Henry F. Jenner, Hiram Johnson, Wm. H. Johnson, Charles Johnson, Allen Kilburn, John Long, Wm. Leach, Albert A. Lewis, John Mabey, Winchester G. Mattison, George McGee, Thomas McLaughlin, Charles Monroe, Thaddeus J. Murphy, Thomas J. O'Hara, Elias Ostrander, John S. Palmer, Esquire C. Pollock, Wm. H. Pollock, James E. Portingale, Charles W. Rash, Conrad Raskoff, Robert Riley, A. B. Rockwood, Theo. Rogers, John Shea, Wm. P. Siddons, John Smagg, Franklin D. Smith, Elisha W. Stanton, Charles Sweet; Harlow Sherwood, accidentally shot at Hancock, Feb. 18, 1862; Amos Thompson, Edward Timmons, Stephen Utter, Frederick Vandenburg, John D. Van Dusen, James Van Gorder, Richard H. Weaver, Flavius J. Webster, Samuel Winters.

BATTERY "B," 3D ARTILLERY.

[Mustered out July 13, 1865.]

Captains—Joseph J. Morrison, Dec. 18, 1861; appointed Colonel, 16th New York Artillery. James E. Ashcroft, assigned to the Battery in 1863; mustered out June

22, 1864. Thomas J. Mercereau, Oct. 3, 1864; mustered out with Battery July 13, 1865.

First Lieutenants—Samuel Clark Day, promoted to Captain of F. Edward A. Wildt, Jan. 18, 1862; died Nov. 30, 1864, of wounds received at Honey Hill, S. C. Geo. C. Breck, Jan. 27, 1864; mustered out July 13, 1865. Geo. H. Crocker, Nov. 15, 1864; mustered out with Battery July 13, 1865.

Second Lieutenants—John W. Hees, Jan. 23, 1861; promoted and transferred. Daniel Folk, Jan. 27, 1862; same. Richard Jones, March 2, 1865, and Thos. H. L. Martin, May 1, 1865; mustered out July 13, 1865.

Sergeants—Charles W. Klopsch, James Yates, Daniel Sneeshall, Joseph Collins, Gardner D. Gould, Nelson Elliott, Jas. M. Staples, Geo. E. Fisher, Patrick Lahan, Hamilton Otis, Ansel Holmes, Miles T. Crocker, John B. French, Stephen O. Whitmore, Jacob D. Pennell, Sam'l D. Vanderheyden.

Corporals—Edgar A. Sanders, Henry B. Greenway, Ralph Somers, Edgar J. Lyons, Charles Gunn, Jacob D. Pennell, James Gray, David Sterling, Thomas Holihan, Chas. D. Philips, Geo. W. Howe, Aaron Bellows, Geo. J. Greening, Wm. B. White, Henry S. Dickerson, James Hennessy, James Broomfield, John Robinson, James Ferguson, Bennett J. Denson, John E. Huntington, David Kingsley; Geo. P. White, died at Newbern Nov. 28, 1862; Charles Young, died on Seabrook Island July 19, 1863; T. J. Webster, Ferdinand Halstead, Theo. Fisher, Hugh McPike, James Yates.

Buglers—Joseph Helbert, John Ackerman.

Artificers—Fred. Mettel, John Wilson, Darius Matthews, Charles Gunn.

Privates—Stephen Albro; Daniel Abbot, died at Beaufort, S. C., Oct. 26, 1863; Wm. Booth, Alfred Burlew, Albert W. Butler, Wm. Basmer, Charles H. Branch, Friend Baker, Henry Borke, Lee Bookstaver, Loren S. Bradley, James Broomfield, Jno. W. Bennett, Henry Baurlin, John Buchanan, Frank Barney; Jacob Baurlin, died in the service; Egbert Codner, Charles Counsell, Henry H. Cornwell, Silas Criss, Wm. P. Crowell, David B. Cannovan, Sylvester Corey, Jacob Cordes, Wm. E. Curry, Pat. Curneen; Eugene Cypher, died on Morris Island, Oct. 11, 1863; Alex. Campbell, Wm. Crawford, Peter Colburn, Geo. D. Clark, died Nov. 19, 1862, at Newbern; Saml. Chambers, died Jan. 16, 1865; Joel Coon, Jos. H. Davy; Alfred Durbin, died at Hilton Head, Feb. 27, 1864; Franklin Duncan, died on Morris Island, Dec. 3, 1863; Lawrence Donlan, Wm. Duffy, Abram Dean, Henry J. Dickerson, Geo. Dachart, Loren Demond, Patrick Davy, Martin Demond, Samuel Durbin, Waterman L. Davis, John Durgy, Mortimer Durgy, James Dunn, Hugh Donovan, Daniel O. Driscoll, John Defour, Wm. B. Daniels, Wm. Durbin, Lewis S. Dyer, Chas. H. Dresser; Geo. W. Dinehart, discharged on account of wounds received at Honey Hill, Nov. 30, 1864; Charles English, Jno. S. Earle, Dayton Edward, James H. Eckerson, James Finn, Wm. French, Gilbert B. Follett, Geo. J. Foster, James J. Ferris, John M. Failing, Wm. H. Failing, Walstein A. Failing, Spencer France, Wm. B. Fuller, Harlow Finger, David R. Forrest, John Farrell, James Farrell, Wm. Franklin, Theo. Fisher, David Finger, John M. Fenton; Edwin R. Fish, died at Hilton Head, Nov. 3, 1863; Henry Finlayson, died at David's Island Hospital, April 15, 1864; James R. Grant, Elliott H. Gordon, Charles Gray, Alex. Groom, James Gilmore, Geo. J. Greening, James R. Grant, Michael Galvin, Norman Goodell, Sylvester Griswold, Abner Gilbert, Holland E. Groom; James H. Greening, died Dec. 25, 1864, at Hilton Head, from wounds received at Honey Hill; John Gault, died on Morris Island, Oct. 9, 1863, of disease; Otis Hamilton, John Hill, David W. Hibbard, Geo. Hurd, Johnson Henries, Delos C. Hubbard, Orrin Holcomb, Pat. Holihan, A. Halstead, S. Hombeck, Chas. W. Hammond, Ferdinand Halstead, John Hardin, Albert Henries, Wm. Heathers, Chas. A. Hill, Abram H. Hamblin, Henry L. Hall, Wm. Hogencamp; Newell Hare, died at Newbern, June 18, 1862, of disease; John Hughes, died at Beaufort, S. C., Oct. 31, 1863, of disease; Patrick Halpin, died at Newbern, Oct. 4, 1864, of disease; John W. Ivison, Erastus Jordan; John P. Johnson, died in the service; Sylvanus H. Killicutt, James Knox, John Kiernardt, Thomas Kavanagh; Geo. Kneeshaw, died at Beaufort, S. C., Nov. 10, 1863, of disease; Dennis Long, Wm. R. Laird, Daniel Lyons, Geo. L. Lanterman, Patrick Lahan, Edwin M. Lester, James Logan, Peter Langdon; Edward Lockwood, died at Newbern, May 20, 1862, of fever; John Leach, died in the service; Warren Miller, Darius A. Mathews, John Mahon, Delos W. Marvin, Francis Murray, Pat. Mahon, John McCullough, Robert Munrett, Frank Munrett, Michael Magill, Alex. McCarroll, Michael McKone, Geo. W. Mathews, Stephen Mathews, James McLaughlin, James S. Moore, Andrew McKinney, Martin Myers, Hugh McPipe, John Moran, Geo. H. McLaughlin, Warren Miller, Andrew J. Mathews, John McCann, Charles Murray; Wm. H. Miller, discharged on account of wounds received at Honey Hill; Elias Meister, Lester J. Martin; Patrick Mulligan, died at Hilton Head, July 26, 1863; Frank Male, died on Morris Island, S. C., Dec. 14, 1863; Hugh McPeak, died of disease, at Newburn, June 24, 1864; Horace Morse, died at Newbern, Oct. 4, 1864; Eugene Nye, Marion Olmsted, Willard Olmsted, Joshua K.

Osterhoudt, Dennis O'Keefe, Daniel O'Driscoll, Rhinehardt Osinger, Danl. E. Oakley, Michael O'Hara, Peter Pitman, Joseph Pigeon, Wm. H. Parker, James Porter, James Pringle, Charles E. Penner, Alonzo Powers, Calvin J. Porter, Charles W. Perry, Jacob D. Pennell; Wm. Place, died at Newbern, July 7, 1862; Daniel M. Palmer, died on Morris Island, June 10, 1864; Franklin M. Penner, died at Charleston, S. C., March 15, 1865; Thomas V. Powers, died on Morris Island, Feb. 10, 1865; James Quinn; Thomas Quigley, died on Morris Island, Sept. 28, 1863; Francis M. Rice, Charles Reynolds, David Rosmond, Augustus Roll, Stephen Rogers, Charles A. Rector, Edward Richardson, Elias H. Raymond, John F. Robinson, Lawrence Riley, Wm. Roberts, Thomas Riley, Joseph Stansbury, Henry Simpson, Alfred Sweet, Alfred Snow, Joseph E. Spaulding, Daniel Sneeshall, David Seward, Charles Shank, Seneca Shank, Alex. Simpson, Charles H. Simpson, Michael Smith, Jas. A. Sawyer, James H. Smith, Dennis Sheehan, James M. Simpson, John B. Sturge, Egbert Stephens; Lafayette Seaman, died at Convalescent Camp, Va., Dec. 13, 1863; John Scully died on U. S. ship *Cosmopolitan*, off Morris Island, Aug. 20, 1863; Pat. Sharkey, died at Newbern, July 23, 1862; David Stewart, died at Morris Island, May 17, 1864; Wm. Thompson, Jos. W. Taylor, Jas. B. Travis, John Travis, Sidney Terry, Henry Terry, Michael Taylor, E. A. Travis, Robert Tate, Wm. Tobin; Henry Tilton, died on Morris Island, Sept. 30, 1863, of disease; John Vandenhoof, Geo. W. Van Alstine, John Van Sickle, Samuel Wheeler, Seth Wheeler, Ralph Wheeler, Jeremiah Waite, John A. Waite, Calvin Watson, Chas. F. Weeks, Thomas Williams, Robert White, Thomas J. Webster, Wm. Widner, David Watson, Andrew Watson, Andrew Weaver, Jos. Williamson; Henry Wiley, died at Charleston, S. C., April 14, 1865; Philo S. Young, died at Hilton Head, June 16, 1865.

COMPANY "C," 19TH INFANTRY.

[Consolidated May 22, 1863, and two years' men mustered out June 2.]

Captain—James E. Ashcroft, April 25, 1861; transferred to 3d.

First Lieutenants—Samuel Clark Day, May 22, 1861; transferred to 3d Artillery. Charles B. Randolph, Jan. 24, 1862; mustered out June 2, 1863.

Second Lieutenants—Charles G. Graves, Jan. 24, 1862; resigned April 18, 1863.

Sergeants—Adolphus W. Newton, Alonzo Jordan, Edward C. Manning, William Gunn, David C. Hutchinson, Peter Hummell, George Burt.

Corporals—Andrew S. Hollenbeck, Wm. E. Bishop, Wm. E. Smith, Menzo Griffin, Charles Reed, Patrick Dillon, Levi H. Havens, Wm. P. Harrington, Thaddeus J. Murphy, Wm. Seeley.

Drummer—Joseph Winters, drowned at Kalorama, June 28, 1861.

Fifer—Wm. Seeley.

Privates—Wm. H. Adams, Hiram C. Adle, Nicholas Antoine, Jeremiah Barnard, John Benedict, Cornelius Bradt, Nicholas C. Bradt, Alex. Bowles, Thomas Bartram, Wm. H. Barnes, Wm. H. Baxter, Sherwood S. Ball, Oran D. Bates, Julius Buckley, Wm. Benton, Peter Campbell, James Cavanagh, Robert H. Conwal, Richard D. Connolly, James E. Close, Jeremiah Curran, Patrick Dempsey, Timothy Dillon, John Dunn, John Deuel, John Decker, Eber S. Dunbar, John Dean, Thomas A. Deverall, John Davis; Leroy B. Ellis, died at Baltimore, Oct. 6, 1861; Ira Edwards, Edwin Evans, James French, James Frazee, James Fenton, Samuel Gilbert, John Groves, Chas Gurley, Lewis Gurley, Theo. Goff, Chas. Gray, Geo. Hall, Geo. Hicks, Henry L. Hall, James Hall, Peter Hartsuff, Wm. Hewitt, Leni Howe, Geo. Howe, Thomas Hopper, David Honeywell, Charles A. Hill, Seth H. Haskell, James Haley, Thomas Jefferson, Hiram Johnson, Isaac Jacobson, Wm. H. Johnson, Joseph Keenan, Richard Kolch, Oscar Langford, Theodore Langs, Albert Lewis, James Leary, Daniel W. Loring, George Martin, Henry McLaughlin, James McKenney, John Murray, Bernard McElroy, John Myers, Albert Masters, Winchester G. Mattison, Thomas McLaughlin, Nelson Newman, Marvin Olney, Elias Ostrander, Martin A. Palmer, Albert C. Parker, E. M. Parmelee, John Randall, Conrad Raskoff, Robert Riley, Benjamin Randall, Isaac Rider, James L. Rightmyer, John Ryan, Clark Saunders, Wm. P. Siddons, John Smagg, Thomas Skidmore, James W. Sloat, Charles Sweet, Charles Smith, Peter Jones, Daniel Stieger, Vinton F. Story, Henry B. Seymour, Charles Sweet, Jeremiah Skinner, Ira Swift, Oliver Scandling, Andrew J. Taber, John Twist, Charles Van Tassel, John D. Van Dusen, Henry Van Buren; George West, died at Hancock, April 13, 1862; Marcellus Weir, Alonzo Williams, Hiram Wood, Flavius J. Webster.

BATTERY "C," 3D ARTILLERY.

[Mustered out July 14, 1865.]

Captain—Wm. E. Mercer, August 31, 1863; mustered out with Battery.
First Lieutenants—James S. McVey, Sept. 28, 1863; mustered out with Battery. Enoch Jones, Aug. 13, 1863; transferred March 4, 1865. George W. Leonard, 2d, May 2, 1864; mustered out July 14, 1865. Ezra B. Wood, March 4, 1865; resigned May 10.
Second Lieutenants—Wm. H. Sanford, Aug. 31, 1863; transferred July 27, 1864. Clinton D. Starring, Sept. 1, 1863; transferred Aug. 26, 1864. Ogilvie D. Ball, Aug. 27, 1864; transferred Feb. 25, 1865. Wm. H. Coffin, March 4, 1865; and Martin Webster, April 30, 1865; mustered out with Battery.
Sergeants—Edward Stanley, Oliver T. Seymour, David Wilkinson, Charles Jones, Charles M. Bates, Charles A. Nelson, John Kane, Thomas Peet, Wm. H. Goodrich, Edwin D. Lisher, Edgar W. Seymour, Henry Kilburn, Evan J. Evans.
Corporals—Joseph Wicks, Emery J. Abbott, Americus Miller, Wm. D. Jones, Wm. W. Burdick, M. R. Dickinson, George S. Bradley, Wm. Kirkner, Curtis D. Washburn, Charles A. Walker, Thomas Welch, Daniel B. Sanford, Daniel T. Santry, Albert T. Jones, John Russell; Lucius L. Prescott, died Jan. 17, 1864, of wounds received from an explosion of ammunition; Ezra B. Wood, Charlemagne T. Burley, David C. Hawley. Myron A. Babcock, Benjamin Shepard, Charles Walker, Charles Cook, H. S. Omans.
Buglers—Stephen J. Whitton, Wm. E. Webber.
Artificer—Wm. M. Redmond, John W. Stemp.
Wagoner—Gilbert Welch.
Guidon—George P. Hotchkiss.
Privates—John Ackerman, Abram Antone, John Bates, Peter Bean, Wm. Birt, Geo. S. Bradley, Charles Baswort, Thomas H. Bass, Wm. H. Bass, Geo. Buskirk, Edward H. Bice, Jerry H. Burke, Edward Becker, Philo K. Burch, Myron A. Babcock, Wm. W. Burdick, Chancellor G. Ball, Nelson A. Burdick, Wm. M. Beeman, Wm. A. Barton, C. T. Burley, Geo. H. Brown, Harvey L. Brown, Ephraim Bass, Daniel Bourne, David Craig, John Cummings, Thos. F. Castletonham, Wm. Curry, John Caine, Augustus Cook, George Cook, Charles Cook, Francis Cragier, Meredith N. Collins; Ezra A. Cole, died at Kinston, N. C., March 20, 1865; Henry Canfield, Wm. A. Cole, Wm. Conway, Thomas Daley, Daniel Devins, David R. Davis, Henry H. Denneck, Moses R. Dickinson, John F. Downs, Wm. M. Dernon, James F. Dickinson, Daniel Davis, Amos H. Dean, Eugene Dewitt, Davis Evans, Evan J. Evans, Chas. A. Ellis, Joseph Ellis, John M. Ellis, Geo. French, David Finley, Frederick Felshmire, John Fox, Harvey J. Ferris, Alex. J. Flint, Wm. France, Alonzo Fox, Lewis Ford, Charles Farnar; Wm. A. Foster, killed in action at Wise's Forks, N. C., March 8, 1865; Benj. F. Ferry, died in the service; Jas. Grodfellow, Samuel Greenfield, Isaac Gale, Levi Glerchauf, Thos. H. Gay, Wm. B. Gage, Jacob Goodman; Adelbert E. Green, died at Newbern Nov. 1, 1864, of yellow fever; Wm. Griffith, Wesley Grims, Andrus Gardiner, Geo. Greene, Isaac J. Griffith, JoseaW. Hobart, Cyrus W. Hecock, Garrett Houghtaling, Hugh E. Humphrey, David C. Hawley, John Hasty, Michael Howland, Geo.W. Holmes, Dekalb Hummell; Albert F. Holmes, died at Newbern Dec. 7, 1864; Wm. Hick, Wilber F. Hubbard, Geo. Jordan, David Jones, David Jaque, Fred'k Jodrey; John Judge, died at Newbern Oct. 15, 1864, of ague; Geo. Jones, died at Morehead City Dec. 19, 1864; Joseph Keene, Lewis M. Kingsbury, Edwin Kane, John Kelley, Patrick Kahoe, Henry Kilbourne, Geo. H. Kilbourne, Barney Kennedy, Edgar Kane, John W. Lewis, John Lea, Wm. H. Lyons, Nelson Ludington, Henry Landers, Edwin D. Lake, John J. Lewis; Holton Landers, died at Newbern Oct. 11, 1864, of yellow fever; Edward H. Lasher, died at Newbern Jan. 22, 1865, of wounds received fram the explosion of a limber chest; John Lubey, died in field hospital, Raleigh, N. C., May 6, 1865; Geo. Lawton, Dennis Mullens, John McLeod, Christopher Mathews, Fred'k McFall, John Mullaney, Luke Mullaney, Michael McKean, James McWinnie, Jno. P. McCarty, Levi F. Miller, Thos. R. Moon, James McKenna, John H. McLaughlin, Edwin Miller; Eugene Maltby, died at Newbern Jan. 22, 1865; Charles Myers, died at Newbern April 23, 1864; Richard Maher, died at Newbern Nov. 21, 1864, of consumption; Albert Mooney, died at Newbern Dec. 16, 1864; Edward Mack, Cassander Miller, James Mee, John Mayors, Henry S. Omans; Owen Owens, died at Newbern Jan. 12, 1865, of wounds received from the explosion of a limber chest; Thomas O'Brien, James Patterson, George Phelps, Robert Pickett, Wm. Pollitt, Normanders Pier, Denslow Penner, Thomas Pettam, Homer A. Post, Isaac Pier, Calvin Porter; Henry Patterson, died at Newbern, Oct. 29, 1864, of ylelow fever; Lucius L. Prescott, died at Newbern, Jan. 17, 1865, of wounds received from the explosion of a limber chest; James Pendergast, Patrick Qungley, Marion Rhodes, Nicholas Rus-

sell, James Russell, Melvin Root, Dennis Ryan, George Root, Wm. Senbar, John Switzerick, Peter Snyder, Van Rensselaer St. Johns, James Stowell; Delevan B. Simmons, died at Newbern, Nov. 16, 1864, of disease; Edward Seigmond, Patrick Solan, Charles A. Smith, Sherman Sidney, Frank Seabold, Barney Sanders, Wm. H. Scott, Wm. Smith, Benj. F. Sheppard, Geo. L. Smith, John D. Stoat, Edward B. Stephens; Gustavus Speers, died at Utica, N. Y., March 6, 1865, of consumption; John Smith, Levi Stewart, Jeremiah Tuomey, Geo. H. Tierney, Hugh Tucker, Frederick Turner, John W. Turnier, Johnathan Van Nort, Geo. Van Dyke, Jesse Vanderpool, Wm. Ward, John Walker, James H. Welch, Harley Williams, Jay Worden, Geo. Wilson, Geo. W. Wait, Ezra Barton Wood, Hiram E. Webb, Edgar S. Warner, Ira H. Williams, Charles A. Wolver, Geo. W. Young.

COMPANY "D," 19TH INFANTRY.

[Consolidated May 22, 1863; two years' men mustered out June 2.]

Captain—Owen Gavigan, April 25, 1861; mustered out June 2, 1863.
First Lieutenant—Wm. Boyle, May 22, 1861; mustered out June 2, 1863. Luke Brannack, April 10, 1862; same.
Second Lieutenant—Patrick Dwyer, April 10, 1862; mustered out June 2, 1863.
Sergeants—Daniel Dowling, Patrick Handlen, Danl. McCartin, Thomas Burke, John Nolan, Francis Anderson, Edward Ryan, Thomas McGovern.
Corporals—Henry Finlan, Edward Ryan, James McCabe, Dennis Scollins, James O'Brian, James Connells, Pat. Cullen, Henry Bozeat, James Ryan, John Mullen.
Drummer—John Tierney.
Fifer—Daniel Turnier.
Privates—Titus Allen, James A. Andrews, Michael Barnett, Michael Barnes, Bernard Bohen, Wm. Buckley, Thomas Burke, Patrick Burnes, Robert Boyle, Michael Boyle, Peter Boyle, Daniel Burns, James Conley, Joseph Coughlin, Peter Conway, Geo. Conway, James Corcoran, Wm. Corcoran, Thomas Cummings, John Cligett, James Campbell, Patrick Coleman, Patrick Campbell, Patrick Degan, Daniel Doyle, James Donnell, James Dwyer, Dennis Dwyer, Patrick Doyle, John Doran, Patrick Delaney, John Doyle, Wm. Finlan, David Finlan, John Finn, Patrick Fallon, John Fallon, Michael Fay, Wm. Galvin, Thomas Green, James Calvin, Richard Garretty, Robert Gleason, Timothy Gorman, James Garvey, Jeremiah Gainey, Dennis Haffey, Thomas Head, Thomas Holihan, Andrew Haley, Wm. Holmes, Sovergn Hornbeck, John Hogan, John Howell, Thomas Jackson, John Jackson, Dennis Kane, John Kelley, Patrick Kelleher, Timothy Keef, Michael Keenan, Richard King, Patrick Karn, Michael Lacy, Michael Leo, Louglin McCartin, Francis McCartin, Daniel McLoughlin, Dan. McCarthy, John McKeon, James Moore, Dennis Monenan, Thomas Murphy, Edward Murphy, Thomas Mulvey, James Mackey, Wm McGinley, John McCloskey, Michael McPhee, James Murray, Michael McGarr, Dennis Moran, John Murphy, A. D. Main, Peter Mooney, Patrick Maloney, Dan. McGraw, Michael Murphy, John O'Brien, Peter O'Brien, Thomas O'Sullivan, Edward O'Brien, Henry O'Neil, Michael O'Neil, John Purcell, Thomas Quirke, Andrew Ragan, Andrew Redding, John Rattigan, Thomas T. Ryan, Geo. Reeves, Philip Ryan, Dennis Scollin, John Shehan, Dennis R. Sheil, James Stuart, Oliver Strong, Alex. Shaw, John Tierney, John Tierney 2d, James Tracy, Wm. Tracy, Peter Toohill—119.

BATTERY "D," 3D ARTILLERY.

[Mustered out July 5, 1865.]

Captain—Stephen Van Heusen, Oct. 21, 1863; mustered out July 5, 1865.
First Lieutenants—John Stevenson, Jr., Jay E. Storke, David D. Hillis, Horatio N. Thompson.
Second Lieutenants—Thomas Vanderberg and John J. Brinkerboff, Jr.; mustered out July 5, 1865.
Sergeants—S. V. R. Van Heusen, Jr., James A. Leonard, Henry Tegley, Wm. H. Smith, John Edwards, James E. Palmer, Thomas Casey, Elias B. Green, Lewis B.

White, J. Rowland Brownell; John M. Drake, died at Newbern, Oct. 27, 1864, of yellow fever; John M. Drake, Jas. E. Chandler, H. L. Rickerson, John Edwards.

Corporals—Henry S. Doran, Willard C. Mallory, Wm. Smith, Wm. J. Harp, David E. Powers, Wm. B. Swift, John W. McDonald, Thomas McGraw, Orin A. Townsend, Elias J. Babcock, Nelson T. Brown, Hudson Mickby, John Simmons; Edward Fitzgerald, died at Morehead city, Nov. 15, 1864, of yellow fever; Wm. Cable, died at Newbern, Oct. 5, 1864, of yellow fever.

Buglers—B. Dennis, Andrew Kelley.

Artificers—Nelson Eaton, Perry H. Onderdirk.

Privates—Wm. Adams, died at Newbern, July 30, 1864, of accidental musket wounds; Jos. J. Backman, Wm. Backman, Ira W. Brown, Edward H. Benjamin, Charles Burroughs, Wm. Barker, Edmond Breault, Wm. Bigelow, Geo. L. Bristol, Thomas Burns, Dewitt Buck, J. R. Barclay, Philip Brownell, Charles W. Barnes, Hiram A. Bennett, Charles E. Bennett, Philip Baldwin, Nelson Bates, James C. Bachman, Benj. S. Barber, Franklin Benjamin; Edmund Breese, died at Newbern, Sept. 13, 1864, of yellow fever; Edward Bowe, died at Newbern, Oct. 15, 1864, of yellow fever; Patrick Barry, died at Newbern, Aug. 30, 1864, of typhoid fever; Dwight M. Bottom, died at Newbern, Oct. 21, 1864, of yellow fever; Henry Campbell, John Conley, Horatio N. Carr, Wm. Blaxton, Adelbert Carr, Chauncey M. Collison, Michael Clay, Abram B. Cherry, Edward Cook, Dewitt Cowl, Robert Carr, Leroy Conant, James E. Claudleon, Theo. Conklin, James Christy, Patrick Conway, Wm. H. Collin; A. L. B. Condit, died at Newbern, Sept. 30, 1864, of remittent fever; Edmund M. Curtis, accidentally drowned in the Neuse river, near Fort Anderson, June 17, 1864; Lobinski Cameron, died at Newbern, Nov. 6, 1864, of yellow fever; George Curtis, died at Newbern, Dec. 23, 1864; Fritz Deiner, Michael Denny, Henry Darman, Frank Defoe, Ephraim B. Dumont, George W. Delmarter, Jas. P. Darrow, Christopher Dillon, James P. Derby, Seabury G. Davidson, James Devereaux, Jarvis E. Daniels; Nichols Dietze, died at Newbern, Oct. 23, 1864, of yellow fever; Elijah S. Evarts, died at Newbern, Dec. 14, 1864, of diarrhœa; Wm. A. Easterly, died at Newbern, Oct. 26, 1864, of yellow fever; James Fegley, James K. P. Ferguson, Patrick Finningham, Casper Frank, Thomas Fitzgerald; Edward Fitzgerald, died at Morehead City, Oct. 15, 1864, of yellow fever; Warren H. Gillett, Wm. Geer, Reuben Goodman, George W. Green, Wm. H. Gray, Thomas Gilmore, Chas. Gutchess, Wm. H. Horsley, Daniel Hogan, Robert S. Hawkins, Robert Hanney, Abram B. Hart, Samuel Hall; John Hobby, died at Newbern, Oct. 1, 1864, of remittent fever; Hiram Halstead, died at Newbern, Oct. 27, 1864, of yellow fever; Daniel Hewitt, died at Newbern, April 21, 1865, of consumption; George A. Huntington, died at Newbern, Nov. 13, 1864, of yellow fever; Lewis E. Ireland, Nathan Judevine, Wm. Johnson, Chauncey Jones, Frederick V. Johnson, Webster Jacobin, died at Newbern, Oct. 5, 1864, of yellow fever; George S. Jenkins, died at Newbern, Oct. 19, 1864, of yellow fever; Wm. Kittrick, Andrew J. King, Henry King; Orville P. Keeler, died at Newbern, Oct. 19, 1864, of yellow fever; Henry Kliner, John M. Light, Hurlbert H. Loss, Charles E. Love, Henry Landis, Cornelius Lyons, Rowland D. Lung; Frank B. Latham, died ot Newbern, Oct. 5, 1864, of yellow fever; Holly Lynes, died at Newbern, June 8, 1864, of fever; John McPeak, Frank M. Miller, Wm. Mitchell, Patrick McEntee, Thomas McDonough, Francis McDonald, Thomas McPeak, Geo. K. Marshall, David Mann, Wm. Marion, James Miller, Patrick Moran, John Mulrooley, Henry Mickley, Charles G. Myres, Francis Morrison, Thomas Murphy, Edward Murphy, Thomas Millington, Leroy S. Metcalf, George W. Metcalf, Michael Martin, Lewis Mosher, Patrick McGraw, James Main, Peter McFarnum, Jas. Maxwell; Joseph Morrison, died at Newbern, April 1, 1864; Ora B. Mitchell, died at Newbern, Sept. 16, 1864, of yellow fever; Carlos Morgan, died at Newbern, Oct. 19, 1864, of yellow fever; Ed. K. Munson, died at Newbern, Nov. 21, 1864, of fever; Wm. H. Margeson, died at Morehead City, Feb. 16, 1865, of diarrhœa; Hugh McPeak, died at Newbern, June 24, 1864; John Malone, died at Newbern, Sept. 30, 1864, of remittent fever; Alex. McKay, died at Newbern, Sept. 12, 1864, of remittent fever; Patrick McDonald, died at Newbern, Nov. 30, 1864, from accidental wounds; Philip McGuire, died at Newbern, June 1, 1865, of disease; Henry L. Nobles, Nelson Newman, John S. Newbury, John Newhard, Owen Nugent; B. L. Newton, died at Newbern, Oct. 16, 1864; Daniel Olen, Eli R. Powers, John W. Payne, Jacob R. Post, John C. Parker, Homer B. Parker; Orlando Pollock, died at Newbern, Sept. 6, 1864, of remittent fever; Wm. Quigley, George Quick, John Richardson, Henry Richards, Patrick Roach, H. S. Ruthrauff, John H. Richardson, Henry L. Richerson, Joseph Robinson, James Rignay; Byron Richards, died at Newbern, October 21, 1864, of yellow fever; Charles H. Rhoades, died at Newbern, Oct. 28, 1864, of typhus fever; Dewitt C. Seacklin, Geo. N. Southerland, Lee T. Swartwout, Henry Seltzer, John R. Smith, Stephen Swick, Charles Straighter, H. K. Stahl, James M. Stewart, Wm. J. Stewart, Mathew Shannon, John Sanders, Wallace Smith, Albert Smith, John Simmons, Edward Strong, Charles H. Smith; Henry Smith, died at Newbern, Oct. 14, 1864, of yellow fever; Rufus S. Snyder, died at Newbern, Jan. 17, 1865, of disease;

John J. Sherman, Jay V. Stewart, Franklin Terry, Henry Tallman, Thomas Thornton, Silas A. Tremain, Richard Toxsley, John W. Taylor, James Tobey; Bennett Taylor, died at Newbern, Oct. 18, 1864, of yellow fever; Fred. Vandermark; Isaac Van Houten, died at Newbern, Oct. 13, 1864, of yellow fever; Charles H. Van Tassel, died at Newbern, Oct. 10, 1864, of yellow fever; Oliver C. Wilkins, Lewis B. White; John Ward, died at Newbern, Sept. 28, 1864, of yellow fever.

COMPANY "E," 19TH INFANTRY.

[Original two years' men mustered out June 2, 1863; the rest formed the nucleus of a new Company.]

Captain—Theo. H. Schenck, April 25, 1861.
First Lieutenants—David A. Taylor, May 22, 1861; promoted Jan. 1, 1863. Geo. E. Ashby, March 10, 1862.
Second Lieutenants—Edward C. Burtis, resigned. J. Fred. Dennis, May 22, 1861; promoted Dec. 23, 1862, to Adjutant.
Sergeants—Henry F. Rider, Austin Haynes, Charles A. Henry, James Harris.
Corporals—Henry C. DuVall, J. M. Coon, Roland Wade, Augustus Burnham.
Drummer—Milton Bates.
Fifer—Charles W. Clark.
Privates—Wm. C. Atkinson, Wm. Anthony, Wm. H. Anderson, Alonzo D. Abrams, Lewis Adams, Alonzo A. Austin, Geo. W. Austin, Daul R. Adams, Horace P. Baker; Parley Burton, died at Hancock March 5, 1862; Charles Baxter, James H. Betts, Edward Blake, Samuel Briggs, Stephen Briggs; Charles Brooks, Andrew Bretweir, James Blackman James H. Betts, Geo. H. Brown, Theo. M. Brown, Wm. Blackie, Joseph A. Coulter, Joseph E. Crounce, Wm. H. Currie, Sidney Cunningham, Geo. A. Copway, Geo. Chadeayne, Joel Coon, Van Buren Carlton, Henry Davis, Thomas S. Devoe, Geo. P. Dean, Rodolphus H. Durphy, Wm. H. Daty, John C. Doyle, Daniel E. Devoe, John Decker, Eber S. Dunbar, Edwin Edmonds, Thomas Egan, Samuel Edmonds, Thomas Egan, Wm. Evarts, Wm. E. Everts, Hiram Freeman, Henry F. Funk, John W. Frees, Wm. Furguson, Homer D. Fuller, Thomas Foley, George Fowler, Wm. N. Foster, Michael Fay, James Gaffney, John C. Garrick, Davidson Graves, John H. Gregory, Wm. Greene, Seneca Goodman, J. W. Gibson, Charles W. Garey, Joseph R. Greensel, Charles Green, Myron Harrington, Albert Haywood, Edward Howard, Geo. S. Holiday, Healey G. Harmon, Edwin A. Havens, James Heaney, James Hinman, Wm. Huntley, Harvey Hawley, Geo. Ingersoll, Charles Johnson, Thos. W. Judson, Theo. D. Jackson, Joseph Kay, Allen Kilburn, Charles G. Kimball, Geo. Martin, Myron Miller, Pat. McAndrew, Geo. McGee, Roswell Miller, Edwin H. Marble, Joseph Morrison, Leonard Moffatt, Thomas J. O'Harra, Erving Palmer, Andrew Pullis, James E. Portingale, Jefferson Portingale, Edmond L. Powers, Solomon D. Pease, James E. Portingale, Wm. G. Peters, Erastus H. Pierre, Peter Rassat, Reuben Remington, Walter H. Rodgers, Charles W. Rash, Norman Reynolds, Charles F. Rynders, Franklin Reed, Geo. W. Reynolds, Theo. Rogers, Orson Sherwood, Harlow Sherwood, Augustus Smith, John Shea, Francis Simmons, Elisha W. Stanton, Franklin D. Smith, Marcellus S. Slater, John S. Tisse, Justin Trim, Edgar H. Titus, Edward Timmons, Julian Townsend, Ira Terwilliger, Wm. V. Townsend, Stephen Utter, Stephen H. Vandemark, James Van Gorder, Geo. Vanderwater, Fred. Vandenburg, Cornellus Viele, Albert Waudell, John Ward, Charles S. Ward, Wm. Whaley, Charles T. Whitefield, Wm. H. H. Williams, John M. Wilson, Francis Wooley, John C. Williams, Willis Watson.

BATTERY "E," 3D ARTILLERY.

[Mustered out June 23, 1865.]

Captains—Theo. H. Schenck; promoted Sept. 30, 1863. Geo. E. Ashly, Dec. 16, 1863; mustered out with battery.

First Lieutenants—Milan B. Goodrich, Dec. 26, 1864; mustered out with battery, Roswell Miller, March 15, 1865; same James S. Fuller, May 1, 1863; resigned Oct. 1864.

Second Lieutenants—Edward Delester, Oct. 4, 1864; mustered out with battery. Henry T. Rider, Nov. 1, 1862; mustered out May 9, 1864.

Sergeants—Wm. Mountjoy, Wm. V. Townsend, John Peterson, John M. Coon, Henry C. Smedd, Edmond L. Powers, Jas. J. Atkinson, James Woods, Wm. N. Foster, Wm. Hogencamp, W. Watson, Lorenzo Ercanbrack, Edwin W. Brennan, Wm. Howe, Geo. Vandersater, Danl. E. Devoe.

Corporals—Asa D. Whitmore, John Evans, John Chafee, Donald McCall, John M. Ellis, James Fenton, A. Townsend, Thos. J. O'Hara, Wm. Blackie, Geo. E. Reynolds, John W. Gibson, Lewis Adams, Daniel E. Devoe, Albert Kilburn, John C. Doyle.

Buglers—Stephen Smith, Thos. W. Judson.

Artificers—Harrison Kent, Wm. Galvin.

Privates—Austin Anesworth, Wm. H. Anderson, Geo. W. Austin, Allen C. Ayres, Jeptha L. Ayres, Daniel R. Adams, John Anderson; Charles H. Austin, died at Newbern, Nov. 2, 1864, of yellow fever; Wm. C. Atkinson, died at Rochester, N. Y., May 11, 1865; C. J. Ames, Alonzo A. Austin, Alonzo V. Beach, Samuel Briggs, Birney Briggs, Newton S. Blood, Chauncey E. Bishop, Newton Brett, James Brett, Stephen Briggs, John Buchanan, Charles Briggs, Joseph B. Boyer, John Buchanan, Wm. Blackie, Daniel Burges, Byron W. Burnett, John Bird, Geo. G. Bentley, Jasper Blakeman, Elias Bovel; Ed. Burridge, died in camp, Oct. 15, 1864; Joel Coon, Justus Coppernoll, Samuel Carrs, E. K. Chamberlain, Jacob Carpenter, Francis Cook, Chauncey Castleman, Daniel Callahan, Geo. A. Copway, Patrick Campbell, Geo. W. Chadeayne, Isaac N. Cleveland, Wm. Claxton, Charles Conklin, Jay R. Dickenson, Geo. O. Dean, Joseph Dailey, Orlando Davenport, Thomas S. Devoe, Ebert Dunbar, John Decker, Looman Dings, Geo. E. Ellenwood, Wm. Everts, Irving W. Edgerton, Madison Edwards, John Evens, Michael Fay, Alonzo J. Fox, Anthony Fitzpatrick, Thomas Foley, Erastus Fowler, Isaac M. Fairchild, Jeremiah Francis, James Fenton, Geo. W. Fowler; Alex. Foster, died at Newbern, Jan. 14, 1864; Wm. Foley, killed in action before Petersburg, Va., June 24, 1864; John Faxen, died at Portsmouth, Va., May 30, 1865, of disease; Robert Gleason, Seneca Goodman, James Graham, John W. Gibson, Edward C. Gilson, James Gleason, Charles W Geary, Charles Green, Clarence Gravlin, Ralph R. Gurnsey; Edward E. Gibbs, killed in action at Drury's Bluff, Va., May 16, 1864; Abner S. Gilbert, died at Homer, N. Y., Dec. 12, 1864, from disease; Martin V. Hotel, Morton G. Herrick, James A. Higgins, Jos. T. Hunter, David Harvey, Daniel Hitt, Andrew Hollenbeck, Seth H. Haskell, Edwin A. Havens, Martin Havens, Wm. H. Hawley, Harvey Hawley, Thomas Hickey, Riley Ham, Geo. S. Halliday, Myron G. Herrington, Patrick Hickey, Chas. A. Hill, Jasper Howe; Geo. Hotchkiss, died at Yorktown, Va., Mry 1, 1864; Theo. D. Jackson, Wm. Johnson, Charles Johnson, Thomas Jefferson, James Kinsella, Wm. H. Lewis, Alonzo Loveland, John Lime, Jesse Lee; Albert A. Lewis, Michael Lynch; H. P. Lucas, died at Newbern, Aug. 6, 1863; Andrew M. Lucas, died Dec. 2, 1864, at Philadelphia; Merritt Lent, accidentally killed by the fall of a tree, Virginia, Dec. 30, 1864; Albert Masters, Myron H. Mitchell, Isaac Meeker, Joseph Meyer, Leonard Moffatt, Frank E. Miller, Jos. V. Morrison, Elias Masters, James Murray, John Mooney, John J. Maxon, Edward Murphy, Wm. Murphy, Timothy Murphy, Michael Murphy, Albert Morse, John Myers, Orin K. Munn, Wm. McGee; Michael McGarr, died at Newbern, Aug. 20, 1863; Ed. H. Marble, died at Elmira, N. Y., July 12, 1864, of pneumonia; Orin K. Munn, died at Auburn, N. Y., Aug. 56, 1864, from effects of a ball; John E. Nuttatte, Ephraim North; Simeon K. Nichols, missing in action at Drury's Bluff, May 16, 1864; Patrick Nagle, Daniel O'Herron, Thomas J. O'Hara, Michael O'Hara, Irving W. Overholt; Harrison O'Hara, died at Albany, N. Y., April 1, 1864; David Peterson, Salmon D. Pease, Geo. W. Pierce, Geo. W. Proudfoot, John Paine, Lewis Purchase, Levi H. Putnam, Dwight W. Powers, James Prosser, David E. Powers, Jefferson Portingale, Charles H. Root, Geo. W. Reynolds, Edward B. Rinker, Reuben Runnington; Franklin Reed, killed in action at Drury's Bluff, Va., May 16, 1864; Alfred Spoor, Joseph Spoor, Ransom Squires, James M. Simpson, Wm. Slattery, Henry Strong, Oliver Scandling, Rufus Smith, Judson L. Sennett, Nicholas J. Stout, James Sturgess, Wm. H. Stewart, B. A. Shapley, Henry C. Sheldon, Jas. H. Selover, Jas. M. Simpson, Thomas Smith, J. V. Stewart, John Sullivan; Albert Springstead, died in Virginia, Aug. 13, 1864; Wm. Taylor, Thomas Tierney, Geo. A. Traver, Joseph Teter, Horace W. Tibbles, T. C. Thomas, Wm. H. Tobin, Andrew J. Tuttle, Robert Tate, Michael Taylor; Richard Tierney, died at Albany of wounds received May 16, 1864; Samuel Teter, drowned at sea, by falling overboard from the *Hero of Jersey*, Aug. 6, 1864; Cornelius Viele, James Van Gorder, Geo. E. Van Patten, Hiram Van Amburgh, Albert Van Sicklen, Wm. L. Vincent, James Van Gerder, S. D. Vanderbeyden, Wm. H. Van Tassel, Wilber F. Woodward, S. B.

Williamson, Jas. B. Washburn, Thaddeus Ward, Reuben Week, Wm. Watts, Joseph Wyant, Francis Woollen, Ira H. Williams, Andrew Weaver, Roland D. Wade, John Yager.

COMPANY "F," 19TH INFANTRY.

[Consolidated Sept. 28, 1861.]

Captain—Nelson T. Stephens, April 25, 1861; resigned Oct. 31, 1861.
First Lieutenant—Watson C. Squire, May 22, 1861; resigned Oct. 4, 1861.
Second Lieutenant—Edward D. Parker, May 22, 1861; resigned Oct. 4, 1861.
Sergeants—Edgar B. Warren, David F. Bothwell, Barner C. Goodridge, Robert Haynes.
Corporals—Daniel Wilcox, Peter E. Hummel, James Mosher, Murray Chatfield.
Drummer—James D. Canovan.
Fifer—Wm. E. Sandford.
Privates—Bishop E. Ames, George H. Barlow, John Baker, Charles Beitz, George W. Bennett, David F. Bothwell, Orson Clark, James Clark, James Collier, Willis Collier, Myron B. Cranson, Isaac Cordon, John H. Davidson, Wm. Dennis, Wm. Dresser, Wm. M. Evans, Wm. Frair, Curtis M. Fritz, Daniel W. Goodridge, Peter Greenman, Frank M. Grosbeck, Elijah E. Greenfield, Myron Hermon; Henry Hoagland, died Dec. 15, 1861; Richard Hoagland, Anson Hotchkiss, George S. Holliday, Michael Howard, Jotham Jayne, Horace S. Johnson, Joseph Kennedy, John S. LeBaron, Orlando Lillie, John F. Lowe, Abner Livingston, Wm. Main, Geo. A. Mosher, Wm. G. Peters, Dwight Powers; Joseph Rundle, died Oct. 2, 1862; Francis Rooney, Wm. Shimer, Marcellus S. Slater, Alfred Spoor, Joseph Spoor, Wm. Swetland, Wm. C. Smith, Wm. Taylor, Giles Taylor, John Theurer, Wm. H. Van Tassel, Myron Watts, Charles C. Whipple, Wm. Whipple, Warren P. Wood.

BATTERY "F," 3D ARTILLERY.

[Mustered out July, 1865.]

Captains—Edwin S. Jenney, Oct. 18, 1861; promoted May 19, 1863. Samuel Clark Day, July 17, 1863. Edgar H. Titus, Nov. 30, 1864; mustered out with Battery.
First Lieutenants—Alex. H. Davis, Nov. 25, 1861; promoted January 15, 1863. Gustavus F. Merriam, Dec. 11, 1861; discharged for promotion, Oct. 29, 1862. Edmund C. Clark, Oct. 2, 1864. Paul Birchmeyer, Oct. 17, 1862; mustered out Jan. 20, 1865. George W. Leonard, March 8, 1864; promoted to Adjutant, May 2.
Second Lieutenant—James D. Outwater, Nov. 25, 1861; discharged for promotion to Gen. Peck's staff, Dec. 8, 1862. Stephen Van Heusen, Nov. 16, 1862; promoted July 17, 1863. David D. Hillis, Oct. 17, 1862; resigned Nov. 1, 1863.
Sergeants—James H. Miller, Joseph Crampton, Edward T. Madison, Conrad Eberhart, Oscar Harrington, Warren S. Hecox, Evelyn P. Barber, Riley Fancher, Richard Sones, John Conway, Edward McDoane, Wm. Deming, Paul Fay; Marvin A. Gaylord, died at Portsmouth, Va., Oct. 20, 1862; Charles Steiner, died at Newbern, Sept. 20, 1862.
Corporals—Augustus Voss, Charles A. Reals, Frank Burch, Geo. Ransom, Frank Higgins, Corrin M. Ladd, Geo. W. Crossman, Michael McCue, Francis E. Platt, Elisha S. Cowles, Harrison Adams, De Jay Judson, Simeon Baum, Marcus Keller, Wallace Morley, John Murphy; James S. Chrysler, died at Newbern, July 15, 1862; Henry F. Garrett, died on Folly Island, S. C., July 25, 1863; Fred. D. Worth, died at Newbern, Nov. 1862.
Buglers—Hiram Prame, Dennis Smith, Conrad Ring.
Artificers—Charles S. Brown, Pat McCullough, John Junid; John W. Gibson, died at Newbern, Oct. 10, 1862.
Privates—Arnold Auer, John P. Adams, Wm. Ashton, Sebastian Auer; John Adams, died at Newbern, July 20, 1862, of fever; Abraham Auchmoody, died at Ports

mouth, Nov. 6, 1862; Milo Bruce, Horace Bruce, John C. Brown, Charles Bauhman, Orlando R. Beebe, Wm. W. Beers, John Bersnider, Geo. W. Bullfinch, Wm. Burns, Geo. E. Briggs, Benedict Bloom, John H. Breman, John Bossler, Benedict Bloom, Conrad Berg, Geo. Bills, Lorenzo S. Bassett, Wm. Bates, Franklin Bates, Lucas T. Bush; Max Bloom, died in the service; Edwin Clark, Geo. E. Coleman, Obadiah P. Coleman, John P. Coleman, Wm. A. Cole, James Connor, Thos. H. Cox, Cicero Cooper, Orsamus W. Crocker, Alex. Conner, John Conklin, Thos. H. Chinnock; Wm. H. Castner, died in the service; Wm. Coffield, died at Newbern, Aug. 20, 1862; John Conners, died at Beaufort, S. C., Oct. 25, 1863; Alex. Coons, John C. F. Davis, Daniel Davis, Orville Deming, Russel Dewitt, Henry E. Duman, Ezra Daniels, John Davis, Nathaniel T. Drake, James C. Drake, Fred. Durston, Geo. Derrick, Jas. H. Dunlap; Richard Dooling, died in the service; Michael Duffy, died in the service; John Davis, Jos. Eiseman, Wm. W. Elder; Samuel J. Edwards, died at Newbern, Nov. 1, 1864, of yellow fever; Theo. J. Everetts, died at Newbern, Aug. 24, 1862; Alex. Fullerton, John Fickers, Orrin M. Foster, Edward Francomb, Jos. Fuchter, Heinrick Frolick, Jno. P. Fullerton, Fred. G. Fields; Geo. P. Farrar, died at Newbern, Oct. 17, 1864, of yellow fever; Milo Goodrich, John Gilbreth, Wm. Grady, James Gross, John Griner, Amos H. Green, Charles W. Goodenow, Andrews Gardner, Thomas Green, Elliott D. Goodrich, Luther Green, Henry Green; Albert Garrett, died on Folly Island, July 25, 1863; Patrick H. Hart, Max Herman, James Hill, Philip Houghtaling, Moses Houghtaling, James H. Herrington, Charles Harris, Robert Harris, Geo. W. Hall, Charles Haver, Fred. Hersher, Robert Hoag, Wm. Heath, Andrew Herman, Geo. E. Herrington, Michael Holden, Augustus Hewitt; John H. Henry, died in the service; Killian Hober, died at Jacksonville, Oct. 23, 1864; Virgil P. Irons; Valentine Inders, died at Newbern, June 7, 1862; Abram James, Elias Johnson, Waterman Johnson, Albert James, Geo. King, John H. Keene, James H. Kingsley, Thomas Kelley, John E. Ladd, Ira Ladd, Andrew Lee, Edwin C. Loomis, Samuel Lacksinger, Jacob Lambert, John Lucas; Joel Lambert, died at Newbern, May 14, 1862; Geo. G. Lane, died in the service; John Lord, died at St. Augustine in hospital, Oct. 20, 1864; John McCarthy, Daniel McCormick, Fred. D. McIntyre, Andrew J. Mitchell, Charles H. Maxfield, Geo. W. Martin, Lawrence McCue, Samuel C. Myers, Charles Miller, Coral H. Mills, Geo. Martin, Chas. S. McKinley, Herbert A. Maxwell, Leslie G. Maxwell, Wolsey E. Magee, Geo. Manley, Lawrence McCarthy, Geo. Merley, Charles H. Merrick, Aaron R. McCourter; Jacob Miller, died at Newbern, Oct. 14, 1862; John Miller, died in the service; Johnathan Newell, Charles G. Newell, Selah North, Philip O'Neill, Elias E. Ostrander, Geo. W. Pitcher, Jesse E. Platt, Charles Price, Clark D. Perkins; Robert S. Parks, Wm. C. Parks, Webster Ransom, Randolph Robinson, Curtis Reals, Martin E. Reals, Seneca K. Reynolds, Augustus Bohe, Sanford Ryder, Henry Radaper, Wm. Rheifenstein; Joseph Rehlie, died on Folly Island, July 25, 1863; John Shick, Nicholas Shaver, Herman Snyder, John Stoddard, Geo. O. Smith, Charles E. Smith, Geo. Seymour, Anthony Sharon, Wm. H. Smillie, Darius Stuckler, Aaron Sage, Harley Shaw, Jr., Azariah Sheldon, Hiram Sherman, James Storey, Ben. B. Sitterley, John Solar, James H. Sprague, Jefferson Smith, Charles W. Springler, Augustus Sturgis, Henry Smith; Walter Sage, died at Newbern, July 15, 1862; Peter Smith, died in the service; Byron Tallmadge, Joseph Thorpe, Wm. Taylor, Geo. Travis, Mathias Tyson, G. Vanbenburg, Reuben R. Worth, John Wize, Jacob Wirtz, Michael Wire, John Wald, Wyndham White, Elijah White, Cornellus Winslow, Ezra Wormouth, Reuben R. Worth, Charles W. Wilkinson, W. A. Westcott, Watson H. Walker, Rudolph H. Wyeneth; Henry L. West, died in the service; Orange P. White, accidentally killed on Foley Island, April 16, 1864; Philip Zimmerman.

COMPANY "G," 19TH INFANTRY.

[Consolidated May 22, 1863; two years' men mustered out June 2.]

Captains—Charles H. Stewart, April 25, 1861; promoted Sept. 28, 1861. John Wall, Sept. 28, 1861; mustered out June 2, 1863.

First Lieutenants—Antoine E. Robinson, Sept. 28, 1861; resigned Nov. 13, 1862. John C. L. Hamilton, Jan. 1, 1863; resigned Mao 13, 1863.

Second Lieutenant—Lewis H. Mowers, April 10, 1962; transferred to 3d Artillery.

Sergeants—John White, Charles B. Quick, Geo. E. Sherwood, John White, Andrew Beach, John Aiken, Charles B. Bush, Walter C. Henry, Mason Andrews, J. V. Shank.

Corporals—Augustus R. Leonard, Milan B. Goodrich, Sylvester Houghson, John M. Thompson, Lewis Deline, Sidney W. Palmer, James H. Bennett, Anthony Stacey.

Drummer—Bernard W. Dunn.

Fifer—Charles H. Woolsey.

Privates—Frank Agnew, killed at Washington, N. C., Sept. 5, 1862; Charles Aiken, Gansevoort M. Allen; Wm. G. Anthony, died at Hancock June 20, 1862; Samuel S. Andrews, killed at Washington, N. C., Sept. 5, 1862; Hulbert S. Andrews, Abel Austin, Benj. S. Barber, Morris P. Baker, Geo. Brown, Sullivan Bates, John C. Bingham, James B. Benson, Andrew J. Beach, Isaac S. Bradley, Sam. Brewster, Wm. W. Bush, John Branagan, John Burridge, Wm. C. Bell, Milo Burns, Allen C. Bennett, Thomas J. Bell, James W. Chapman, Henry Clemence, Wm. C. Cole, Delos M. Cox, James Close, Madison Clifton, Theo. Conkling, S. C. Cornwell, Wm. T. Cowen, John Coleman, John C. Crofoot, Coleman M. Curtis, Everend H. Casterlin, Charles Culver, Geo. Chrissman, John H. Deitrich, Lewis Deline, Artemas A. Dresser, Theo. L. Dunning, Wm. Emerson, James G. Edwards, John Foster, Wm. Fowler, John J. Fish, Charles H. Forshay, Nathaniel Fraser, Edson D. Gillett, Delphi H. Georgia, Alexander Graham, Aaron Guilfus, Edgar D. Gillett, Lorenzo W. Hateh, Joseph Hayden, Geo. Hayward, Asa A. Hoff, Marcus D. Herrick, Joseph Horle, James Hunter, David Harvey, A. B. Huxford, James G. Hudson, Alonzo Halsey, Morgan L. Joslin, Alpheus W. Jackquett, Fred. D. Jones, David Jones, Albert G. Kurtz, Alex. Kelsey, Thomas Knowland, Wm. H. Kinney, Monroe Laraway, Geo. H. Leigh, Thomas Lithgrove, Abijah H. Loveland, Franklin A. Lass, Henry F. Little, Byron W. Mabie, Arthur D. Millard, Hugh Montgomery, David Myrick, James H. Mills, Wm. Martin, Thomas North, Elisha Pearce, Wm. W. Pease, John H. Robinson, Edgar Ranson, Wm. Richards, Amos Rolf, Wm. H. Root, Richard B. Raner, Marshall M. Sager, Henry Smith, Thomas Strahan, Geo. W. Stevens, Geo. Simmons, Robert A. Stuart, Emmett D. Smith, James Shank, Lemuel F. Straley, Sam. I. Straley, Harmon S. Taylor, Sanford H. Taylor, Geo. A. Tappan, Charles D. Thompson, Thos. M. Thurston, John M. Telford, Wm. H. Tucker, Elisha Terwilliger, Timothy Rooney, Giles Van Akin, Augustus Van Dike, Wm. Van Antwerp, Wm. H. B. Wheeler, James R. Whitmore, Geo. W. Winchester, James M. Wolf, Fred. G. Wetherby, Martin C. Wade, John Willis, Lewis F. Wilbur, Charles W. Wheaton, Charles Williams.

BATTERY "G," 3D ARTILLERY.

[Mustered out July 7, 1865.]

Captains—Wm. A. Kelsey, Sept. 23, 1864; mustered out July 7, 1865. D. L. Aberdeen, March 8, 1864; discharged Dec. 22, 1864.

First Lieutenants—Ogilvie E. Ball, Sept. 24, 1864; mustered out July 15, 1865. Wm. B. Patterson, March 8, 1864; discharged Dec. 31, 1864. J. N. Wilcoxen, April 14, 1864; discharged Feb. 3, 1865.

Second Lieutenants—Charles A. Moore, Oct. 2, 1864; mustered out July 7, 1865. Rowland D. Wade, Nov. 21, 1864; mustered out July 7, 1865. Chas. W. Festher, March 8, 1864; discharged Oct. 14, 1864. Byron H. Kinnie, March 10, 1864; discharged July 8, 1864. Geo. A. Copway, Dec. 1, 1864; discharged Dec. 31, 1864.

Sergeants—James M. Staples, Geo. W. Dakin, Robert Bell, Walter H. Rodgers, Samuel A. Edgar, Ferdinand Becker, Walter S. Barker, Francis Nelty, Joseph E. Colter, Geo. W. Dakin.

Corporals—Henry H. Hitchcock, Franklin A. Milton, Patrick Gibbons, Christopher Chrysler, John Marbis, Frederic Smith, Joseph Ginter, Isaac Harvey, James Cassady, James E. Stebbings, James Fox, Frederic Batters.

Buglers—Augustus Dow, Frank Yale.

Blacksmiths—Ira Wing; Erastus Harris, died at Raleigh, N. C., June 4, 1865, of fever.

Saddler—Nicholas Hannie.

Wagoner—Fred. Pratt.

Farrier—Clement Dixon.

Privates—Darius Appleby, Delos Abbott, Silas A. Adams, Charles H. Ashley, Henry J. Anthony, George W. Burt, George Bassus, Wm. H. Buck, Thaddeus Barrick, Francis Blandin, George E. Bush, Christopher Brain, Richard Backer, Philip E. Budd, John Burker, John Brown, James M. Budd, Joseph Bassus, Charles A.

Bormann, Charles A. Bartlett, John Bivens, Patrick Byrnes, Thomas Butler, Irwin Birch, George W. Bolton, John Boder, Lorenzo Barker, Willet H. Britton, Francis Boyle; Victor Becker, died at Beaufort, N. C., April 19, 1865, of fever; Fred. Corrall, Adam Curnell, Levi Courtwright, Jos. E. Cross, John B. Cortwright, Jerome W. Case, Benj. D. Corey, Joseph Cosgrove, Wm. Coe, Marcus Coughnet, A. S. Carr, Mickle Dady, Lorenzo Daniels, Oscar Dean, James DeWitt, Michael Dugan, Charles Desham, Edward Doulton, Robert Edgar, Frank Eagle, Martin Frick, Augustus Featherly, Jacob W. Featherly, Thomas F. Flemming, James Fay, John Frantz, George Friend, Chauncey Franklin, Alanson Fink, Reuben Fink, John Greeben, Dennis Gaffney, Abraham Gilcher, Charles C. Gillman, Edgar O. Gilbert, George W. Galphin, Emmett Gordon; Wm. H. Gibbs, died at Beaufort, N. C., April 15, 1865, of disease; Mathew Gillman, Andrew Henn, John Hamilton, Daniel Harroun, Benj. F. Howard, Wm. Harroun, Henry Helm, Samuel Hall, Patrick Hart, Edwin F. Hungerford, Jas. G. Harris, Stephen P. Hewitt, James R. Hall, Wm. J. Holmes; John Henn, Albert E. Jacobs, Samuel A. Jackson, Darwin C. Johnson, John Kirkenbaur, Jacob Kurtz, Allen Kilburn, Michael Kennedy, John Keeler, Gabriel Kurtz, Fred. Kertz, Warren Lower, John Loose, Orin Larkins, Joel Lawrence; Barney Lynch, died at Newbern, Oct. 27, 1864, of yellow fever; Anson Miller, Eli S. McAllister, Jas. Monahan, Otto Meyers, Patrick Mulholland, Charles Mudford, Freeman Millard, George McAllister, Lockland McPhail, Malcomb McDonald, John H. Messinger, Alfred H. Mead, Thomas Mack, Aaron Marcellus, Timothy Mahoney; Andrew McCracken, died at Raleigh, Jan. 26, 1865, of disease; George Murphy, Patrick McCloneh, Thomas McHenry, John McLane, Leon Marshall, Daniel McAll, Augustus Near, Jules Nelty, Francis Nye, James O'Harra, James O'Rourke, Wm. Pugh, Elijah Platt, George Pearl, T. Perkins, John W. Phelps, Andrew Perkins, Richard A. Philips, Charles Piper, Clark D. Perkins; Michael Powers, died at Newbern, Nov. 5, 1864, of disease; Chas. Rowe, Thomas Rofe, Stephen Reynolds, John Ryan, John Richard, Wm. Ramage, Lafayette Robinson, Wm. H. Rector, George W. Regal, Wm. H. Reymore, John Staub, George H. Sherman, Urban B. Smith, Morris Smenter, Peter Schwerin, John Springler, Charles Sheriff, Alonzo Sanders, Charles D. Smith, Wm. Sherman, David L. Shopley, Jacob Setterly, Peter Saulsbury, Charles P. Stevenson, Uriah H. Seymour, Jacob Stickle, Michael Scollins; Henry Swan, died at Newbern, Nov. 5, 1864, of yellow fever; Leonard A. Stockwell, Jas. Tetor, Dewitt C. Trumble, George W. Trumble, Howard H. Tompkins, George M. Turnier, George Trumble, Edward Towner, Alfred A. Thomas, James Thompson, Thomas Van Duser, Henry Vandeburg, Wm. Van Ryan, George H. Ward, Chas. H. Wheeler, Aaron Ward, Edward Winnie, Andrew Warner, Charles H. Whitcomb; Thomas Wallace, died at Newbern, Oct. 25, 1864, of yellow fever.

COMPANY "H," 19TH INFANTRY.

[Consolidated Sept. 28, 1861.]

Captain—Solomon Giles, April 25, 1861; promoted.
First Lieutenant—Augustus Field, May 22, 1861; resigned Oct. 4, 1861.
Second Lieutenant—Marvin D. Nichols, May 22, 1861; resigned Sept. 1, 1861.
Sergeants—Charles M. Whiteside, Wm. R. Hedges, Willis Watson, Montraville M. Hedges.
Corporals—Andrew J. Hine, Albert Greenfield, Geo. H. Brown, Edward E. Collinger.
Drummer—Wm. G. Faatz.
Fifer—Mason Andrews.
Privates—Wm. E. Acker, Wm. C. Atkinson, Jesse Babcock, John C. Bingham, Philip B. Briggs, Henry F. Brown, Aaron F. Brooks, Geo. H. Brown, Wm. H. Boyle, James Burns, Jacob Burt, Hulbert Cady, Wm. N. Christian, James Collier, John Cogan, James Coyle, Harvey Coppernoll, Platt Cross, Benj. R. Daggett, James W. Davis, John Englehart, Peter E. Eldred, Thomas C. Eldred, Ichabod N. French; John L. Ford, died at Newbern, April 16, 1862, of fever; Elias Griggs, John Groves, Peter Hackett, Dennis Harlem, Cornelius Hulipher, Geo. M. Jacobs, Charles E. Jacobs, Geo. B. Kenyon, Peter Laberteaux, John Long, Patrick Lynch, Wm. Leech, Wm. McNett, Alonzo W. Mills, Manley M. Mills, Wm. L. Myers, David H. Norton, Joseph W. Pearson, Wm. H. Pollok, Esquire C. Pollok, Wm. G. Peters, James Radford, Wm. H. Radford, Jabez Rhodes, James E. Rude, Geo. Russell, James M. Saunders, Asaph W. Shurtleff, Harlow Sherwood, Lewis N. Streeter, Martin Thorp, James Todd, Isaac Van Alstine, Henry Van Buren, Daniel D. Watson.

John W. Welch, Edwin L. Westfall, Boardman Whiteman, John C. Williams, James Yarton.

BATTERY "H," 3D ARTILLERY.

[Mustered out June 24, 1863.]

Captains—Wm. J. Riggs, Nov. 16. 1861; promoted Sept. 23, 1864. Enoch Jones, Dec. 26, 1864; mustered out with battery.

First Lieutenants—Horatio N. Thompson, Nov. 4, 1864; mustered out June 24, 1865. Wm. Quinn, Feb. 17, 1865; mustered out June 24, 1865. John D. Clark, Dec 27, 1861; promoted Sept. 30, 1863. Wm. E. Mercer, Jan. 9, 1862; promoted Sept. 14, 1863. John W. Hees. Dec. 30. 1862; appointed Captain in 16th Artillery, March 3, 1864. Paul Fay, March 30, 1864; mustered out Dec. 4, 1864. Paul Birchmeyer, Oct. 17, 1862; mustered out Jan. 20, 1865.

Second Lieutenants—Albert C. Devendorf, Oct. 2, 1864; mustered out June 24, 1865. Geo. Vandewater, Feb. 13, 1865; mustered out June 24. Charles D. Tryon, Oct. 2, 1861. Wm. F. Fields, Jan. 9, 1862; resigned Dec. 3, 1863. Charles F. King, Dec. 3, 1863; promoted Sept. 24, 1864. J. N. Bonta, Nov. 1, 1864; promoted Feb. 24, 1865. Edward Delester, Oct. 14, 1864; mustered out June 23, 1865. John O'Neil, March 8, 1862; died Aug. 10, 1864, at the U. S. general hospital, Va.

Sergeants—Alfred Curtis, Geo. N. Alden, Sylvester C. Baldwin, Joseph J. Bowley, Philip Baker, Thomas L. Rowland, David J. Evans, John Morley, Wilson Smith, Charles F. King, Lewis W. Coe, John J. Castle, M. S. Pratt, Joshua E. Davis, David B. Rice, Ambrose H. Weed, Maynard J. King, James Van Vleck; Joseph Stewart, died at Portsmouth, Va., June 25, 1864.

Corporals—Alfred O. Smith, Walter L. Johnson, John N. Powers, Theo. Throop, Wait M. Meyers, James Brown, Albert M. Rowley, Marvin D. Bravin, John W. Petley, Henry Fox, M. Green, Gilbert H. Perkins, Alfred J. Earnes, Orville M. Potter, John M. Parkhurst, Parker Tymerson.

Buglers—Charles Keohl, Chas. H. Smith, Charles F. Osborn, Walter Covell.

Artificers—Sandford Slaver, Wm. P. Turner.

Farriers—James F. Dickenson, Elliott Metcalf.

Privates—Benj. F. Adams, Jas. W. Ashburne, Henry W. Allen, Theophilus Bushnell, Edward Bryant, Michael Burns, Joseph Bruder, Aaron J. Brewster, Gotleib Burke, Chas. L. Barnhart, Jas. H. Baldwin, M. L. Bacon, Alex. F. Beebe, Stephen Berry, James Byrne, Elijah W. Bush, David L. Bush, Jay Bates, Silas W. Brown, Wm. Baker, Simon Butler, Jay Bates, Sherwood S. Ball; Henry N. Blair, died at Newbern, July 9, 1863, of disease; Joshua E. Bryan, died at Newbern Nov. 13, 1864; John H. Bird, died at Base Hospital, Va., Aug. 22, 1864; Robert C. Cole, Orange Conley, David Coapman, Marshall E. Cook, Samuel Crigler, Geo. Crigler, Charles Conklin, Wm. A. Clark, John N. Cadieux, Chas. J. Crandall, Franklin F. Close, James Crawford, Wallace Covell, James E. Chadderton; Isaac N. Cleveland, died at Portsmouth, Va., April 22, 1864; Wm. Craver, died, July 27, 1864, of wounds received in action before Petersburg; Henry Craver, died at Newbern June 25, 1862; Wm. E. Cornish, died at Newbern April 29, 1862; John V. Cole, died at Richmond, Va., April 16, 1865, of wounds received at hands of persons unknown; Wm. A. Clark, Robert N. Davenport, Robert J. Dobson, Morris Dee, James M. Dunbar, Thos. B. Demster, Irmin W. Deitz, Pat. Duffy, Joseph Dolphy, Eugene Davenport, John Evans, John R. Edwards, Jacob Erion, John H. Evans, Orrin Ennis, M. M. Elliott, Minor R. Elliott, Abraham Ecker, Johnathan Foster, Elon Fenton, Charles Farrier, Briggs Flint, John Finn, Henry F. Funk; Wm. Flynn, died at Newbern Aug. 20, 1863; John L. Ford, died at Newbern, April 16, 1862, of fever; Ephraim Goodman, Grank Gardner, Martin Gasser, Wesley Grems, Clinton W. Grems, James Graham, Justice Griswold, John W. Hubert, Daniel Heath, Henry P. Hagan, Henry Howe, Wm. Horsley, Elisha R. Holmes, Wm. F. Hannagan, Philip Hoey, Henry L. Hull, Charles Ike, Benj. Kniffen, Stephen Kauffy, Edward D. Kingsworth, Philip Keller, James Kelley, Thomas Kennedy, Wm. Knapp, Otto Kausmall, J. Lewis, Alonzo Lampin, Wm. Lillis, Burt D. Loomis, Wilbur Leete, Lewis LaBumty, Henry V. Leach, Albert Lewis; Anthony Legger, killed at the battle of Washington, N. C., Sept. 6, 1862; Harrison Lesbit, died in the service; John McLain, Albert Myers, Nicholas Murphy, Timothy Murphy, Henry N. Miller, Wm. Miller, Geo. H. Mason, Geo. Moulton, John McCrahan, Pat. McDermott, James Mee, David H. Miller, Jas. W. Moore, Thomas McCling, Geo. Mitchell, Wm. McGee, John Malone, Wm. J. Moshier, Chas. F. Merchant, Albert Mott, Wm. M. Mayhew, Calvin Miller,

Silas W. Mason, John McCrahan. Lester Martin, Henry H. Neas, Geo. E. Neas, Lewis Newman, Henry D. Niles, Henry E. New, Henry G. New, Albert Narcony, Wm. O'Shaughnessy, Alex. Oakley, E. Olcott, Jas. W. Putnam, Cassius M. Pratt, Thomas W. Piper, Fred. Pfling, Calvin Philips, Robert Prouty, Merrit Perkins, Erastus Pier, Edward M. Parmelee; Jas. W. Phillips, died at Newport News, Dec. 16, 1863, of disease; Wellington Perkins, died at Fort Corcoran, March 1, 1862, of effects from the explosion of a shell; Chauncey C. Rowe, Leonard Rayats, Frank Rose; Geo. Rose, died in New York city, Feb. 10, 1862, of disease; Wm. B. Smith, Harvey W. Snyder, Geo. K. Smith, Jerome J. Sperry, Wm. Sutherland, Anson Smith, James Smith, Jacob Spoor, John Sullivan, Geo. Shaver, Joseph Shanbarker, Leroy Smith, Chauncey G Suits, Royal Snyder, Bernard Staadenmyer, Joseph Sanford, Wm. Shaver, Samuel Sherburne, Richard R. Truesdell, Geo. W. Tryon, Thos. Thompson, Jas. B. Toby, James Tupper, Jno. H. Thomas, Burnett Tracy, Geo. Vanderworker, Thos. VanVleck, Simon Van Brocklin, Jesse Vanderpool; Isaac Van Marter, died in the service; Albert P. Watkins, Jas. L. Walters, Joel L. Wright, Francis White, Chas. Wagner, Chandler Waterman, Thomas Wilkinson, Edward H. Wentworth, DeC. G. Woodruff, Fred. Wallis, Calvin Wood, Henry Wilkins, Jno. J. Woolf, Samuel Whitefield, Wade Whitefield, Wesley B. Waterman, Erastus R. Wilson, Levi H. Wright, John Zee; Oscar Zears, died in the service.

COMPANY "I," 19TH INFANTRY.

[Original two years' men mustered out June 2, 1863; the rest formed a nucleus of a new company.]

Captain—John H. Ammon, April 25, 1861; resigned Dec. 16, 1863.
First Lieutenant—Geo. W. Thomas, May 22, 1861; transferred to 3d Artillery.
Second Lieutenant—Randolph B. Kimberly, May 22, 1861; resigned Jan. 4, 1862. Wm. A. Kelsey, Jan. 4, 1862; transferred to 3d Artillery. James S. Fuller, April 10, 1862; transferred to 3d Artillery.
Sergeants—Horace Silsby, Thomas J. Sormore, Chas. G. Allen, Wm. R. Hedges, John Williams, A. Wesley Mills, Frank B. Hall.
Corporals—Andrew Leitch, Edward Jenkins, Martin J. Webster, Edward E. Coffinger, Ralph Somers, Wilbur F. Woodward, Geo. Brill.
Drummer—Alonzo Sanders.
Fifer—Ira P. Nichols.
Privates—Wm. E. Acker, Volney Austin, Jesse E. Babcock, Edward Babcock, John P. Barber, Ledra Belden, Jesse Babcock, Philip B. Briggs, Samuel Barr, John M. Beaver, Frank Beardsley, Henry F. Brown, Aaron F. Brooks, Lorenzo Beary, David D. Becker, Wm. H. Boyle, James Burns, Alexander Beebe, Elijah Bowen Geo. Brill, Cornelius B. Brusie, Simeon Brown, John E. Babcock, Henry C. Burdick, Stewart Brotherton, David H. Becker, Geo. H. Coats, James Collier, Hulbert Cady, Alvah Cooper, Joseph Coffinger, Wm. N. Christian, Francis H. Coffinger, James Coyle, Harvey Coppernoll, Irving W. Combs, Paul H. Crim, John P. Carhart, Geo. H. Crocker, Patrick Conklin, Joseph Dusenbury; Wm. R. Dart, killed in action before Fort Macon, April 25, 1862; Benj. R. Daggett, Isaac Daratt, Clinton Daniels, F. Backus Davis, Wallace Everson, Peter E. Eldred, John Englehart, Walter W. Fowler, Ichabod N. French, Geo. Forshee, Andrew Fitzgerald, Addison Ferguson, James Gibson, Albert Greenfield, Geo. Glazier, Henry Gohman, Michael Grant, Hezekiah Hill, Charles Howland, Montraville M. Hedges, Andrew J. Hine, Geo. Humphreys, John Howell, Albert Hamlin, Wm. B. Hoyt, Isaac H. Harrington, Aaron F. Hoyt, Jr., Adin W. Hoyt, Abner B. Hoyt, Geo. E. Harrington, Eewis R. Imly, Geo. M. Jacobs, Steven Jenner, Joseph Jenner, Edwin P. Johnson, Wilbur F. Jewell, Geo. B. Kenyon, Thomas J. Lyddon; Patrick Lynch, missing in action at Whitehall, N. C., Dec., 1862; Thomas J. Loriman, John C. Langham, James R. Langham, Andrew Leitch, Cornelius Lowe, James H. Legg, Geo. W. Leonard, 2d, Theo. Loomis, John Jacob Maier, Wm. Mack, Wm. McNett, Isaac McMaster, John McMaster, Edward McArthur, Manley M. Mills, Enoch Miles, Jimeon T. Miner, Horton G. Miller, Wm. L. Myers, Samuel B. Myers, Benj. F. Nichols, David H. Norton, Joshua Osterhout, Geo. Pearce, Jos. W. Pearson, James Prosser, Oliver Parmington; Emerson Pierre, died at Hagerstown, Feb. 13, 1862; Truman Perry, Rodger Quinn; Charles Rosenburg, died at Beaufort, May 20, 1862; Milton Race, Geo. Russell, Jacob A. Reed, Joseph Reynolds, Wm. H. Rhinehart, James E. Rude, Jubez Rhodes, James Radford, Wm. H. Radford, Morris Ryan, John Sanders, Fred. W. Stupp, Peter Schymdt, Edwin Slayton, Hiram Snell,

Charles Stevens, Jas. M. Sanders, Asaph W. Shurtleff, James O. Sullivan, Fred. Simpkin, Geo. Smith, Lewis Tolman, Richard Terwilliger; Samuel J. Tobias, taken prisoner at Martinsburg, Va., —— died at Richmond, Va.; Wm. Tuttle, James Todd, Sam. G. Thomas, Benj. Teotarla, Daniel Turner, H. N. Thompson, Abraham Van Auken, Isaac Van Alstine, James West, John M. West, Hugh L. Wier, Samuel Wiseman, Wm. H. White, Chas. M. Whiteside, John W. Welch, Edwin L. Westfall, Boardman Whiteman, James Yarton.

BATTERY "I," 3D ARTILLERY.

[Mustered out July 8, 1865.]

Captains—John H. Ammon, April 25, 1861; resigned Dec. 16, 1863, to become Lieutenant-Colonel of 16th New York Artillery. John D. Clark, Sept. 30, 1863; mustered out Feb. 16, 1865. Wm. M. Kirby, Feb. 17, 1865; mustered out July 8, 1865.

First Lieutenants—George E. Sherwood, May 31, 1864; mustered out Feb. 20, 1865. David W. Stewart, Jan. 13, 1865; mustered out July 8, 1865. George W. Leonard, 2d, March 8, 1864; promoted to Adjutant, May 6. George W. Thomas, April 25, 1861; mustered out May 30, 1864. Wm. Richardson, Aug. 24, 1864; mustered out July 3, 1865. Wm. A. Kelsey, July 18, 1862; promoted Sept. 23, 1864. Jas. S. Fuller, transferred. Lewis H. Mowers, transferred. Duncan D. Hillis, March 8, 1864; died in Newbern, Sept. 24, 1864, of yellow fever.

Second Lieutenants—Edgar W. Seymour, Jan. 13, 1865; promoted July 2, 1865. Wm. H. Goodrich, March 14, 1865; mustered out July 8, 1865. James M. Staples, June 19, 1864; promoted Jan. 20, 1865. Edgar H. Titus, Feb. 4, 1862; promoted July 17, 1863. Paul Fay, Jan 1, 1863; appointed Quartermaster, Dec. 31, 1863.

Sergeants—Abner B. Hoyt, Edwin E. Coffinger, John E. Babcock, Patrick Coleman, Henry W. Sandford, Joshua B. Coffin, Wm. O. Congdon, George A. Avery; Wm. H. King, died at Newbern, June 15, 1863; Charles E. Sherwood, died at Newbern, Oct. 6, 1864, of yellow fever; Charles G. Allen, George H. Crocker, Horatio N. Thompson, Peter Colburn, Chas. A. Moore, Martin J. Webster.

Corporals—Abram Van Auken, Gilbert M. Arnold, Hiram Snell, Wm. Howland, Nathaniel Tuthill, Wm. N. Tuthill, Irving W. Coombs, Darwin Brockett, Isaac M. Gillett, Samuel L. Myers; James F. Wilson, died at Weedsport, N. Y., of disease; Thomas McLoughlin, died at Newbern, Oct. 10, 1864, of yellow fever; Patrick Maloney, Daniel D. Watson, George Hall, George H. Smith.

Buglers—Samuel G. Thomas, John K. Fox.

Artificers—Luman Pinckney, Wm. Widner.

Privates—Levi Adsit, Jacob Arbor, George Applegate, George Aldridge; Charles Allen, died at Newbern, April 10, 1865; Wm. Ashton, Aaron L. Armitage, H. L. Armitage, John Ahern, Charles E. Brainard, David H. Bruce, Jos. P. Babcock, Jesse Babcock, Stewart Brotherton, Wm. Buckley, Ebenezer Briggs, Henry C. Burdick, Albert J. Bennett, David H. Becker, Oscar F. Bishop, Henry M. Bishop, James C. Brennan, Horace Ball, John R. Brownell, Jas. Brunney; Peter Boyle, died at Newbern, Nov. 3, 1864, of yellow fever; John Bennett, died of wounds received in action at Wise's Forks, N. C., March 8, 1865; Elias J. Babcock; George Beebee, died at Raleigh, May 30, 1865; Frank Barney, Albert Butler, John S. Bailey, John P. Carhart, Paul H. Crim, Sylvester Clark, Wm. Curtis, Adam Cope, Wm. N. Caswell, Jeremiah Christian, George W. Cowls, Henry Craver, Garret F. Carson; Francis H. Coffinger, died at Newbern, July 26, 1863; James S. Cannon, died at Newbern, June 20, 1864, of disease; John Cliggett, Pat. Conklin, Pat. Coleman, James Casler, Jas. C. Conklin, Abram B. Cherry, Isaac Daratt, Clinton Daniels, Backus F. Davis, John Doyle, Thomas Deverall, Albert S. Dennison, Wm. E. Dunn, Jr., John C. Deforest, Nelson B. Darrin; Wm. Dart, killed in action at Fort Macon, April 25, 1862; Henry E. Duman, John Englehart, Rosell Elwell, Dayton Edwards, Ed. Eastham, John J. Ellis, Addison Ferguson, Charles E. Fuller, Henry Farquharson, John Foy, John Finn, Andrew Fitzgerald, Jay E. Farrer, Wm. Fields; Spencer Flamsburg, died at Newbern, Nov. 15, 1864, of typhoid fever; Edward E. Featherly, John H. Freeman, Peter Fox, Edward Francomb, John H. Graham, Richard Geraghty, Warren Gallant, Asher Gallant; Charles L. Gurnsey, died at Newbern, Sept. 27, 1864, of consumption; Wm. Godshall, died at Newbern, Oct. 4, 1864, of yellow fever; Jeremiah Gainey, Samuel Gilbert, John H. Graham, Jeremiah Ganey, Andrew Geere, John Geere, Charles Goodenow, John H. Gordon, Michael Gorman, George Graham, Jas. Haley, Wm. B. Hoyt, Aaron F. Hoyt, Adin W. Hoyt, Judson N. Hoyt, James Hart,

Myron F. Harrington, Clifton J. Havens, Addison J. Hawks, John Hart; Peter Holliday, died at Newbern, July 2, 1863; Wm. Holmes, Augustus Henkel, Richard Hoagland, Isaac Harrington, Royal S. Hubbard, George Harrington, Wm. Holmes, Robt. Harris, Charles Harris, Albert Hamlin, Orrin Irish, Wilbur Jewell, Isaac Jacobson, Patrick Karns, John M. Kingsley, Anthony Keltenborne, Richard Kolsch, Joseph Keenan, Gabriel Kurtz, John C. Langham, Jas. B. Langham, Jas. H. Legg, Alonzo Lathrop, Henry B. Lewis, Theo. Loomis, Peter Langdon, John F. Lowe; Levi Lyon, drowned in Trent river, Dec. 15, 1864, insane; Curtis C. Morgan, John Morris, Warren Morris, John Murphy, Legrand Moore, Jas. Moreland, Henry P. Mallory, H. W. Murray, Geo. McGlaughlin, Isaac A. Minard, Jas. J. Minard, David Mason, Henry C. Munroe, Henry J. Mann, Daniel McGower, Walter C. Mead, Owen Murtaugh; Thos. Mead, died at Newbern, Oct. 29, 1864, of yellow fever; Wm. McNett, Michael Murphy, Thomas McLaughlin, Charles Merrit, David McDonald, Albert W. Moulton, Michael Murphy, Charles M. Newman, Richard W. Nutt, Albert B. Norton, Wm. H. Northrop, Thomas Nolan, Owen O'Brian, Wm. H. Pollock, Charles Paley, Robert Poole, Warren A. Pierce, George W. Perkins; Truman Perry, died in the service, June 3, 1864; Wm. H. Pollock, Francis E. Platt, Merritt S. Perkins, John C. Rotf, Wm. H. Radford, Jos. P. Ransier, Pat. Ryan, David D. Robinson, Fred. W. Simpkins, Wm. L. Stalker, Henry C. Smith, Jas. H. Smith, Seymour J. Smith, Elzaphan Slater, Warren Stearns, Wm. Scheider, George H. Sherwood, George B. Sherwood, Samuel A. Stephens, John Sullivan, George W. Strout, Ebenezer Skinner, Chas. B. Swartfigure; Augustus St. Armand, died at Newbern, Jan. 3, 1865; Wm. Stephenson, died at Newbern, Oct. 27, 1864, of fever; James M. Sanders, Burt Silsby, Warren Stearns, Jas. H. Smith, Abram Smallwood, Henry Smith, Wm. Sweetland, Joseph Tobin, Lafayette Taber, Wm. H. Topping, Giles W. Taylor, John Tremper, Benj. Tootaly, Wm. Tidd, Giles W. Taylor, Joseph Tobin, John Taylor, Nathaniel Tompkins, Tune Upham, Isaac Vedder, Thomas Vanderlip, Jesse Venn; Benj. Webster, George W. Warrington, Andrew L. Winters, Elisha Winters, Wm. Workman, Geo. H. West, Edward S. Westfall, H. J. Westfall, Arthur Wright, Charles Walters, Albert Williams, Wm. H. Williams; Lewis H. Webb, died at Newbern, Oct. 26, 1864, of yellow fever; John Williams, Stephen O. Whitmore, Wm. Widner, Charles E. Waldron, Clarence A. West.

COMPANY "K," 19TH INFANTRY.

[Consolidated Sept. 28, 1861.]

Captain—James R. Angell, April 25, 1861.
First Lieutenant—Albert H. Carr, May 22, 1861; resigned Oct. 31.
Second Lieutenant—Lester W. Forsting, May 22, 1861; resigned Oct. 31.
Sergeants—Charles D. Thompson, Alex. Chambers, Wm. H. Chase, Jr., Wm. W. Bush.
Corporals—Charles B. Bush, Walter C. Henry, Asa A. Hoff, James H. Bennett.
Drummer—John H. Robinson.
Fifer—Geo. Brown.
Privates—Volney Austin, Ledra Belden, John Branagan, Milo Burns, David Burrows, Allen C. Bennett, Everend H. Casterlin, Charles Culver, Geo. Chrissman, Lewis Deline, Duane Draper, James G. Edwards, Chas. H. Forshay, Madison Gower, Delphi H. Georgia, Geo. Hayward, Thomas Heatherington; John Hicks, died at Georgetown, April 3, 1862; Edward Hope, Edward Hervey, Wm. Irving Alpheus W. Jaquett, Wm. H. Kinney, Thomas Knapp, Jr., Thomas Knowland, Byron W. Mabie, Vincent Odell, Wm. W. Pease, Demick Pease, Martin Richardson, Joseph Reynolds, Edwin P. Roberts, Andrew Reddings, Thomas Shahan, Jerome V. Shank, Geo. Simmons, Geo. B. Simpson, Sandford H. Taylor, Geo. A. Tappen, Thomas M. Thurston, Wm. J. Treadwell, Oscar S. Tripp, Justin Trim, Martin C. Wade, John Willis, Isaac C. Wright.

COMPANY "K," 19TH INFANTRY.

[Mustered in Dec. 16, 1861; original recruits mustered out June 2, 1863; rest formed nucleus of new company.]

Captain—James R. Angell, Dec. 16, 1861.

First Lieutenants—Wm. Richardson, Dec. 16, 1861; mustered out July 3, 1863; T. J. Mercereau, April 10, 1862.
Second Lieutenant—Wm. M. Kirby, March 10, 1862.
Sergeants—Benj. J. Yard, Alex. C. Chambers, Wm. H. Chase, Jr., Nathan Gorham, Warren C. Gardner, Philip A. Faatz, Wm. W. Sults.
Corporals—Norman A. Lockwood, Samuel R. Jones, Hiram Mathews, Alma Stevens, Morris Goff, Albert Greenfield, Demmick Pease, Albert Thompson.
Drummers—Wm. G. Faatz, Wm. H. Sanchez.
Privates—John D. Adams, Webster Belden, Lorenzo Barnard, Theo. Bowers, John B. Barnard, Lewis Ball, Henry Brock, died at Newbern, June 5, 1862; David Burrows, Benj. Bowen, James W. Bonta, Harrison Blascier, John A. Becker, John H. Bohman, Isaacc Bolster, Augustus A. Berry, Platt Cross, Johnathan Curtis, Wm. C. Culver, Geo. W. Crossman, Wm. Crawford, Geo. R. Cook, James Clark, Joseph Clark, Lafayette Carr, Thomas Clark, Wm. H. Courtney, Henry J. Cool, John J. C. Davis, Samuel Davis, Nathan Dumas, John Douglass, Peter W. Deidrich, Richard Dean, Hezekiah Etts, John Elphick, Wm. H. Etts, Joseph T. Estes, Michael Franey, Hurley Farmer, James Farrell, Francis Flood, Henry T. Ginner, Charles Greenfield, Warren C. Gardner, Daniel Gower, Madison Gower, E. Seymour Griswold, Friedland Gardner, Benj. G. Gibbs; Peter Hackett, killed at Whitehall, Dec. 17, 1862; John Hicks, Meynen Herman, Michael Howard, Robert Hoff, Charles W. Havens, Charles Hitt, Lafayette Hoff, Jerome Johnson, John L. Jones, Timothy Keefe, Michael Keenan, Thomas Knapp, Thomas Knapp, Jr., Joseph Kaltenborne, Wm. P. Kies, Stephen Lockwood, Geo. E. Lockwood, Perry Lamphere, Albert Lamphere, Peter Laberteaux, John E. Leopard, James E. Lock, Carlton B. Mathews, John Mack, Adam Menzie, Morgan McCarthy, Thomas McLaughlin, Samuel Morrill, Archibald Morrill, Lewis McCarthy, Wm. D. McCormick, John C. Miller, Henry Morgan, Oliver Murphy, John Nugent, Alex. Oakley, Henry O'Neill, Hiram F. Page, John Palmer, John Pulfrey, Edwin M. Pearson, John Phinney, Dennis Ryan; Wm. Ryan, killed at Whitehall, Dec. 17, 1862; Nelson Reynolds, Henry Rogers, Martin Richardson, Samuel Rastorfer, Thomas Reddin, John Rosser, Nelson Stuyverson, Myers Stuyverson, Wm. H. Stuyverson, Charles G. Satterlee, Geo. Swift, Walter Stevenson, Nelson Stevens, Nathan Sanders, Johnson Smith, Wm. H. Stewart, Samuel Stone, Berlin Swan, Melville Smith, Jay E. Storke, John A. Scott, Wm. A. Scott, Moses B. Stevens, Peter C. Stewart, Geo. Stone, Wm. Shaston, Edwin M. Stevens, Thomas Swift, Saul Thompson, Oscar Thompson, Edwin Thompson, E. P. Terwilliger, David Terwilliger, Henry Tottenham, Wm. H. Tucker, Charles E. Underwood, Isaac Valmore, Frederick Van Alstyne, Edward F. Wheaton, Mandeville Ward, James W. White, Benj. F. Wade, Edward L. Westfall, Daniel Wakely, Eber F. West, Horace Wrench, Geo. Wood, Walter Wells, James A. Weighant, Geo. Weat, Isaac N. White, Alanson White, James F. Wilson, Wm. B. Yawger.

BATTERY "K," 3D ARTILLERY.

[Mustered out June 30, 1865.]

Captains—James R. Angel, Dec. 16, 1861; promoted to Brevet-Major March 13, 1865; mustered out June 30, 1865.
First Lieutenants—C. Dewitt Starrin, June 22, 1864; brevetted Captain by the President March 13, 1865; mustered out June 30, 1865. Benj. G. Gibb, Jan. 13, 1865; mustered out June 30, 1865. Wm. Richardson, Aug. 24, 1864; transferred. Martin Laughlin, Nov. 5, 1861; mustered out Aug 17, 1863. Thos. J. Mercereau, April 10, 1862; promoted June 22, 1864. Wm. M. Kirby, July 3, 1863; promoted to Captain Feb. 17, 1865. James Fuller, May 1, 1863; resigned Oct. 16, 1864. John W. Hees, Dec. 30, 1862; appointed Captain 16th New York Artillery, March 3, 1864.
Second Lieutenants—Geo. B. Andrews, March 14, 1865; mustered out June 30, 1865. Richard J. Allen, March 10, 1862; appointed Captain 1st N. C. Union Vols, July 12, 1863. Geo. W. Leonard, promoted to Adjutant. Martin Shaffer, Jan. 25, 1862; resigned Nov. 13, 1862. Milan B. Goodrich; transferred. Lorenzo Ercanbrack, Nov. 4, 1864; resigned May 11, 1865.
Sergeants—Alanson White, Charles E. Underwood, Wm. H. Chase, Jr., Wm. P. Kiss, Edwin M. Stevens, Wm. L. Van Antwerp, Edwin M. Pearson, James W. Bonta, Warren C. Gardner; James Clone, taken prisoner at Beech Grove, N. C., Feb. 2, 1864, and still missing at the muster out of Battery.
Corporals—Geo. R. Cook, Wm. A. Scott, Wm. H. Root, Jas. G. Edwards, Patrick

Dillon, Joel M. Sprague, Peter Laberteaux, Giles Van Akin, Charles Hitt, Hubert Lamphere; Lafayette Carr, died in the service; Geo. R. Cook; Sanford H. Taylor, taken prisoner at Beech Grove, Feb. 2, 1864, and missing when Battery mustered out.

Buglers—Frieland Gardner, Addison Gardner.
Artificers—Peter W. Dedrick, Jessie Groesbeck, Luman D. Pinkney.
Wagoner—Wm. D. Crawford.

Privates—Abel Austin, C. J. Ames, John G. Ames, Michael Anderson, John D. Adams, Wm. W. Bush, Augustus S. Barry, Isaac Bolster, Perry Blanchard, James Benson, Charles D. Brackett, Thomas Barry, James Beers, Joshua Bell, Chas. Bastian, Wm. Bookstahler, David Burroughs, Jesse Brown Buck, James Baker, Perry L. Bryant, Moses Bridgers, Wm. Bridgers, Gustavus Brown, Michael Burns, Thomas J. Bell, Michael Brien; Samuel Brewster, died at Newbern, April 5, 1864; John Burridge, died at Yorktown, of disease, April 16, 1864; James Bessy, died July 28, 1864, of wounds received in action June 30; Horatio N. Brill, died on hospital ship *Geo. Washington*, in Hampton Roads, Oct. 1, 1864; Harrison Blazier, taken prisoner Feb. 2, 1864, and died at Andersonville prison, April 12, 1864; Isaac Bolster, H. J. Cool, Madison Clifton, Henry M. Clemence, Amos B. Chapman, Michael Cavanagh, Charles W. Comstock, John O. Coulter, James G. Chadderdon, Timothy Cronon, Robt. Cullen, Milton W. Couch, James Cadwell, Edward Conling, Milton Clark, Cyrus P. Chase, Michael Coakley, Geo. Coleman; Theo. S. Cook, died at Portsmouth, Va., May 29, 1865; Stephen C. Cornell, died at Newbern, June 23, 1863; James Clark, died on hospital ship *Geo. Washington*, in Hampton Roads, Oct. 22, 1864; Joseph Clark, died at Point of Rocks, James River, Feb. 13, 1865; Geo. Carr, taken prisoner Feb. 2, 1864 — died at Andersonville prison, Aug. 22, 1864; Theo. Conklin, Wm. O. Culver, James Campbell, Peter Conway, George Conway, Ezra Colson; Thomas Clark and Wm. H. Courtney, taken prisoner Feb. 2, 1864, and since missing; Richard Dean, Andrew Dickson, J. Dennis, Geo. F. Drake, Peter Darling, Wm. Devoe, Truman Dewitt, Jacob W. DeLong; John W. Daulton, died at Newbern, March 11, 1864, of fever; Timothy Dillon, died on hospital ship *Geo. Washington*, Nov. 8, 1864; Silas Ellsworth, Jacob Eckert, Jacob Eckerson, Ezra Eckerson, Moses Elkins, John J. Foster, Jr., John Fallon, Nathaniel Fraser, Jerome French, John Forman; Patrick Fallon, taken prisoner, Feb. 2, 1864—died at Andersonville prison June 4, 1864; Daniel Gower, Andrew Geng, Horace Gridley, Timothy Goslin, Jeremiah W. Gibson, James Gill, John Garry, Michael Guilford, Geo. Gwyer, Frank Graham, John Griffing, Harmon Goodsell; Edgar D. Gillett, died at Newbern, Oct. 22, 1863; Henry Genner and Seymour E. Griswold, taken prisoners, Feb. 2, 1864—died at Andersonville prison, April 24, 1864; Timothy Gorman, same—died at Andersonville, June 17, 1864; Robert Hoff, Lafayette Hoff, Geo. P. Hoff, A. B. Haxford, Alonzo Halsey, Geo. Haywood, Wm. Holmes, John Holmes, Oscar F. Hardenburg, Michael Hammond, E. B. Hunt, Charles Henson, George Henson, Wm. S. Harn, Jas. G. Hudson; Micheal Henesy, taken prisoner, Feb. 2, 1864—died at Andersonville, Sept. 10, 1864; David Harvey, Wm. Irving, Hallowell P. James, Jas. O. Johnson; James R. Jewell, taken prisoner, Feb. 2, 1864—died in Andersonville prison, April 26, 1864; Alex. Kelsey, Jos. Knapp, Albert Kelley, Andrew J. Kelley, Albert Keeler, Charles D. Knowles, Cyrus M. Knight; Joseph Keltenborne, taken prisoner, Feb. 2, 1864—died at Andersonville prison, July 17, 1864; Geo. H. Knowles, died at Weedsport, N. Y., Jan. 3, 1865, of disease; Richard King, Pat. Kelley, James E. Locke, Geo. E. Lewis, Walter Lamphere, Albert Lamphere, James Lysit, Jr., J. Lethbridge, Joseph Lindsley, Franklin Lisk, Abner D. Lefner, Monroe Laraway; John E. Lippard, taken prisoner Feb. 2, 1864, since missing; Lewis McCarty, Orin McCarty, James H. Mills, Wm. Martin, Wm. H. Martin, John Merritt, James Mace, Wm. B. Maracong, Irvine T. McIntyre, Michael Marahack, James McWharf, Rodney Marsh, Joseph Maier, John McCluskey; Peter Mooney, strayed from camp, taken prisoner, and died at Andersonville prison, July, 1864; Geo. S Mallett, died at Newbern, Oct. 9, 1864, of yellow fever; Adam Menzie, taken prisoner, Feb. 2, 1864—died at Andersonville prison, June 16, 1864; A. D. Mein, Wm. D. McCormick, Leonard Morrell, Archibald Morrell, John C. Miller, Geo. Norton, John Owens, Francis Ottman, Benj. Osborne, Berlin Orton, Charles Orton, John Phinney, Wm. Parsons, Michael Post, Michael Pitney, Alex. Perrin, Robert Paul; Erastus Parker, died at Newbern, June 14, 1863; Newton G. Phelps; Wm. W. Pease, taken prisoner Feb. 2, 1864, and since missing; Ira Rightmyer, Joel C. Ransier, Frederick Renvoe; James Redmond, died in the service; John Rosser, Berlin Swan, John A. Scott, Orin E. Scott, Wm. Shearston, Geo. Swift, Edgar Sprague, John H. Simpson, Ira J. Stephens, Benj. F. Stamp, Sylvester Snyder, Geo. N. Shaw, Henry K. Stahl, Wm. H. Simpson, Albert Stockton, Henry Stockton, John H. Shaffer, Jay E. Storke; James Shank, died at Newbern, Oct. 13, 1863, of fever; Lemuel F. Straley, died at Fortress Munroe, Sept. 27, 1864; S. J. Straley, died in prison at Richmond, V., April 1, 1864, of starvation; Melville Smith and Alex. Shaw, taken prisoners Feb. 2, 1864—died at Andersonville prison, April 2,

1864; John Sears; Dennis Sheehan, taken prisoner, Feb. 2, 1864, and since missing; James R. Sharp, Henry Tottingham, Elisha Terwilliger, Thomas Timmons, Harmon S. Taylor, Geo. Thompson, Jas. L. Tenner, Elijah K. Thomas, Alvin M. Titus, Wm. H. Tucker; John M. Telford, died at Fortress Munroe, Dec. 18, 1864; Oscar S. Tripp, taken prisoner Feb. 2, 1864—died at Andersonville prison, Oct. 7, 1864; Nathan Van Auken, Martin Van Buren; John M. Van Buren and Henry Van Buren, taken prisoners, Feb. 2, 1864—died at Andersonville prison, April 21, 1864; Isaac Valmore, taken prisoner Feb. 2, 1864, and since missing; Charles W. Wheaton, Isaac W. White, James W. White, Lewis F. Wilbur, Charles Williams, Walter Wells, Henry W. Wood, Eber T. West, George Whipple, Cornelius Waldron, Harvey H. Whipple, Daniel Wolford, James Wilson, Robert Wilkenson, John Walters, Samuel Winchester, Andrew P. Williams, Elbert A. Williams; Frederick G. Wetherby, died at Newbern, July 14, 1863; Wm. B. Wheaton, died at Newbern, Nov. 10, 1864, of typhoid fever; James West and George West, taken prisoners, Feb. 2, 1864—died in Andersonville prison; Francis Weeks, taken prisoner, Feb. 2, 1864, and since missing; Joseph Young.

BATTERY "L," 3D ARTILLERY.

[Mustered out July 7, 1865.]

Captains—Jay E. Lee, Oct. 20, 1861; resigned June 13, 1863. A. Lester Cady, June 13, 1863; discharged Dec. 29, 1864. Lewis H. Mowers, Feb, 24, 1865; mustered out July 7, 1865.

First Lieutenants—Geo. S. Hastings, Aug. 30, 1862; discharged Jan. 4, 1865. Wm. S. Camp, Dec. 28, 1864; discharged March 8, 1865. Fred. E. Hastings, June 13, 1863; discharged Jan. 22, 1865.

Second Lieutenants—Edward H. Wardwell, April 15, 1863; resigned Aug. 30, 1864. Geo. W. Graham, Dec. 7, 1861; transferred to 3d New York Cavalry. Chas. H. Dolbeer.

Sergeants—Wm. W. Crocker, Henry C. Page, Lucius S. Newcomb, Oliver Williams, John Russell, Wm. R. Murray, Harlem P. Lloyd, Chas. A. Clark, Rufus Ainsworth.

Corporals—Geo. G. Wright, Samuel A. Stoddard, Geo. W. Calvine, Geo. Birdsall, Wm. H. Hinton; Archibald McDonald, taken prisoner at Plymouth, N. C., April 20, 1864.—died at Andersonville; Benj. F. Bacheldor and John B. Johnson, died in the service; James Cowan.

Buglers—Andrew G. Furgeson, Adolphus Whitney, Henry C. Burd.

Artificers—Porter D. Rawson, Paul Caulteaux.

Privates—Francis M. Alberty, Zephaniah Allen, Wm. Alberty, Wm. Ainsworth, Wm. Armstrong, and George Atwood, taken prisoners at Plymouth, N. C., April 20, 1864, and died in Andersonville prison; John A. Brooks, Gustavus Barker, Robert Bullock, Wm. A. Blood, Wm. E. Buckley, David Bailey, John Bartle, Geo. Brown; Hartwell Bartlett, John Baker, Willard D. Blake, James H. Button, Chas. Buckley, and Roswell H. Barnes, taken prisoners at Plymouth, N. C., and died at Andersonville; Wm. E. Chapin, George Camp, George W. Cypher, Hiram Cusick, John Cockwell, Wm. Carnahan, James Calkans, Alpha L. Culver, Robert Cantwell; George A. Crounse, Benj. F. Corbin, Henry V. Clute, Henry Chadburn, and Charles Carnahan, taken prisoners at Plymouth, N. C., April 20, 1864, and died in Andersonville prison; Martin Crosby, and A. W. Comstock, died in the service; George Duryee, Ornan Davis, Edward M. Eastwood, George Elseffer, Josiah F. Ferrin, Philemon Farrall, Dennis Finnegan, John Filbern, Henry Frost; James Flynn, Charles Fitch, Thos. Fitzgerald, and Albert Griffith, taken prisoners at Plymouth, April 20, 1864, and died at Andersonville prison; Lawrence Green, Dalis M. Goodhue, Charles R. Griffith; Edward Galusha, died in the service; Willard Gould, Wallace Houghton, John C. Harmond, Charles Humphrey, Arthur Humphrey, Charles Horton, Charles Hart, George A. Hollman; Edward J. Hunter, Wilber M. Hoyt, Charles H. Hathaway, and Wm. F. Hosford, taken prisoners at Plymouth, N. C., and died at Andersonville; Edwin T. M. Hurlbert, Benj. N. Hollister, Charles H. Homen, Jas. Johns, Henry C. Knowlden, Richmond Ketchum; George W. Keeney, Sylvanus King, Abraham Lent, S. H. Lapham, and Abram Lee, taken prisoners at Plymouth, April 20, 1864, and died at Andersonville prison; Francis Leonard, Hiram E. Loomis, Thos. McGuire, Patrick Marrin, Orin S. McCreary, Wheaton J. Merrill, Chas. A. Moreau, M. R. Mosher, George Miller, James McGuire, Henry McMinch; John McCrink, Hector C. Martin, J. G. Miner, and James McCrink, taken prisoners at Plymouth,

April 20, 1864, and died in Andersonville prison; George M. Mead, and Michael McGuire, died in the service; Wm. P. Nichols, Riley J. Newton, and Samuel Nichols, taken prisoners at Plymouth, April 20, 1864, and died in Andersonville prison; Thomas Odell, Charles Otis, Wm. Prince, Oliver G. Parmelee, Silas B. Purdy, Chas. G. Phelan, George W. Piper, Wm. Patterson; Jos. W. Perkins, Philander Pratt, and Albert Piper, taken prisoners at Plymouth, April 20, 1864—the first two died at Andersonville, the last at Florence, S. C.; Hiram Roost, Erastus Rankin, Enoch J. Russell, Orlando Richardson, Wm. Roach, John A. Russell, Stephen Root, Albert Richards, Elias Richards; Thurman Rich, and Legrand D. Rood, captured at Plymouth, April 20, 1864, and died at Andersonville; Walter Sackett, James Smith, Andrew J. Secor, Charles Sunderland, Phares Shirley, Mason C. Smith, Jas. Surfield, Nelson Shepard, B. J. Safford and Timothy Shockney, captured at Plymouth, April 20, 1864, and died at Andersonville prison; Seben H. Schenck, and Geo. W. Stevens, died in the service; Seymour Sherman, died Aug. 9, 1864, at Newbern; Lewis P. Thayer, Henry Tilton, Jr., Samuel Terrill, Sylvester Van Buren, B. V. L. Winnie, Elting Woolsey, Thomas Williams, Chauncey Wetmore, Hamilton S. Whitney, John Woolsey; Jacob H. Weller, died on United States hospital ship *Baltic*, Dec. 1, 1864; Edward Welch and Emmett Wood, captured at Plymouth, April 20, 1864, and died at Andersonville.

BATTERY "M," 3D ARTILLERY.

[Mustered June 26, 1865.]

Captains—James V. White, Jan. 25, 1862; resigned Sept. 30, 1862. John H. Howell, Nov. 18, 1862; mustered out June 26, 1865.

First Lieutenants—Wm. H. Sanford, June 19, 1864; mustered out June 26, 1865. Julius Cole, Feb. 18, 1865; mustered out June 26, 1865. Nicholas Hanson, Jan. 25, 1862; discharged Oct. 5, 1864. Nelson S. Bowdish, Jan. 25, 1862; resigned April 2, 1863. Samuel B. Toby, Feb. 24, 1863; appointed Quartermaster April 25, 1863.

Second Lieutenants—Edward W. Brennan, Sept. 24, 1864; mustered out June 26, 1865. Geo. H. Taylor, Feb. 18, 1865; mustered out June 26, 1865. Dwight C. Scott, July 17, 1863; promoted Sept. 23, 1864. Martin Shaffer, Jan. 25, 1862; resigned Nov. 14, 1862; re-commissioned Oct. 16, 1863; resigned Aug. 16, 1864. James VanVleck, Sept. 14, 1863; mustered out Feb. 13, 1865. Hiram R. Lehman, Jan. 25, 1862; resigned June 27, 1863.

Sergeants—Nicholas J. Smith, Sam. J. Yaples, Albert Becker, Jasper E. Hathaway, Burton G. Grover, Joseph F. Raphael, Jonathan L. Handford, John H. Fricot, James McCay, Alonzo Ludd, John H. Cockett, Ogilvie D. Ball, Horatio N. Gates, Ezra C. Jaynes.

Corporals—Edwin Small, Charles H. Smith, Chauncey N. Brown, Daniel Pinckney, Jerome Mattice, Charles A. Bartholomew, O. Merreness, John H. Gordon, J. Seymour Beardsley, Charles H. Clapp, John E. Dana, Charles E. Pike, Geo. G. Green, Charles F. Odell, Geo. Manley, G. Peter Sandt, Ira Twitchell; Geo. Peck, died at Newbern, April 13, 1862, of fever; Vinton Becker, died at Newbern, April 29, 1862, of fever; Charles F. Odell, died at Roanoke Island Sept. 2, 1862; Lamott K. Devendorf.

Buglers—Edwin R. Waterman, Smith H. Case.

Artificers—Lorenzo D. Austin, Wm. Palmer.

Farrier—Roswell P. Olds.

Privates—Dennis B. Armstrong, John P. Austin, John Ahern, Charles Allen, Wm. Anderson, Ansel Austin, David Aikens, Peter Armstrong, Albert S. Allen, Jacob F. Bradt, Eckhardt Bollman, Wilson Burgess, Henry Backus, Hebron Burton, Elide Bovee, Geo. G. Bentley, Edgar J. Best, Jos. K. Bassford, Nicholas F. Belinger, John Boothroyd, Charles D. Bingham, Peter Brady, Joseph Bennett, Oscar E. Broad; John A. Brown, died at Roanoke Island, Oct. 22, 1862; Benj. Bond, died at Newbern, Nov. 7, 1864, of typhus fever; Charles C. Campbell, Wm. Clemens, Wm. S. Cox, Sanderson Cronsey, Howard Chappel, Delos W. Creve, Elias A. Cooper, Carlos Chamberlain, Hiram Cole, Heman Cole, Lorenzo Cornish; Albert R. Cregs, died at Point of Rocks, James river, Feb. 3, 1865; Luman Dings, Joseph Daulphey, Wm. H. Drum, John A. Dubon, Peter Dingham; Joseph Dibble, died at Fortress Monroe, March 26, 1865, of disease; Albert C. Devendorf, S. Elwell, Florence Eupere, Henry Eshman, Lawrence Eckhart, Drayton Eno, Abner English, Lorenzo Eckhart, Daniel Edwards, Madison Edwards, Simon B. Fowler, John Ferguson,

Spencer S. France, Clemence Gravlin, John Greer, Andrew Greer, Frank Gildav, Benj. Garlock, Joel G. Garrison, Wm. Gilfoyle, Samuel W. Green, Elijah B. Georgia, Alphonzo Gross, Ralph R. Guernsey, Milan B. Goodrich, Thomas J. Herrick, Jonathan Herrick, David Handy, Allen Houghton, James A. Hunt, Benj. F. Hulbert, Lewis B. Ham, Nelson Hoose, Charles D. Hoose, Selath Howe, Wm. A. Hopkins, John Hamlin, Wm. O. Harvey, Geo. Hart, Benj. M. Hoagland, Charles S. Howell, Charles Hanson, Jasper Howe, Charles Harty, Charles Head, David Hinds, Wm. Hall; Charles K. Holman, died at Ithaca, N. Y., June 2, 1862; Henry G. Hardy, Napoleon B. Johnston, Tremain J. Jaques; Miles A. Jones, died at Newbern June, 3, 1862; Abner M. Kirk, Wm. Kahley, Washington I. Kinch; Daniel Ketchum, died at Newbern, Sept. 27, 1863; Seth Knowles, John H. Lavender, Wm. Landers, Benj. Lamy, Edward Laton, Alfred Little, Henry Lambert, Alfred C. Longan, John Lydamon, John Linch; Elisha S. Lanford, died at Roanoke Island, Aug. 14, 1862; Chas. Murphy, Robert Morris, Edward Markem, John Mayers, Levi Maybee, Dennis McAvoy, Philip Mowers, Philip H. Michaels, Wm. Marks, Isaac Moore, Silas W. Mason, Myron Melins; Edwin N. Maxwell, died at Hatteras Inlet, Nov. 2, 1862; John Miller, died at Fortress Monroe, Sept. 13, 1864; John McArdle, died Nov. 1, 1864, on the passage to Fortress Monroe; Thomas Nolan, Julius M. North, Geo. Nichols, James Nelson, Daniel C. Osborn, John Osborn, Jas. A. Platts, Henry C. Pinckney, Geo. E. Patten, Thomas Palmer, Seth C. Platner, Herman Prime, Jas. M. Pierce, Asa W. Phillips, Wm. Piper, James Palmer, Timothy Parsons, Wm. H. Pratt, Peter L. Provett, A. Patchen, Van Rensselaer D. Pierson, Henry C. Platner; James Pinckney, died in New York city, Nov. 21, 1863; David O. Quigley, James Roche, Frank Rare, Thomas Riley, John W. Robinson, Lewis Robbins, Fred. Shellman, Martin V. Secore, Christian Schlee, Wm. Sweetland, John W. Smith, John F. Stevenson, Isaac Smith, James Smith, Richard Smith, Wm. R. Swick, Andrew L. Stinard, Lawrence Snyder, Henry C. Smith, Whiting Smith, Abram Smith, Wm. H. Spencer, Alex. Stewart, King B. Swartwood, Washington B. Swift; Harmon Sawyer, died at Newbern, Oct. 21, 1863; William Snedeker, died at Portsmouth, April 7, 1864; John Taylor, Charles E. Tice, Henry M. Trutmeyer, Miron Thomas; Clark J. Titus, died at Hatteras, Nov. 19, 1862; Jacob Ulrich, John K. Van Allen, Andrew Vandenberg, Garrett Van Vorst; James F. Wicks, died in Newbern, June 20, 1862; Daniel P. Winney, died at Hatteras, Oct. 5, 1862; Jacob Westbrook, Horace Wellman, Leroy A. Weldon, Henry Wicks, Morris R. Wisner, Peter Waters, Jos. B. Watson, Watson G. Wilsey, Wm. Wells, Jas. S. Wisner, Alvey Waffle, Jas. Wilkinson, Wm. H. Welch, Allen D. Walcott, Luke D. Wymbs, Wm. H. Yale, A. Yarnall, Theo. Young.

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